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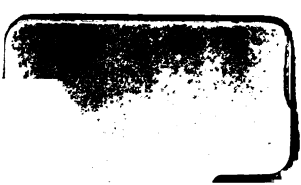

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY TO DEC. MDCCCXLVIII.

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PREFACE.

ANOTHER volume of the Christian Lady's Magazine closes at a period of no common interest. It is a time of fear and anguish and perplexity to the world, a time of hope to the Christian. All parties are strengthening: it is the dead mass of stagnant indifference which is invaded on every side. If the newly-developed energies of evil have made the nations of the earth reel and tremble, the Church also is girding on her beautiful armour, and with the stern battle full in view, she knows the victory is certain. Dear Christian Sisters, let the year with us close in prayer; let us seek earnestly for ourselves and each other, strength for the domestic, social, and I had almost said political, duties to which the yet-unknown events of another year may call us; that as wives, mothers, and sisters, we may be faithful to our families; as Christian ladies, to the circle of society in which we move; as Englishwomen, to the duties

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which, in a spirit far different from that of the female Socialists of Paris, we would fulfil towards the beloved country that protects all most dear to us; and as redeemed children of God, to the claims of His universal Church.

If, in this little Magazine, it be ever given us, either as writers or readers, to stir up our own minds or those of others, to this love and these good works, let us regard it as another talent committed to our trust, by Him who has said, "Occupy till I come."

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1848.

THE NEW WORLD.

No. VII.

THE CONSUMMATION OF HOPE.

No watchers for the morning ever waited more eagerly for the dawn than Columbus and his crews on that memorable 12th of October, which closed their weary voyage. The great secret was at length revealed. The fond dreams of fancy were now become, to their ardent leader, a sober certainty of waking bliss. The ends of the earth were brought together, and an unknown world invited the discoverers, while their names were crowned with a wreath of immortality. With what intense delight they would gaze on the beautiful and verdant island, which they saw rising out of the deep, to welcome them to its shores! The naked savages, who crowded to the beach, would be the objects of a still deeper interest. It was as if the inhabitants of two different planets had met together; for, who could conjecture the history of this unknown race, whose naked bodies carried back the thoughts to the days of Paradise,

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and whose country seemed to rival Eden itself in its beauty? As they approached the island, they were refreshed by the sight of ample forests, and beheld fruits of tempting colour, amidst the stately trees, that lined the shores. The air was pure and fragrant, the seas that bathed the island, transparent as crystal; and all, to the fascinated eye of the weary voyagers, was beautiful beyond the hopes of fancy. Columbus gazed with delight, and saw the dream of long years fulfilled. What wonder that, when he landed, he threw himself on his knees, and kissed the earth, offering up his thanksgivings to God with tears of joy? But other ceremonies followed, too significant, alas! of the mournful future. When he rose from the earth, he drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. The joy of his followers then burst forth in transports of exultation. They thronged around him, so lately the object of their mutinous insolence, and were ready to kiss the hem of his garment. Those who had been the most rebellious were now most abject in their submission, and vowed eternal obedience to his commands. Meanwhile the natives, who had fled in terror at the first landing of the Spaniards, overcame their fears, and gazed with trembling on their unexpected visitors. By degrees, their confidence returned; they approached still nearer, and examined the persons of the strangers, mute with wonder and admiration. Columbus, whose bearing pointed him out at once as the chief, was pleased with their confidence, and endured their scrutiny, as a father delighting in the playful wonder of his own children. Their hearts were won by his gentleness. They believed that these kind, but mysterious strangers, must be natives of the skies, and that they had sailed in their

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ships out of the crystal firmament, which bounded their horizon, and were come on some visit of heavenly mercy to their shores.

Here let us pause in our brief sketch of this great discovery, and contemplate for a moment the wonders of that eventful day. What a wide and immense interval between the rude geography of the first settlers in Egypt, when the Nile rose out of Chaos, and flowed into Chaos again, and the era that was now beginning to dawn upon mankind. Then clouds and thick darkness rested on the greater part of the earth, but now the last veil of mystery was on the point of being torn asunder, and the whole face of our little planet revealed to the eye of human science. The promise given, ages before, to the beloved prophet, was now fulfilled, that in the last days many should run to and fro, and knowledge be increased. It was like an expressive sign, that the mystery of Providence was fast hastening to its close, when the ends of the earth were thus laid open to each other, and the different families of mankind, so long severed by wide oceans, and unknown to each other, were restored to direct and immediate intercourse. The great volume of terrestrial geography, like that of celestial revelation, was now to be completed, so that nothing might be added to it, or taken away. The dim presentiment of Seneca was at length realized. 'There shall come ages in distant years, wherein Ocean shall relax the limits of the universe, and the great continent be displayed, and Typhis discover new worlds, nor Thule be any longer the furthest boundary of earth.' And thus also, the words of Isaiah and David had their accomplishment prepared, "that all the ends of the earth should see the salvation of the Lord."

Here many questions of deep interest arise, to which

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it is hard, perhaps impossible, to find a distinct answer. Why did it please God, when he separated the dry land from the waters, to dispose it in two vast continents, each so irregular in its form, and so entirely separated from each other? Why was the old world indented, in so strange a manner, by one little sea, which, by separating Europe from Africa, has formed the basis of a threefold partition of the whole, and around whose shores have been developed nearly all the great events of human history? Why was the Atlantic left almost bare, one unbroken waste of waters, while the Pacific Ocean, though far wider, is studded from west to east with innumerable islands? How, and in what distant ages, were those islets successively peopled, over nearly one-half of the surface of the entire globe? How was the New World itself colonized, and in what age did the wanderer first set his foot on these far distant and untrodden shores? Who were its first inhabitants, and when did they arrive, and for what mysterious purpose were they doomed to this long, dreary isolation from the great family of mankind? Why was the knowledge of nearly one-half of our planet denied to the civilized world for more than three thousand years, and reserved for Spain, in the very hour when she had forced the Jews into a barbarous exile, and the accursed inquisition, that foulest parody on the gospel of peace and love, had just been set up in all her borders? Why were the fair dreams of an earthly Paradise, which blessed the first discoverer, to be succeeded so quickly by the stern realities of cruel avarice and bloody ambition, and a crowd of heartless ruffians, like Ovando, Cortez, and Pizarro, to be let loose upon the new world, almost in the very hour of its restoration to the wondering gaze of mankind? These are among the deep

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things of Providence, which we vainly attempt to fathom. One truth only appears conspicuous when we meditate on such strange events, "that we now see through a glass, dimly and darkly, that the way of God is in the sea, and His path in the deep waters, and His footsteps are not known."

Many theories have been proposed, to explain the first peopling of America, but until further light dawns upon us, it is perhaps the wisest course to suspend our judgment. One writer has ascribed the structures of Central America to Tyrian refugees, whom he supposes to have fled from the arms of Alexander, fulfilling the prophecy, that her own feet should carry her afar off to sojourn; and that, after touching at Teneriffe, already known by their African voyages, and where mummies, like those of Peru, have been found, they steered before the trade-wind, like Columbus, and after coasting Florida, founded their first city where the ruins of Copan have been lately discovered. Some, with no little violence to probability, have conjectured that Africa and Brazil were united together, since the time of the deluge, and have been severed by a mighty convulsion of nature. But surely the deluge itself could hardly be a more signal event than such a catastrophe, the shock of which would have extended to the whole habitable globe. Others, with more reason, have supposed that the same race, who have spread from the Malaccas over the great Polynesian archipelago, may have reached the western coasts of Mexico and Peru from the nearest islands, and afterwards have spread northward and southward. This would help to explain, they imagine, why the central regions were found the most advanced in civilization, while the remoter tribes were sunk in total barbarism. Many have thought

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that strong traces of Israelitish descent were to be found amongst the Indians of North America, and the work of Mr. Catlin, who is by no means a disciple of their views, serves still to lend them a partial confirmation. 'I believe,' he says, 'that the Indians have Jewish blood in their veins; and from many of their customs, which seem peculiarly Jewish, I am forced to believe that some part of those ancient tribes have found their way to this country, and entered among the native stock, and have lived and intermixed with the Indians, until their identity has been swallowed up and lost; except such of their customs as the Indians were pleased to adopt, and which they have preserved to the present day.'

A deep mystery, it is evident, still hangs over the whole subject, and the uncertainty, after three centuries of research, is nearly as great as ever. This only we know, on Divine authority, that "when the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, he set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel; for the Lord's portion is his people, and Jacob is the lot of his inheritance." It is even possible that North and South America may be the land shadowing with wings beyond the rivers of Cush, where the remotests outcasts of Israel should be scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden, and their land spoiled by the rivers of invading conquest, before the last harvest is ripe for the sickle of mercy, and while the sour grapes of apostate Christendom are slowly ripening for a terrible vintage of wrath. And when, in the dawning light of the Reformation, the mighty angel of the covenant set his right foot upon the sea, and his left upon the earth, we can scarcely fail to trace, in this magnificent emblem, a prediction of that remarkable

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series of maritime discoveries, by which the Lord seemed to reclaim our own sea-girt island, and the regions beyond the great western ocean, for the favoured and especial theatre of the new proclamation of heavenly love. Britain, and North America, the two greatest maritime powers, have also been, whether united or separate, the home of Protestant truth, and the source from whence the pure gospel, freed from Pagan idolatries, has gone forth in the last days, to visit and enlighten all the regions of the earth. In Damascus and old Sidon, where the Canaanite dwelt of old, and the steward of Abraham passed his years of childhood, the descendants of the pilgrim fathers have now their messengers of peace, who proclaim the grace of the son of Abraham to the decayed churches of the East. In Salem, where Melchizedec reigned, the Christians of our own favoured isle have reared a house to the glory of the true Melchizedec, and the accents of our island language are there mingled with the Hebrew melodies of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, in the public worship of the Most High. And when once our eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, and the Mount of Olives from whence he rose, shall cleave asunder at the touch of the Most Holy One, while he returns in priestly glory to bless His waiting people, the dreams of Columbus will be more than fulfilled. The mystery which now rests on the annals of the New World, on the wanderers of the North, with their worship of the Great Spirit, the empires of Mexico and Cusco, with their cruel sacrifices, the monuments of Copan, the hieroglyphs of Hamal and Palinque, will then be dissipated, when the All-wise himself removes the veil, and unfolds the awful majesty of his counsels from the beginning of time. The site of Paradise will then be indeed recovered. The

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splendour and the glory may have passed from the gardens of Armida, and the islets of the Hesperides; from the regions of the sun, where Columbus fondly placed the birthplace of mankind, the Eden lost from view for six thousand years; but it will return, to rest with redoubled brightness, on the land once hallowed with the footsteps of the Son of God. The voice of hope and gladness is gone forth in heaven, and in its own time will be surely fulfilled. "Ye, O mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel, for they are at hand to come." "For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places: he will make her wilderness as Eden, and her desert as the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." The vow of Columbus will then be accomplished, in a far higher sense than his ardent spirit conceived. The sepulchre will indeed be ransomed from the abominations of infidel oppression, and the promise be fulfilled, amidst the songs of the cherubim. "He hath remembered His mercy and truth towards the house of Israel, and ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH HAVE SEEN THE SALVATION OF THE LORD."

T. R. B.

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AURORA AND TITHONUS.

THERE is a picturesque beauty, a graceful embodying of the ideal, in many of the fables of ancient Greece, which at once captivate the heart and the fancy, and awaken pleasing reveries ;—reveries all the brighter and purer, because, while springing from the emotions of humanity, they ever take a shape of the divine. The boy sees these beauties as he cons the classic page ; the heart of the youthful dreamer is enamoured of the fair ideal, and sighs in reverie that the bright fable-land of Greece has faded from earth, and that the lovely forms that peopled it, glowing as the rose-cloud of evening, like it were but a bright and fleeting vapour. Yet his dreams, though pure, are of a paradise of the senses,—and the fable has a beauty more exalted still. That beauty is veiled from the youthful eye—to age alone does its power reveal itself: It is the deep truth, of which the graceful tale is but an embodiment. Truth lies at the bottom of a well: youth loves to gaze on the fountain's sparkling waters, on its bright face where earth and sky are mirrored,—and thinks not of the jewel over which those waters flow. Sorrow is the source of reflection ; and in the morning of life, it is a sad heart that has grief for a comrade. In perusing the graceful fictions of Grecian poetry, let boyhood dwell while it may on the beauties of the external symbol ; years and suffering will too surely and too soon reveal its hidden meaning.

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Such a fable is that of Aurora and Tithonus. Boyhood dwells on the tale with pleasure; age reads it, and sighs: the thoughts it awakens, we fear, sadden even manhood in its bloom.

Aurora, the goddess of the morning, loved the beautiful Tithonus,—a son of the earth, which she daily gladdened with her beams; and she loved with an affection that only the Immortals can know. It was changeless as her own being. There was no wandering of the affections, as with mortals when they meet a form more dazzling, an object more entrancing than any yet beheld. In the stillness of the morning, she had viewed all the children of the earth,—herself most beautiful, she had seen in their glories the bright denizens of the sky; and her love was reserved alone for Tithonus. And he—the mortal—clung in glowing adoration to the deity who loved him, with all the ardour of a first-expanding heart—in all the pride and joy of being loved by one so fair, so pure, so exalted.

In the morning, a thousand glad hearts blessed the light-bringing goddess; the evening saw her pillowed with all her golden tresses on the bosom of her human lover.

One morning ere she ascended to the sky, the goddess gazed with tenderness on the loved form of Tithonus. He might die! Grief grew in the heart of the Immortal; her fair face was clouded as she bent her steps to the sky. That morn Earth was dull, and the grass was wet with the tears of Aurora. Ere she left the sky, she repaired to the courts of Olympus, and besought the king of gods to bestow on her beloved one immortal life. Jupiter granted his daughter's request; and, quitting the bright climes of heaven, she joyfully hasted to sink once more in repose unbroken in the

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arms of Tithonus. But alas! she had not asked for him eternal youth. Years stole the bloom from the cheek of her lover; there is a dimness in the lustrous eye that once glowed at her approach; the fire of youth is quenched—the warm blood languishes in the veins. Tithonus is aged! And yet she loves him;—she, the goddess of youth, still clings with tenderness to him as when first she loved him in his prime. But to him, life is now a burden: he asks that he may die. Her affection grants him that too; and he is changed into a balm-cricket. But she is immortal—so, alas! is her sorrow; and the early dew-drops on the grass still attest the grief of the goddess of morning!

Aurora is time! Is not the tale but an allegory of the history of all human affections? Man will cling to some creature of earth; and in the fulness of his love, he forgets its mortality: he forgets that the bloom of the flower quickly dies—that the idol at whose shrine he bows may be broken. Still more—delusion more fatal still!—he forgets that the object of his love may change—that the fine gold may become dimmed—that he may make him idols, and find them clay!

How bright is the morning of life!—yet alas! many a cloud gathers ere the evening: the friends of our youth are loving—how few warm hearts has age! Life is like a child tripping to its home, laden with flowers of the woodland. As he trips along, some of the flowerets cease to please him, and he throws them away; others fall out, as he stoops to cull new ones. Wild roses and the blossoms of the bramble bloom in the hedge-rows: but he cannot reach them; and the thorns and the brambles tear him in the attempt. Fence and streamlet impede his path, and his nosegay lessens with every barrier crossed; and he reaches home weary, flowerless,

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and disheartened. Happy he! if a father's smile is there to lull his infant sorrows—a father's caresses to re-open the founts of joy!

There is no sorrow like that which yearns again for an object once loved. Yet it is a sorrow inseparable from humanity. Sensitive natures feel it most—they cling the most devotedly, and they suffer the most acutely; and many a thrilling melody has it drawn from hearts mourning in uncompanioned sorrow. Listen to it welling forth in melody in the vainly-warning 'Love not!' of Mrs. Norton,—and breathing with moving tenderness in many a lyric of Felicia Hemans. In all ages it has been regarded as the bitterest pang of life—making manhood sorrow, and old age despair: and in ancient Greece, the gods' best gift was an early tomb! The sensitive, yet wild and troubled spirit of Byron, estranged from its God, blighted in its joys, and warring with its fellows, echoes the touching sentiment of paganism, and breathes it forth in a strain of unrivalled tenderness and power:—

> "'Whom the gods love die young'—'twas said of yore;
> And many deaths do they escape by this;—
> The death of friends, and that which slays e'en more—
> The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
> Except mere breath; and since the silent shore
> Awaits at last e'en those who longest miss
> The old Archer's darts, perhaps the early grave
> Which men weep over may be meant to save!"

The affections are the noblest part of our nature; and in them lies the fountain-head of all our joys and sorrows. To refuse them exercise, is to sink in the scale of being—it is taking from humanity its glory. To guide them negligently is the death of happiness; to direct them wrong is the death of virtue. If we would only search our hearts, we should get many a hint from

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the affections themselves as to their guidance. Convolvolus-like, they instinctively spread out on all sides, and cling to their kindred near. The pride of the convolvolus is in ascending,—then only is its beauty developed; yet it needs the tree-stem to aid in its ascent. If flower cling but to flower, farewell to its development! A fair lacery of blossoms is indeed formed; but it rises not from the earth, and the glory of the garden is trodden in the mire. What the tree-stem is to the climbing-plant, the Creator is to his creature Man. The heart is indeed to go forth to its fellows, and in their love find many a joy. But the bitterness that mingles with the sweets of all human affection, tells that the home of the heart is not found on earth, and its longing aspirations ever point heavenward. Were man to give to the Creator the ardent self-denying love which he often pours forth on his creature, the light of happiness and joy would seldomer be darkened within him. Grief would no longer deepen into despondency; and the weary heart would have its mourning changed into gladness in the infinite fulness and tenderness of a Saviour's love. That love alone can comfort the human heart when sinking under its earthly sorrows; and in that love will be found not only strength and comfort, but a serenity and joy which no created source can supply. Would man but cease from the strange perversity of loving the creature more than his Creator, and seek no riches but those of a Saviour's love,—amid all the sorrows of life, all the burdens of humanity, all the sad changes of time, he would find a peace of mind far transcending all that earth can offer; and less often would arise that cry of bitter anguish and of blighted hopes, of all others most often heard—'Had I but loved

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my God as I have loved his creature, he would not have left me desolate in my sorrows!'

R. H. P.

[Our correspondent has here taken that view of Grecian mythology, on which a refined and Christian mind will most love to dwell; for, not only does all nature, in the voice of ever-varied symbols, re-echo the truths of revelation, but something also of the same tones may be caught by the practised ear, in all that is tender and graceful in ancient fiction. This view of ancient mythology needs, however, to be carefully guarded. The beauty of imagery must never hide from our view the hideous idolatry which it adorned. Let us turn to the epistles of St. Paul, and see with what holy exultation he rejoices in the escape of his converts from its impure fascinations. Let us also remember that Grecian fable presents a different aspect to us, who view it in the reflected light of gospel truth, to what it must have done to its ancient votaries. In part it was doubtless emblematic to thoughtful minds amongst them, and many fables may have originally been parables; still, a vivid Christian imagination sees much in them that was never originally intended. They are not like the Scriptures, a lamp shining calm and steady with their own pure light, but often as a broken mirror, catching the bright but disjointed beams that radiate from a distant source.—Ed.]

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THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.—No. II.

In our last Number we considered those two contrast principles which have their root so deep in the heart of man—the sense of universal brotherhood, and the right of property. We saw how these opposing principles alternately assert their power, as anarchy or tyranny threaten to invade human affairs, and how they are both harmonized by that Divine law, which bids every man love his neighbour as himself, which vindicates the claims of universal brotherhood without violating the rights of property, and which imparts to each act of justice the sweetness of heavenly love. But sin has introduced darkness, confusion, perplexity, where God had created perfect harmony. He is clothed with light as with a garment; and, when his ways seem mysterious, it is only that they are dark with excessive brightness. Sin, on the contrary, is in its own nature dark, confused, and perplexed, and is the source of all the perplexity that reigns in the earth. Man refuses submission to the Divine precept, and the difficult question arises, how far must legislators, by positive enactment, compel, on the part of the rich, that care for the poor, which, springing from the voluntary law of love, would have been so blessed in its operation.

We turn first, reverently, to the divine example of legislation, the code given by the King of Israel to his peculiar people. Here we find the two great principles of brotherhood and property fully acknowledged; the

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land is divided as an *inheritance* amongst a people of *brothers*. The divine Lawgiver, who knew what was in man, knew that some of these brethren, all thus in the first instance provided for, would sink into poverty, and be compelled to alienate their inheritance. The right of property permits these inheritances to be purchased by their more prudent or more fortunate brethren, and had human nature been unfallen, the care of those thus stripped of their possessions, might have been confided to the general working of the law of love. But it is not so, human selfishness must be guarded against, the unlimited right of property is restrained by the law of the jubilee, which commanded that every fiftieth year, on the sound of the silver trumpet, all alienated possessions should return to their original owners. Again, the rights of property were so strictly enforced, that a Hebrew, by dint of poverty, might be constrained to sell, not only his land, but his person, and become the slave of his wealthy neighbour; but the law restrained the claims of the rich man from keeping his brother in perpetual servitude, and ordained that the seventh year he should go free, and not only free, but bountifully supplied from the corn-floor and the wine-press. Here is a restraint upon the abstract laws of property, redeeming the slave without ransom, and enriching him from his master's treasures. It is not a greater restraint than the supreme law of love would have naturally imposed, but the Divine Lawgiver saw it necessary to put it in the form of a positive enactment.

Many of the Jewish laws, marked by tender care for the poor, are of the same character: for example, the command to leave the gleanings of the field for the poor, (Lev. xix. 9, 10,) the fruits of the field left the

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seventh year for the stranger, the widow and fatherless, (Lev. xxv.) the prohibition to retain the poor man's garment as a pledge, (Deut. xxiv. 12, 13,) the release of debts on the seventh year. (Deut. xv. 1—4.) We thus see that under the Mosaic dispensation the protecting hand of God was extended over the poor; nor did the Divine Legislator act upon the modern principle, that the selfishness of opposing interests would work out a result of universal justice.

If we turn to the page of profane history, we find the same subject amply illustrated in the annals of Rome, only here the harshness of human laws contrasts strangely with the tender mercies of the law of God. The Roman commons, whose small freeholds were constantly exposed to the dangers of hostile incursions, were in numberless instances reduced to extreme poverty, and compelled to borrow money of the rich burghers. No law protected them against extravagant usury, the creditor had unlimited power over the debtor; if the latter did not voluntarily sell himself and family as slaves to pay his debt, he might be detained in severe imprisonment for sixty days; during this time he was three times brought before the court in the comitium, on three successive market-days, and then if no friend appeared to discharge his debt, he was either to be put to death, or sold as a slave into a foreign land beyond the Tiber. Or if there were several creditors, they might actually hew his body in pieces, and whether a creditor cut off a greater or smaller piece, than in proportion to his debt, he incurred no penalty. Such were the laws of this iron people, with whom the sense of order, the sacredness of an engagement were paramount, and silenced every plea of mercy. Here, if any where, the rigid enforcement of the right of pro-

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perty, would have prevailed over every claim of brotherhood. But proud Rome herself was, by stern necessity, compelled to bow to the laws of humanity: the sufferings of the poor grew intolerable, and withdrawing from a city, which served to them rather as a prison than a home, they positively refused to return, till measures were taken, by the abolition of debt, &c., for their relief and protection. The constant conflicts between plebians and patricians are the distinguishing feature of that period of Roman history.

In Greece, the extremely democratic character of the republics, which compelled the rulers to seek the favour of the populace, was some safeguard against these social perplexities; still we find in Grecian history also, many traces of the interference of the legislator with the rights of property, in order to restrain the cupidity of wealth.

Europe has seen many changes in the condition of the labouring poor, since the Christian era. The slavery of the first ages, which seems to us so intolerable, was a boon to mankind, when, after a state of savage warfare, it succeeded to the general massacre of prisoners. While the masters were poor, and lived and worked with their slaves, the condition of the latter was tolerable, but when luxury and riches increased, and avarice led them to crush the beings subject to their will, the evils of the system of slavery appeared. The slave population dwindled amidst its sufferings. 'Slavery,' to borrow the language of Sismondi, 'was the gnawing canker of antiquity. It was the state of oppression and misery to which the slaves had been reduced, which annihilated the population of the Roman empire, and which delivered it up to the barbarians. These, at the end of some ages, invented a more gene-

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rous system ; they substituted the relations of protection and clientage between the lord and his vassal, for the whip which had long been the discipline of the slave.

'The feudal system had its brilliant and prosperous season, that when the armed vassal combatted by the side of his lord. When the lord, grown rich, thought only of acquiring continually more riches, displaying more luxury, his yoke pressed anew upon the poor, and the feudal system became intolerable. The people conquered then the system of liberty upon which we have now entered.' Let us consider this new system. We have seen that, in no former phase of human society, has it been safe to leave the interests of the poor, to the unrestrained course of human selfishness on the part of their superiors, but new and strange doctrines meet our ears in this nineteenth century. An apostle has told us—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;" but modern economists would prove that nothing is needful for the weal of society, but that every man should, with all possible eagerness, seek his own interest. Take as a specimen of the animus which pervades their writings, the following passage, translated from M. Mercier de la Rivière: 'It is the essence of order that the particular interest of one, can never be separated from the common interest of all. We have a very convincing proof of it in the effects naturally and necessarily produced by the full liberty, which must reign in commerce, in order not to wound the rights of property. Personal interest, encouraged by this great liberty, presses constantly and strongly, each man in particular, to perfect, to multiply the things which he sells, to increase thus the mass of enjoyments which he can procure to other men, in

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order to increase by this means the mass of enjoyments which other men can procure him in exchange. *The world* thus *goes of itself*, the desire of enjoying, and the liberty of enjoying, never ceasing to provoke the multiplication of productions and the increase of industry, they impress on all society, a movement which becomes a perpetual tendency towards its best possible state.'

Now, this doctrine contains a great truth and a great fallacy. Society is so wondrously linked together, that the true interest of one is the true interest of all. If sin had not marred the perfection of what God created very good, the whole course of society would prove this; there would be no clashing interests: it would be every where evident that the dictates of wise self-love were the same as those of universal charity. It is so, in many cases, even in a fallen world: he who is eagerly seeking his own interests, unwittingly promotes the welfare of his fellow-men. But, then, it is equally true, that in selfishly pursuing his own interest, he may involve them in ruin. The economists, indeed, tell us, that all rival interests will balance each other, and produce perfect equilibrium. It is the interest of the manufacturer that labour should be cheap; of the labourer, that wages should be high; of the seller, to sell his merchandise at the dearest rate that will find purchasers; of the buyer, to buy as cheaply as possible; and, between the two, a just balance is sure to be struck. If all have full liberty to pursue their own interests, if there be universal competition, nothing more is necessary to produce a perpetual tendency towards the best possible state of society. The world will go, of itself, with pure selfishness for a mainspring; and, since the principles of love and virtue are found to animate so few, it is in no small degree consolatory

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to think, that selfishness, a principle which the experience of long ages has proved so unfailing in human nature, is sufficient to maintain the course of society. Let us for a moment pause, and consider ere we assent to these doctrines. Life is represented as a great race, in which all may run with equal chance; but then, it is forgotten that the runners do not all start from one point: some are already half-way on the course. Life, on this system, is a great wrestling-match; but, alas! it is a wrestling between the mighty rich and the feeble poor, between giants and striplings. Let us take an example. A manufacturer wants an enlarged market for his goods; this is his interest: he can obtain it by underselling his competitors; but, to make this profitable, he must produce his goods cheaper, and lower the wages of his workmen. They complain; their pittance was before only sufficient for a decent maintenance. They are free; they may refuse to work for inadequate payment, but hands are plentiful; there are others pressing behind them, now unemployed, who will gladly exchange the starvation of idleness for the merest pittance that can support life. The discontented workmen are turned off; these are taken in their stead. They had indeed nominal freedom, but it was the freedom which gave them a choice between starvation and submission to the terms of their master. Was there in this case an equal balance of interests? Were not those of the labourer likely to go to the ground?—Take another case. It is said, a supply for the wants of society may be safely left to general competition. Those who offer the best accommodation, will have most custom, and self-interest will show all that it is necessary to try every improvement. Lodging is one of the first wants of man. With the rich, the principle holds good.

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The best houses, the most airy streets and squares are first filled. Domestic architecture is perpetually improving, and those who would venture to build incommodious unhealthy tenements would do it to their own loss. Yet, in every great city, there are horrible dens without proper ventilation or drainage, destitute of a due supply of water, where human beings are herded together like swine, where fever breeds, and crime revels. These are the habitations of the lowest class of poor; those who own them know that no place is so wretched, but these miserable beings must be content to shelter in it. They receive an immense rental; they have attended to their own interests; but what has become of those of the poor? These examples may serve to show how the world, going of itself by the mainspring of selfishness, crushes the poor beneath its iron wheels. Politicians, as they look over the balance-sheet which was to have represented society tending towards the best possible state, are startled by the item of an increasing mass of pauperism, most burdensome to the resources of the state if relieved, most perilous to its safety if left destitute. Everywhere a deep feeling is awakening, that the interests of the poor are among the first claims of society. The noble advocate of oppressed childhood has succeeded in carrying his factory bill; women are no longer permitted to toil underground as beasts of burden in the mines, nor are the lives of infants endangered by doing what a brush can accomplish in our chimnies. Sanatory commissions are appointed to report on the causes of mortality in our great cities. Public baths and washhouses give a possibility of cleanliness to the poor. The 'Labourer's Friend' Society is striving by model lodging-houses to give a stimulus to improvement in their dwellings,

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while the Poor Law, that beneficent institution of Christianity, still maintains the right of every Englishman to be preserved from starvation.

The details of many of these measures may not be within the province of a Lady's Magazine to discuss; but the principle which governs them is one which it is most important to impress on the minds of Christian females. It is this: that when the interests of the rich and poor are brought into collision, in a country where labour is plentiful, the capital of the wealthy gives them power to oppress the poor, who are entirely dependent on them for labour—in other words, for life. This is a lesson, not only of political, but of domestic economy. The lady who seeks the cheapest hands to do her needlework, to come to her house as charwomen, to wash for her family, may satisfy her own conscience, that she has given all that was asked, and that no one would offer to do work at a rate that did not pay themselves. She forgets that the poor creature whom she is paying at a rate, which a little consideration would show her is most inadequate, was perhaps starving for want of employment, and preferred obtaining it by offering to receive a smaller sum, than a less distressed neighbour would have done. To do justice to those whom we employ is often no easy matter; but, it is not a subject beneath the attention of the Christian lady: and, though she would err greatly if she made romantic sentiment her guide, yet, in a day, when a universal passion for cheapness has brought such distress upon the poor, she ought to guard against its exerting an undue influence over her. If, by an equitable rate of payment, she is prevented from indulging in personal luxuries, she has the comfort of thinking that the money thus saved by her self-denial is expended in necessaries and comforts

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by some poor family, without injuring their honest spirit of self-dependance. One of the great duties of women in the higher ranks, is to be the connecting bond of society, uniting all classes together by the gentle ties of kindness and charity. They cannot fulfil this high destiny—the true political career of English ladies—either by isolating themselves in frozen selfishness in their luxurious boudoirs, or by yielding blindly to the impulses of sentimental benevolence. It is a task which requires all their energies, all their judgment, all the powers of mind which ought to be ripened in the highly-finished education they now receive; and all the tenderness, love, and patience, which dwell in woman's heart. But, if the task demand much, the Christian lady will not forget that it is a sacrifice to Him who has said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength," and she will be encouraged in her work by remembering the words of her Lord, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

E. S.

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LINES

TO ONE WHOSE INTELLECTUAL POWERS FIND NO EMPLOYMENT IN THE ROUND OF DAILY DUTY.

Yes, I feel for thee when the daily strife
Has chafed thy spirit as it were in vain,
And when in conflict and in toil thy life
Seems all laid out to yield thee naught again.

I know that mines of feeling and of thought
Exist all unexplored, and unemployed;
And yet for trifles taxed and overwrought,
Too much of both seem squandered and destroyed.

The golden sands of life are running by!
And leisure to amass them is denied;
And strewn around thee, withering as they lie,
Are those bright buds the morning hours supplied.

And well I know the questions that arise,
Are Heaven's best gifts thus lavished to be lost,
All evanescent as the rainbow dies
Of some frail bubble on the ocean tost?

Why is the seeing eye forbid to peer
Amid creation's deep and glorious things,
While harsher sounds preclude the listening ear
From those sweet melodies that nature sings?

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Or, (yet more strange) why in a world like this,
Where cries for help are heard on every side,
The power to aid which would indeed be bliss,
Is sternly to the ardent soul denied?

But, hush those questionings! We little know
What work or discipline may suit us best;
The chisel's frequent touch minute and slow
Brings from the stone a sculptor's thought expressed.

So in this world where spirits take their mould,
The little rubs that fret us most are rife.
But on th' immortal image each has told,
For there's no trifle in a Christian's life.

Eternity is like a web of gold
All interwoven with the woof of time,
And our least act a thread, which when unrolled
Will stretch through ages endless and sublime.

Small tests may prove great work, small trials thine!
The sage hath wrought vast problems for the skies.
In handbreadth space; and principles divine
Are shewn by lowly deeds which men despise.

Meanwhile perhaps the intellectual powers
Are unemployed, but think not time misspent,
For are not those invaluable hours
Wherein the *heart* hath learned, the *will* hath bent?

This done, the mind whose labour else had been
A tower of Babel for herself to raise,
Will now with nobler aim, and front serene
Erect a temple to her Maker's praise.

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This life is but our spirit's infant state,
And fitting tasks their nascent powers engage,
There will be time for all things good and great
In the long leisure of maturer age.

The mountain-child from tempting heights kept back
By the kind hand of wise paternal care,
With glance impatient, views the beaten track,
Nor thinks unpractised steps are safest there.

But yet a few short years, those limbs grown strong,
Those faltering steps secure, that watchful sire
Himself shall lead the eager youth along,
By paths as lofty as his heart's desire.

Where calm amid the deep blue heavens arise
Majestic alps with gleaming robes of snow,
While rolling clouds that bound inferior skies,
And earth's green hills and dales stretch far below.

Not otherwise the soul, whom daily now
The Father of our spirits checks and trains,
Who meekly learns beneath the yoke to bow,
And bears small losses for eternal gains.

For such, (his training over) shall abide
On those bright summits of the mount of God,
Which overlook all heights and depths beside,
And all the winding paths which once he trod.

But if thou needest yet one motive more
For glad submission to thy daily lot,
Look back where stood on Galilean shore
The aged carpenter's unnoticed cot.

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From day to day, from year to year, He there,
The Heir of all things, with His sovereign mind,
That grasped infinity, bound down to bear
The toils and cares of humblest human kind.

Look upward next, and trust Him to assign
Thy daily cross who all its weight hath known,
And borne for thee a heavier far than thine,—
Then humble, thankful, hopeful take thine own!

DALETH.

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AN APPEAL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB POOR OF IRELAND.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The kind Editor of the Christian Lady's Magazine has again permitted me to address you through these pages, and plead the cause of the deaf and dumb poor of Ireland. Last year* I brought before your notice the Juvenile Association for the promotion of the education of the deaf mute—the depressed state of its funds, reduced from £3031 to £1578—the lamentable fact that forty-six children were seeking admission within the walls of Claremont, out of which number, fifteen had been *elected*, but could not be *admitted* into the institution, unless some increase were made to the funds. In the words of the Report, giving an account of the proceedings of the Society during the past year, ending last Easter Monday, and which was read to the meeting assembled at Claremont that day, 'seventy-six pupils were in the institution on Easter Monday, 1847, to which were added four out of the fifteen elected, owing to the earnest appeal of a few anxious friends who rallied round the Society, and collected a small addition to the funds provided on Easter Monday. The *whole* sum contributed, however, has fallen far short of the amount requisite to maintain even this limited establishment, and at the close of this year the committee find that £424 of the *present year's* income will be re-

* See July Number for 1847.

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quisite to liquidate the liabilities of the past twelve months: thus of the sum of £1538 already received, there remains but £1114 actually available to maintain the institution till Easter Monday next.' There are at present but fifty-one pupils in the institution, 'as of the eighty supported during the past year, twenty-one have been returned to their friends—their education having been completed—four have been apprenticed to suitable trades, and four have died;' the committee would now fill their places by the admission of the eleven elected, but non-admitted children of last year, and of six more selected from forty-two applicants all eligible for the institution, and all eager to be taken beneath its roof, but they cannot be so if funds are not raised. Will not then the readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine help the friends of the Society in this good work? Some among them did so last year, and in returning to those my warmest thanks and gratitude, I would implore their further liberality this year. Think, oh think of all the blessings and consolations the poor uneducated deaf mute is deprived of: his mind a total blank, shut out from all the sympathies of our common nature,—no voice of love to break upon his ear, no words of comfort to soothe his spirit, without God, and without hope! Christian mothers, I appeal to you; by all the love you bear your own little ones, I would ask you to bear Ireland's deaf mutes upon your hearts, and by sending help to this Society, become the instruments of bringing the blessings of education, and of the knowledge of Jesus to these poor children; true, the whispers of a mother's love cannot be heard by them, but the still small voice of the Spirit which tells them of One who loves with even more than a mother's love can, and has been listened to by many among them

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with the ear of faith. True, their tongue cannot give utterance to the tender name of 'Father,' or of 'Mother,' but by the Spirit's teaching they can look up to their Father in heaven, and with the heart exclaim, "Abba, Father."

Christian sisters, I appeal to you; by the pure and holy tie of sisterhood and brotherhood, I would ask you to remember these poor deaf and dumb children, to think of all the joys you have in the love of each other, joys unshared by them; but, though the sweet name of 'brother' may fall noiselessly upon their ear, yet once told of Jesus, once taught to love His name, and they have in Him an ever-living, ever-loving friend, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. And, though no lip-language can be theirs to tell their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, yet they can pour their every grief into *His* loving heart, and they can inwardly speak their spirit's gladness in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord. One word more to my friends, to the friends of the deaf mute; pledge yourselves to collect or send £1 each to the Society, and how many hundreds would then flow into the treasury! The writer will receive any donations that may be sent, by their being addressed to the Rev. R. Chester, Cloyne, County Cork, Ireland, the donor mentioning the sum sent is for the Juvenile Association for Promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb Poor in Ireland.

A SECRETARY TO AN AUXILIARY OF THE SOCIETY IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

[We take the opportunity of this letter from Ireland, to bring forward some other facts on the same interesting subject, which another Correspondent urges us to

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press on the attention and sympathy of our readers. There are, in Britain, 14,328 deaf mutes, and yet only 1018 are known to be under instruction. What is to become of the remaining 13,210? They are capable of loving the Saviour. The interest of our Correspondent was awakened by her attempts to teach a deaf mute, a servant of her own. When once the poor girl was able to understand the truths of her Bible, they became her great delight; her joy was touching, when she read that her Saviour opened the ears of the deaf, and learned that she too should hear when He came again. Oh! that these joyful tidings could be brought to every one of her fellow-sufferers. It is a task worthy of Christian love to assist every Institution labouring for this blessed object. The one specially brought before us by our Correspondent was an Institution in Red Lion Square, for receiving those who have left school, and teaching them some trade; at the same time, continuing their religious education. More assistance also for the uneducated adult deaf mute seems urgently required.—ED.]

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER IV.

In the evening, when the tea-tray had been removed, Miss Fenton drew her chair near the fire, and having arranged a little table between herself and Alice, so that the lamp might throw its light on some knitting, which was the only work she could do by night, and which then consisted of a worsted comforter for a rheumatic old man in the village, said, 'I was sorry, dear child, to show so much emotion this morning, but your remark opened a wound which, though healed, can never be forgotten. No, do not apologize; nothing was farther from your intention, than to give me the smallest pain: you know nothing of my early history, and I have determined to tell you a little about myself. I am an old woman now, but age creeps on me very imperceptibly. My bodily strength is scarcely lessened. As I lie awake in the early morning, and listen to sounds familiar to me from the earliest childhood, the years that have passed seem as nothing, and I almost expect to hear my dear father's cheerful voice. He always called from his room, about six o'clock, 'Caroline, Caroline, time to get up.' Very thankful I am to him for making me an early riser. I am sure my health and happiness, as well as spiritual life, have been indebted to the habit.'

'You were an only daughter, dear aunt.'

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'Yes, and ten years older than your dear father, whose death was one of my heaviest trials. My beloved mother died when he was born, but my dear father strove to be both father and mother to me. Any thing like his tenderness I never saw. He instructed me for hours in the day himself. Having a competency, all the advantages of education, and many of the pleasures of the world were at my disposal. Of religion I had no idea, except the reverence for sacred things which my dear father always inculcated; and the Sunday reading of a few chapters of the Bible formed my only acquaintance with that sacred book, till I went to school for two years at the age of sixteen. The governess, with whom I was placed, was unwearied, and I trust, successful in her endeavours to make me search the Scriptures, and to give me correct views of Scripture truth. I returned home an altered person in many respects. My love to my father was, if possible, increased, and to render him happy, the chief object of my life. I need not enter fully into a detail of the means by which he was awakened to a knowledge of his Saviour; but never shall I forget the happy hours I have passed in this room, reading to him the Word of God, and hearing his glowing and grateful remarks on the wonderful work of redemption, which, from the first moment when he saw it in all its beauty, seemed to fill his whole mind and heart. Dear, dear father! never can I cease to praise God for His gracious dealings with you!'

Miss Fenton paused. Alice knew well that her grandfather had at first strongly opposed his daughter's 'new opinions,' as he considered them, but that her patience, cheerfulness, and devoted attention to his happiness, led him first to approve the stock from which

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such fruits could spring, and then to desire to seek for himself the source of her consistent and lovely conduct.

Miss Fenton continued, 'A clergyman at length came to S——, who was very different from any seen there before. His manner was grave and solemn. It was plain that he had experienced the happiness in religion, which he described to others, and that he longed inexpressibly that others should taste what he had found. Occasionally in his preaching there were bursts of eloquence which astonished the hearers, and his devout and earnest manner commanded attention. In visiting his parishioners, he was indefatigable, and was by turns opposed, reverenced and loved. I need not say that our house was attractive to him. My dear father would have made it so to any one who loved religion. I soon felt that I was distinguished by special marks of his regard. My father saw it and rejoiced. Alice, you can understand that he soon became very dear to me. Nothing decided had been actually said—no express declaration made; but I could not doubt the state of his feelings. My life was like a dream of happiness, when one morning my father received a letter, which evidently affected him deeply and strangely. Without communicating its contents to me, he left home for two days, and, on his return, seemed deeply depressed. The cause was at length told. A friend had written to tell him that 'the vicar of S—— was one of a family in which mental derangement had appeared, and that his brother was at that moment in a lunatic asylum.' That you may comprehend something of the anguish occasioned by this news, which my father had taken a long journey to verify, I must tell you, that he had such a dread of any approach to insanity, having seen in early life a dreadful suicide committed by one

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labouring under aberration of mind, that he had repeatedly told me, he had rather see me in my grave than united to a man in whose blood there was the smallest taint of insanity; and he knew that he must dash my cup of happiness from my lips.

'Happily Mr. Herbert was absent when the letter arrived, and we had still some days to consider our line of duty. Alice, those days coloured my whole life. I dared not marry against my dear father's wishes. For myself I should not have cared. He was too dear to me to relinquish him on any such grounds. But my father —I could expect no blessing in any union to which his cordial assent was not given—and though his heart was bleeding, he still kept firm to his original feeling, that he should be utterly wretched to see me Mr. Herbert's wife, now he was aware of the family tendency. I knew that if I pressed him he would have consented, but consent alone from him could not have made me happy—nothing but cordial approval, and that was now withheld from the only individual whom I ever felt I could love.

We also felt that we dared not make Mr. Herbert acquainted with the reasons for my rejection, nor indeed, if possible to prevent it, give him the pain of a rejection; as any strong feeling, (and his to me was not a slight one,) acting on a mind which had the least constitutional tendency to insanity, might produce the very evil we dreaded. Thus I was compelled to shew distance of manner and lessening of regard, in order that he might perceive that my feelings had changed, and might never make me a direct offer. I was helped in this exquisitely painful path of duty. Mr. Herbert felt the change in my manner, concluded I had become aware of his feelings, and wished to shew him that they

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were not reciprocated. There was evidently a long and painful struggle in his mind. For weeks he appeared labouring under deep depression, but after a while it appeared to pass away, and reserve and distance took the place of our formerly familiar intercourse. He rarely visited Rosedale, and when he did, his whole conversation was addressed to my father. When I met him in the village, his observations were few and cold. He was energetic as ever in his work, but there was a forced cheerfulness in his demeanour which went to my heart. Some months past, and I sometimes felt as if I could not bear my position. I could not let my father see my misery, and yet how to be cheerful I knew not. Then came winter—a cold and trying winter. Mr. Herbert caught a cold in one of his parish visits. He neglected it. Fever came on. My father visited him constantly. The best advice was sent for, but he grew worse and worse. I could not, of course, minister to his wants, and he had no idea of my suffering. Once he said to my father, 'Thank your daughter for her kindness to me: tell her I fully estimated it.' The anguish this message caused—none but my Heavenly Father could fully estimate the depth o my trials. In the delirium which preceded death, he called for me repeatedly, and I, who would have given worlds to have been by his side, could not answer to the call. He was sensible for some hours previous to dissolution. His faith was firm, his hope sure. He slept in peace. He died without knowing how deeply, how tenderly I loved him.'

Miss Fenton stopped. Alice was in tears, and could not speak.—At length she said, 'O aunt Caroline, my trial was nothing to yours. I nursed my precious

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Gerald through his illness, he knew every thought of my heart, and I—'

Aunt Caroline interrupted. 'And you may mourn for him, and expect, and receive sympathy. No one but my father knew my feelings, and I was compelled to hear his illness and death incessantly talked of, and yet shew no more emotion, than had he been an ordinary though valued friend.'

'O aunt, how could you bear it?'

'Help is given in every path of duty. I felt that my Heavenly Father knew and measured every inch of my trial, that He sympathized with every feeling of agony, and there was even a kind of comfort in the recollection, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;" and I felt that I possessed a new and decided mark of His love, an additional confirmation of being indeed His child. At times I was almost overpowered—but in these dark seasons, I strove to praise God who had done it all for my good, and the relief which came in the exercise of praise was astonishing. We left home for a few weeks, and on my return I resolved to be doubly active in parochial and school-visiting, and my dear father assisted me in every possible way. The awful lesson of the uncertainty of life had been pressed upon us by the early removal of one so gifted and so loved, and there was a blessing on our endeavours to improve it. There is nothing like active labour for the good of others, to lessen the acuteness of sorrow in our own hearts. Often the idea of visiting the sick and needy was oppressive in the extreme, but I never returned from a visit without having received a blessing myself. A temporal sorrow appears lighter, when compared with the spiritual need of others, and indeed a mental distress could not be measured by the side of the poverty, pain and wretch-

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edness which the visitor of the poor is sure to meet with in the happiest parish.'

'Was it long before you recovered a sense of cheerfulness?'

'My heart felt lonely and sad for a long time, but the seasons of great depression by degrees were fewer, and with longer intervals between. I have since rejoiced that my personal feelings have enabled me to sympathise with others in sorrow as well as in joy. When I heard of happy marriages, I must own my heart felt a sort of chill for a length of time, and when my dear father died, the rebellious thought arose for a few moments, 'How different would have been my case, had I a husband's care and affection to comfort me;'—but I would not suffer such a feeling to remain, and deeply humbled I was by finding within so unhumbled a will, and such want of trust in my Heavenly Father, notwithstanding my long experience of his tender love.'

Alice made few remarks.—But she pondered long that night on the touching history she had heard. Conscience told her that she had indulged in excessive grief, and had rather nursed her sorrow than striven to profit from it. With many tears of humiliation she confessed her sin, and implored strength to rise from her lethargy and exert herself more for the good of others. She laid down to rest with a sad though quiet spirit, and rose in the same frame of mind in the morning. She had nearly been overcome by the remembrance, that had the departed been spared, he would on that day have completed his twenty-eighth year, but she knew that days and weeks to him had now passed;

> "They measured not by months or years,
> Where he was gone to dwell."

and though she could not restrain her tears, as she

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opened his well-used Bible, and found the text he had marked on that day in the preceding year, she praised God for his dealings, both with her beloved one and herself, and prayed that she might attain entire and cheerful resignation to her Father's will. Lucy's return was a great comfort to Alice, as her calm and quiet mind imparted some of its strength to the friend of her youth, and many were the pleasant conversations they held over the word of God, receiving fresh strength to walk in the path which their Heavenly Father had marked for them respectively, and wherein they desired simply to do His will, and live to His glory.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Fenton requested Alice never to allude again to that evening's conversation. She rarely spoke of it herself, and she felt also that the class of feelings, which a retrospect of that painful period of her life awakened, was not *wholesome*. She desired ever to retain a calm, humble, yet rejoicing spirit, to live near to God by prayer, and the study of his word, and to devote the greater part of her time to works of piety and charity. She was punctual in her arrangements. The schoolmistress could always depend on her appearance twice a week at ten o'clock. The poor women, who paid into coal and clothing funds, knew the precise hour at which she would receive their weekly savings. The children at the vicarage, where she loved to assist the mother in her task of education, knew exactly when to rush into the garden to greet her approach; and much did they value the Natural and General History lessons, which she delighted to give—and dearer still were the periodical

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Missionary meetings, when the little ones assembled at her house, and when after enjoying a good game in her garden, and her plentiful supply of fruit, they quietly assembled in her drawing-room, and worked for some school, while she read them details of the labours of missionaries in wild and distant lands. Her visits to the poor were frequent, and her advice considered essential in every case of illness or difficulty. The roughest man was softened by her kindness. Her notice of the children, and constant trifling remembrances of them, made her the idol of the little ones. The longest tale found her a patient hearer; the bitterest complaints were hushed by the quiet view she gave of forgotten mercies, and many an untidy careless wife became clean and careful to please Miss Fenton, 'who spoke so kind, and seemed so to wish their good, that they would try her ways a bit to please her.' She never gave a new frock or pinafore, unless the old one was carefully mended. She never gave a new bonnet to cover a head of untidy curled or plaited hair, or new shoes to cover stockings full of holes. She had time for everything and everybody, and never shewed that she felt any visit an intrusion, however busy she might be. 'I wish to do my Father's will, and not my own,' she would say; 'and if I please to pass my day according to my own arrangements, and He finds me other work to do, if it is only to show courtesy to some member of His body, it is clear that I prefer my own way, if I feel in anywise annoyed by the interruption of my own plans.' Her judgment was so calm and correct, that her advice was sought by many of the neighbouring gentry on endless family matters; and, as she never pointed out faults harshly, or concealed a truth for fear of giving offence, her usefulness was great, and her advice constantly followed.

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She still read works on general subjects carefully, and always advised her young friends to improve their minds by careful study. Her chief fault was thinking too well of others; yet her intimate friends knew that she often clearly enough saw an error in others which yet, as a Christian, she felt it wrong to expose. She took the deepest interest in the attachments formed by her young friends, both rich and poor. But she was no less faithful in urging on them thes in of uniting themselves to any but consistent professors of religion; and many had cause to thank her for withdrawing them from forming connections, which they afterwards saw would have been fraught with misery.

There is no delusion so great, as that of a young person supposing that she can certainly influence the individual who admires and loves her, to become a decided Christian. The grace of God alone can effect this mighty work, and is this grace likely to be vouchsafed in answer to the prayers of one who is about to break a positive command of God in being "unequally yoked?" The daily influence of a husband over a wife is far more likely to act on her mind, and to deaden her spirituality, than hers to raise his tone to that which her better nature desires. Many a wife now mourns in desolateness of heart, the irremediable mistake of early years, and with affections unchanged, sees the object who is nearest and dearest to her, chilled in his search for truth by his doubt of there being much reality in the difference of opinion, which yet permitted her to become his wife. There is many a mother, who has no voice in restraining the introduction of her children into society, which she feels to be injurious both to them and to herself, but into which she is fain to accompany them, in order to shield them from some of

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the poison, which she knows lurks beneath every worldly flower.

Dear Christian girls, you can live and die unmarried; you can live a useful, honoured and happy life, and die deeply regretted, as a single woman; but you cannot marry a worldly man without deadening your spirituality, lessening your usefulness, and depriving yourself of every chance of doing good to the very individual for whom you sacrifice your principles; for the glaring inconsistency which he sees in your choosing him, will for ever mar the influence which a steady and consistent course might have given you. Oh! be sure you can never deviate, in the smallest degree, from "the narrow way" with any certainty of returning to it again, and even if God has mercy upon you, bitter and agonizing will be the reflections which will cling to you while life lasts.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE DIVINITY OF THE SON OF GOD.

"GREAT is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh," says the Apostle Paul, in holy adoration. 'Great would be the mystery were God to become flesh, and therefore it cannot be,' says human reason. The pride of intellect has ever struggled against the acknowledgment of mysteries; and yet, when it has swept them away with the bold hand of unbelief, how impoverished, how stunted it has grown! Our immortal spirit cannot rest satisfied with that which we can fully grasp; whilst, in presence of the infinite and mysterious, it is, at the same time, humbled and exalted; humbled under a sense of ignorance, exalted in the consciousness that it may dwell upon truths too deep to fathom, and catch dim views of mysteries it can never explore. He, who would exclude mystery from his mental horizon, is like the man who would shut out from his prospect the mountain-tops bathed in the light of heaven, and the dim and glorious distance, and confining himself to the pebbles and weeds of the foreground, boast there was nothing within his view that he could not grasp. We have not thus learned Christ: if we have studied in the school of the apostles, we are familiar with the thoughts of mystery; and, the question that arises in our minds, when controversy is raised on any point, is not, what is within the compass of our reason to *comprehend*, but what is revealed in Holy Scripture. We depend upon testimony in human science, in history, and for our knowledge of the world

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around us; and, though we know that testimony is subject to error, we never think of confining our faith to the narrow circle of our own personal knowledge. How much more reasonable is it to depend upon testimony, for the tidings of that world, which is very far off, and of which He, who is the truth itself, has condescended to bear witness to us. One plain declaration of Holy Scripture on any subject is sufficient to settle all controversy upon it; but, where the testimony of Scripture is full and varied, our faith suffers loss if we neglect any part of it. In these days of increasing rationalism, it is of great importance to be in full possession of Scripture testimony with regard to that foundation truth, that mystery of godliness, the Incarnation of our blessed Saviour. Prophets, evangelists, and apostles have all borne witness to the glorious fact with more or less clearness. Some have asserted it in terms so clear, that those who doubt the truth are sorely puzzled to wrest them from their obvious meaning; others have established it by evidence as decisive, if not as direct, inasmuch as in all their reasoning, and in all their conduct, they take it for granted as an uncontested truth. To collect the whole mass of Scripture evidence, would be beyond the limits of a short paper; I would only direct the attention of my readers to some lines of argument, in which their own studies, if they can be induced to pursue the subject, will enable them to fill up the detail.

Man, by wisdom, knew not God: the heathen nations, left to the light of their own understanding, had fallen so low, that they had changed his glory into an image, made like to corruptible man, to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things; therefore God, of his great mercy, revealed himself to his own people, not only in

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his incomprehensible nature as Jehovah, but in his glorious attributes as the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin. The gods of the heathen shared their glory with demi-gods innumerable, but Israel was taught to worship a jealous God, who said, "I am the Lord, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another." "Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me." "I, even I, am the Lord, and beside me there is no Saviour." "I am the first, and I am the last, and beside me there is no God." "Is there any God beside me: I know not any." We know that the same Spirit dictated both the Old and New Testaments; yet, in the New Testament, we find those attributes which are the special glory of God ascribed to Jesus of Nazareth, even the incommunicable name, "Jehovah, I am."

Let the reader compare the following passages. In Isaiah vi. the prophet sees Jehovah high and and lifted up, surrounded by adoring seraphim, but in John xii. the vision is applied to our Lord. "These things, said Esaias, when he saw his glory, and spake of him." "Before Abraham was," said our Saviour, "*I am.*" "I am *the first and the last*, and besides me there is no God." (Isa. xliv. 6.) "I am Alpha and Omega, *the first and the last*. . . . . And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one like to the Son of Man." (Rev. i. 11—13.) "Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou

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change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." (Psalm cii. 25—27.) "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever. . . . Thou Lord in the beginning," &c. (Heb. i. 8—12.) "In the beginning *God* made the heavens and the earth." (Gen. i. 1.) "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God: all things were made *by him*, and without him was not any thing made that was made." (John i. 1, 2.) "Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens *alone*, that spreadeth abroad the earth *by myself*." (Isa. xliv. 24.) "Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, *by whom* also he made the worlds." (Heb. i. 2.) "For by him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers: all things were created *by him* and for him." (Col. i. 16.) "Our God shall come and shall not keep silence; a *fire* shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people. Gather my saints together unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice. And the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is Judge *himself*." (Psalm l. 3—6.) "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the *Son*." (John v. 22.) "And to you who are troubled, rest with us; when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming *fire*, taking vengeance on them that know not God." (2 Thess. i. 7, 8.) "I even I am he

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that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. xliii. 25.) "When *Jesus* saw their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. But there were certain of the scribes sitting there, and reasoning in their hearts, Why doth this man thus speak blasphemies; who can forgive sins, but God only." (Mark ii. 5—7.) "I even I am Jehovah, and beside me there is no *Saviour*." (Isa. xliii. 11.) "Neither is there *salvation* in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved." (Acts iv. 12.) "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David *a righteous Branch*, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is his name whereby he shall be called, *Jehovah our righteousness*." (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.) "I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches: I am *the root and the offspring of David*." (Rev. xxii. 16.) "Thou even thou *only* knowest the hearts of all the children of men." (1 Kings viii. 39.) "For lo, he that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, *and declareth unto man what is his thought*. . . . . The Lord, the God of hosts is his name." (Amos iv. 13.) "And Jesus *knowing their thoughts*, said," &c. (Matt. ix. 4.) "And Jesus *knew their thoughts*, and said." (Matt. xii. 25.) "But Jesus did not commit himself unto them, because he knew all men, and needeth not that any should testify of man; for he *knew what was in man*." (John ii. 24, 25.) "And Peter said unto him, Lord, *thou knowest all things*: thou knowest that I love thee." (John xxi. 17.) "I, Jehovah, search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according

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to the fruit of his doings." (Jer. xvii. 10.) "These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire, and his feet are like fine brass.—And I will kill her children with death; and all the churches shall know that I am he that searcheth the reins and hearts; and I will give unto every one of you according to your works." (Rev. ii. 18, 23.) "Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him: do not I *fill heaven and earth*, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxiii. 24.) "The church which is His (Christ's) body; the fulness of Him that *filleth all in all*." (Eph. i. 23.) "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous." (Psalm xxxiv. 15.) "Lo I am with you always." (Matt. xxviii. 20.) "The Lord is my *shepherd*, I shall not want." (Psalm xxiii. 1.) "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is MY FELLOW, saith *the Lord of hosts:* smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered, and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones." (Zech. xiii. 7.) "Then said Jesus unto them again.—I am the good *shepherd*." (John x. 11.) "Then saith Jesus unto them, All ye shall be offended because of me this night; for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad." (Matt. xxvi. 31.)

With what accumulated evidence has this comparison of the Old and New Testaments supplied us. The one reveals God as self-existent from eternity, the omniscient searcher of hearts, the omnipresent helper of his people filling heaven and earth, the creator of all things, the shepherd of his people, the only Saviour, the God who pardons sin, the final Judge of all men. The New Testament attributes the same work, the same power, the same grace, to Jesus of Nazareth; must he not then be, according to his own claim, one with the

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Father, or else the glory of God would be given, as he has declared it shall not be given, to another?

Another and a distinct line of argument presents itself to our minds, if we confine our attention to the life of our Redeemer as recorded by the Evangelists. We know he is our example, in whose steps we are bound to follow, we know he is made of God to us wisdom, yet if we contemplate him as a mere man, a teacher sent from God, his conduct is wholly inexplicable, his course one we should instinctively avoid. He is sent to a people, sunk indeed and fallen, but preserving one vestige of better times in a great horror of idolatry, and a clear sense of the vast abyss which separates the Creator from all created being. Instead of strengthening this feeling, and carefully guarding, as his apostles afterwards did, against any outbreak of enthusiasm on the part of his followers, leading them to worship him, he constantly offends the prejudices of the people, by seeming to assume divine authority, and when he perceives their mistake, instead of rectifying it, and thus removing the false impression which would close their ears to his doctrine, he reiterates his claim. He had himself answered the tempter, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve;" yet he on many occasions accepts the worship offered him, less zealous for the glory of God than Peter, Paul, or the angel, who even in the brightness of heavenly glory, indignantly refused this homage, saying, 'See thou do it not.' In this case, it was not as a spotless victim, that he was sacrificed, but in defence of a false and presumptuous claim; for it was on the charge of blasphemy that the Jewish rulers condemned him, and delivered him over to the Roman power, and we do not hear of his making the defence, so natural, in such circumstances so imperatively demanded, by simply confess-

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ing that he laid no claims to divine honour, that his words were misunderstood, and that he was only a man like themselves, though honoured of God with a special prophetical mission. But enough, we need pursue no farther a supposition so derogatory to him, who, though in the form of man thought it not robbery to be equal with God, who claimed no honours but what were justly his own, whose glory, though veiled, could not be wholly concealed.

Let us again look at those passages which are most frequently brought forward by the opposers of our Lord's divinity; these alone are sufficient for their confutation, as Coleridge remarked, who, with his intense love of truth, his deep powers of reasoning, was led to forsake Socinianism and embrace gospel truth. How could a mere man take as a distinctive title the name of the Son of Man. How could he without absurd presumption solemnly announce that God the Father was greater than he? How could he *be made* flesh? How could it be a proof of his humility that he was made in the likeness of man? If any wish to follow still farther this important argument, we entreat them to take the gospel of St. John, (we might often gain much by studying large portions of Scripture with reference to some special truth) to read it carefully, and ask themselves at the close of each chapter, whether the language, taken in its natural meaning, could be that of an honest Socinian. "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to these, it is because there is no truth in them."

But we cannot close this paper as a mere argument. We may be able to skilfully defend a truth, which we have never really made our own by living faith. This is a truth which calls into action not merely the powers of

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our intellect, which can never solve the deep mystery ; but every feeling and emotion of our hearts—"God was made manifest in the flesh," yes, and it was for us. In the light of this truth, how awful is the Divine justice ; what a hell of everlasting woe have we escaped ! How full and rich is the Divine love ; no clouds of sorrow that pass over our path can shake our confidence in it, "God spared not his only-begotten Son, but gave him up for us all, will He not with him also freely give us all things ?" How glorious is the mansion preparing for the saints, it is the purchase of an Incarnate Saviour's death ! How entire is the devotedness He may claim from us, who though He was so rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich ! Such are some of the Christian's thoughts as he meditates on the Incarnation of his Saviour. Take away this glorious truth, and the full assurance of faith must give place to a vague hope in the Divine mercy, in opposition to which conscience will ever raise visions of awful justice. Take away this, and you have taken away the main spring of his love and obedience. Take away this, and you have robbed heaven itself of half its glory, for there too we hope to continue our songs to the Lamb, and to join the multitude round the throne who worship him, and cry ; " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Can we do wrong in offering him our humble worship, when there, every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, are heard saying, " Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever ?"

E. S.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. III.

(*Continued from page* 457.)

A SUDDEN and undefinable presentiment of evil had induced Mr. Burton Bentley to hasten his return home, before the day he had originally appointed. And, as the well-known whistle from his hunting-whip rang with shrill, discordant sound through the still and grey atmosphere of a heavy autumnal morning, and summoned his servants from the stables to obey his bidding: it seemed the very death-knell of hope to his hapless wife. Her mind became a chaos—a sphere of shapeless horrors—and her frenzied eyes almost bespoke a mental aberration. In breathless agitation she rushed into my dressing-room, exclaiming—

'Mr. Bentley has come—what shall I do?—What *can* I do?'

'Why, you *can try* to be more calm and more resigned: his presence will, I trust, support you; his judgment guide you, and his sympathy soothe you,' said I. 'I am thankful that he *has* come; will you not hasten to meet him? It will be better that he should hear the woful tidings from your lips, than from any other.'

'Yes,' said she, 'as she sunk into a chair, literally gasping for breath; 'but I have had no time to collect my thoughts, and form my plans, and put the best face on this horrible affair.'

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'The best face?' said I, in a tone of interrogation and astonishment. 'What can you mean?'

'Mean!'—why, whether it would be better to tell him that Amy is gone to stay with Miss Black, until I can gradually break out to him all the wretched, wretched truth.'

'Who should the soonest learn all the wretched, wretched truth,' said I; 'but Amy's father, and your own husband? Let me fetch him to you this very moment, or the servants will be giving him the information without any alleviation.'

'Fetch him to *me!*' shrieked Mrs. Bentley, as she threw aloft her arms in wild dismay; 'I do really think that you have lost your senses, or you could never talk such nonsense. I beg your pardon,' she added quickly, as she pressed her burning brow with her cold clammy hands, 'I know not what I say or do; but, to tell Mr. Bentley abruptly, would be positive insanity. I always have to *manage* him, and to take my opportunity, or he would be so determined, so violent, so desperate! You do not understand him, I assure you: he requires great management—very great.'

'Which *you* are quite incapable of exercising,' thought I; 'the man on the horse is superior to the animal in skill, in tact, in knowledge, or he would never rule or guide the powerful steed: and you, Mrs. Bentley, with all your *savoir faire*, have no real power over the intellect, or will of your quiet, yielding husband: it is a fond conceit, Mrs. Bentley, and nothing more, depend on't.'

Mr. Bentley rang the house-bell, long and heavily, when he had alighted and given his horse in silence to the groom, who looked towards his master with a servile civility, anxious, if possible, to have the honour of

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priority, in the narration of the disastrous elopement: but the head drooping on the broad chest, the hat slouched over the face, and the lips drawn in, with strong emotion—all said to his quick observant eye, 'this is no time for talk.'

The sound of the bell increased, if possible, Mrs. Bentley's agitation.

'I see it all,' she cried; 'I see it all: there will be a duel—perhaps the death of both. Oh, wretched, miserable woman that I am! What will become of me!'

'Your mind exaggerates the danger, I am confident,' said I; 'Your terrors are needless.'

'No, no, no,' said she, wringing her hands in abject woe; 'besides, he has now to learn our systematic opposition to his repeated orders; for he never knew that we maintained any friendly intercourse with Capt. Silvester; but, you know, it was quite impossible to avoid it. One *must* be courteous and amiable.' And she looked towards me for an encouraging response; but, as it was not forthcoming, she proceeded,—

'Well, it is too late now to think of *that*—he *must* know all: his confidence in me will be lost for ever; and *now*, he will be suspicious as well as severe: he will never forget it—never forget it—never, never!' And, pursued by the demons of fear and shame, she hurried from the chamber, exclaiming—

'Go to him, I beseech, I implore, I conjure you: do not allow him to see me, until he is calmed and pacified;' and, almost flying across the corridor, I heard her close, and double-lock her door.

Ah! Mrs. Bentley, it was a needless precaution; no one sought to invade your solitude: your factitious sweetness has gained you no real friends: it is a hard saying, but you must learn it now.

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Poor Mr. Bentley looked *calm enough* when, in obedience to the wishes of his wife, I hastened to meet him. He looked more than calm: he looked the picture of the most profound and touching melancholy. Troubles trooped thick around him, and he *alone* knew the *full* extent of his calamities, for he alone knew the true character of the man, who, in a few hours, must become his son-in-law, until death should sever the hateful tie.

'I know it all!' said he, in a tone of wretchedness, that thrilled along my every nerve, and sent an ice-bolt to my heart. He said no more, but sat down deliberately in the nearest chair, placed his hat on the ground beside him, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the cold dew-drops of agony from his broad white forehead, fixed his eyes on vacancy—or rather, cast them down obliquely on the carpet, and still sat on, in statue-like rigidity. It was an awful silence: it might not, dared not, to be broken—words would but have aggravated his woe: consolation would have been a vain impertinence. The strong man was bowed—was stunned—was crushed! It was an affecting spectacle, and I stood before him, not daring to move, or scarcely breathe. He was utterly unconscious of my presence, and I could not comprehend the precise nature of his fearful mental conflict; but it was intense and awful! How long I stood, I can never tell, but volumes of thought, and ages of emotion, seemed crowded into the short period. At length, a sound, which began in a sigh, and ended in a long heavy groan, seemed to enfranchise his spirit. Nature had found a vent for the pent-up convulsion of his soul.

'You will be better now,' said I.

'Shall I?' said he, mechanically, immediately relapsing into his former frightful absorption; and, at

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the same time, a leaden ashy paleness over-spreading his countenance. 'Death is at hand,' thought I; 'but there is no ministering angel by his side, sent to convey this departing spirit to the land of peace!' No time was to be lost, or he would faint and die: the springs of life seemed failing fast.

'Mr. Bentley, you must arouse yourself,' said I, in a loud and decisive tone. 'You are ill, Sir; but you must exert yourself this *moment*.' And I shook him by the collar, with all the energy that terror could inspire. 'You are *very* ill; but you owe it to yourself, to your family, to your wife, to make a desperate effort for your recovery:' and, with a violent spasmodic convulsion of the chest, he was then restored to life and consciousness. Subsequent events proved, that this extreme mental agitation had occasioned the first attack of *angina pectoris*, which ultimately proved fatal.

How many are the martyrs sacrificed on the altar of blighted affection! Broken hearts are not poetical fictions, but stern mournful facts. The funereal pile is crowded with the victims, and Mr. Bentley's name might have been found amongst them: this hour was 'the first of the last' to him, and a daughter's disobedience had inflicted the blow.

In a deep and disturbed voice, he turned to me, and said,—

'I wish to be alone: it is my habit to suffer in silence, where advice has not to be asked. I thank you for your kindness, but I prefer solitude.'

'Excuse me, I cannot leave you yet; your indisposition may return: but, when you have taken some stimulant, and are better, I will intrude no longer—already you are more comfortable.'

It was a senseless and inapplicable phrase, and it

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jarred upon his excited feelings; for, with an indescribable bitterness, he twice repeated, 'Comfortable! comfortable! !'

'I only meant that the extremity of your physical suffering was abated: do not imagine that I think your trials light: they are very heavy, very crushing,' said I. 'But it is in the winter of storm and tempest that faith, like the strong fibres of the giant tree, clings to the rock, and is immoveable. And if a voice from heaven whisper, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," why, then, the earthquake, the fire, and the storm are but the messengers of mercy, and the harbingers of love and peace.'

There was a pause, but no response; and, in order to break the awkward silence, I continued to talk.

'I am glad that you have returned, as there will be no loss of time, if anything is to be done.'

'Oh, nothing can be done,' said he, hastily; 'it's all too late now; indeed, it was by mere accident that I came home.'

'Oh! say not so; nothing is accidental. The hand of Providence guides the most apparent trifle, and destines it to fulfil its mission; and *we* should wing it by the prayer of faith.'

The slightest sneer curved Mr. Bentley's lip at this rebuke, and he replied coldly,—

'Yes, I know those are your views; they are not mine exactly: but this is no time for theological discussion.'

'No: but *it is* the very time to try our principles, and prove the power of prayer, in all its sustaining potency.'

But, religion with Mr. Bentley was a mere abstraction, and had no practical or working power at all. I

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believe he might be classed yet lower; as one who was even sceptical and unorthodox in his *creed*, until when tempests raged around, he was driven, step by step, into "the narrow way," which landed him at last in the realms of light, and liberty, and love.

Yet he was *no rara avis*, but a mere unit amongst the many thousands who live alone, mentally and socially solitary, though in a crowd. He was an occasional enigma to his friends, who were wont to shrug their shoulders, and say, 'There is more in Bentley than any one imagines.' He was too, at times, a puzzle to his '*omni-cognitive*' wife, who acknowledged that she 'did not entirely understand him;' and that, although he was usually indulgent, still he could become dogged and impracticable: and, at these periods, she felt, intuitively, that it was absolutely necessary to avoid collision.

In fact, he resembled a valuable and well-constructed piece of mechanism, in which the main-spring was wanting, and thus became useless lumber, or, at best, "labour lost." He had long felt dissatisfied with the frivolity which reigned in his family circle; but having, very early in his married life, resigned the reigns of government, he wanted the moral courage to resume them, and abandoned himself to a constitutional indolence, which had, by indulgence, become a second nature. This dissatisfaction was, nevertheless and virtually, the first element in the process of his conversion. Conscience was partially aroused, and judgment sanctioned the whispers of conscience, until the flight of Amy aroused him to a full sense of his culpable carelessness, and exhibited his sinful apathy in its appalling deformity. The Holy Spirit graciously deepened these convictions, and the dread of wrath issued in an

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assured sense of pardon, and he was no longer the servant of sin.

Yet still he could not well define his change of spirit. He was emphatically 'a man of few words,' and his natural taciturnity had been greatly increased by the exuberant loquacity of his wife, who arrogated to herself the important duty of 'amusing everybody,' and of being designated in return, 'a most agreeable charming woman.' And, as she had an easy bantering wit, gay repartee, with brilliant persiflage, and an inexhaustible fund of piquant anecdote, she earned the reputation to which she aspired. Her husband was proud of her social popularity—smiled at her sallies, shrugged his shoulders at her exaggerations—and held his tongue—discoursing only on subjects connected with the country, the petty sessions, the crops, and the political and religious hierarchies of the land, defending the State from the attacks of the Radicals, and the Church from the cavils of the Dissenters. On these points he was decided and demonstrative; on all others, he was mute. Sauntering with him through his spacious conservatories on the morning preceding his last eventful absence, I accidentally discovered that his botanical knowledge was extensive and profound, and never shall I forget my astonishment at the fact. Believing that he could not distinguish a lilium candidum from a lilium bulbiferum, (or a white from an orange lily,) I made some superficial observation in condescension to his capacity, and in reply, he not only corrected my inaccuracy, but enlightened my ignorance; he spoke of the sympathies and sensibilities of plants—their habits, propensities, and vital endowments, their physiology and their culture, until he seemed to annihilate the divisions which are made to exist between what are learnedly called

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'the animal and the vegetable kingdoms,' and endowed the shrubs and flowers with all the living principles of a zoological garden. The inspiration was upon him; and I suffered him to proceed without interruption or remark, and when at length I suggested some idea, he started, coloured, seemed distressed at the display he had been making of his talent and information, looked hastily at his watch, professed surprise at the lateness of the hour, and abruptly hurried away. But he had turned over unwittingly, a new page in the book of his character, and I had read it carefully: I was soon to see another, in the deeper volume of his heart.

Having administered the cordial, I was leaving the room, when I recollected that I had performed no part of the duty assigned to me by Mrs. Bentley, and that I could carry her no tidings fitted to calm her agitation. I lingered, therefore, at the door, and said, 'What shall I say to your poor unhappy wife? her condition is deplorable—more so than you can well imagine.'

In a paroxysm of uncontrollable rage he started to his feet, and in a voice of thunder said,

'I have nothing to say—*she* is the real culprit—her vanity has ruined us; she would be the centre of a staff of cringing flatterers, and this scoundrel Silvester, was amongst them. I forbade him my house more than twelve months since; where Amy can have seen him, I cannot divine!'

At the name of his daughter his voice trembled with emotion, and he was affected even to tears. They were salient drops; and as they fell heavily from his eyes, a better spirit took possession of his heart.

'I have spoken hastily, meanly, basely,' said he—'why blame my wife?—the fault is *mine—my* pride, *my* reserve, *my* indolence and indulgence have worked

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all this woe. We have *all* been acting parts like puppets in a show, and have studied concealment rather than candour and truth. My wife wished to manage *me*, and I suffered her to live on, in the foolish fancy that she was successful in her endeavours. She has never comprehended me, and in fact she has compressed her own mind until it admits of but two ideas—an incessant demonstration of 'amiability,' or rather derelict ion of all principle—and a craving for universal popularity. She has made herself a full-grown baby, only contented when she is flattered and spoiled, or exercising a royal rule over slavish serfs. But she was capable of better things, had I tried to teach her that life is not all holiday, and play, and trick, but that candour should be the distinctive attribute of woman, and that only contempt is felt by the noble and the good, for the most successful cunning, or the most meretricious accomplishments. But I have been pleased and fascinated by her brilliancy and beauty, and could deny her nothing. But Amy—oh Amy was another being—but this single step from rectitude has ruined her for ever. I thought she loved her father, and I had garnered up my heart in her. I have staked my all upon that single die, and now, I am indeed a bankrupt!' And again he hid his face, and wept. He rallied soon, and in a calm grave tone said, 'I have spoken strangely, wildly, perhaps basely, but as now you know the truth, I ask your secresy—go tell my wife that I will see her soon, and do my best to comfort her. Much will she need it.'

I found Mrs. Bentley sunk, into a state of inanition, and the mind's proportions seemed to have shrunk and faded! Disparity is found through nature, and in man,

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> 'One heir to ancient honors and estate,
> Another to the toils and tears of earth,
> Some drops the nettle meet—and some the rose.'

But never sure was antithesis more striking, than in the colloquies of my helpless friends on this miserable occasion. Mrs. Bentley had unlocked her door, and started as I entered, looking wildly on me, as though she saw ideal forms of terror all around her.

'Well, what does he say? how does he bear it? what will he do? does he know that we have secretly associated with Captain Silvester?'

Here she paused as if she had attained to the climax of her anxiety.

'Mr. Bentley says, that he will see you soon, and do his best to comfort you, for you will need it much,' said I, endeavouring to repeat his exact words.

'Oh! does he really?' And she drew a deep long breath, expressive of the feeling that a heavy burden was lifted from her heart. 'You will not deceive me: did he send that message?'

'I have told you that he did.'

'But tell me more; tell me what he said—how he bore it—what he threatened?'

'He threatened nothing,' said I, anxious to avoid all further cross-examination, 'and I left him calm—quite calm.'

'Oh, thank God!' and with an elasticity truly marvellous, she added, 'Now let us think what can best be done to save appearances, and make the best of this bad business. I wish we had not given encouragement to Captain Silvester, certainly; but still he is a man of family, and good connections, and high attainments, and I shall try and *manage* Mr. Bentley, and get him to give the impression that we only objected to Amy's

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early marriage; and that, therefore, with the impetuosity of youthful affection, she consented to this unladylike flight and clandestine union.'

'I think you will find it impossible to accomplish your object, and I am sorry that you should desire it, oppressed as you must be, by the grief of a mother over a beloved daughter, ruined by sin and wilful disobedience.'

'Oh! that is quite true,' said Mrs. Bentley, in a piteous whine; 'but then my great affection for poor Amy makes me anxious to screen her from all unnecessary exposure, and our position in the county will necessarily occasion her rash conduct to be canvassed in every circle; but I believe without vanity I may say, that we have many friends who will be most deeply interested in this event.'

But Mrs. Bentley learnt too soon, that times of sorrow are the stern test of friendship, and that amongst the best and kindest, but a scanty sympathy was given, whilst from the mass of her five hundred flatterers, she had to endure words of simulated pity, uttered in tones of triumph; or implied censure, wrapped-up in honied inuendoes; or grave rebuke, given so *con amore*, that triumph sparkled in the eyes of the lamenting speakers. All this was very hard to one who had hitherto reigned supreme, and with no rival near her throne—'but if Crœsus shall pass the river,' said the oracle, 'he will destroy a great empire.' Mrs. Bentley, like the Lydian monarch, had passed the river, and the tide of unpopularity had set in upon her. For a time she stemmed the torrent, and told herself, 'that her *real* position in society placed her above the little impertinencies, which now, on all sides beset her,' and like Pope, and Swift, and Warburton, and Shenstone, and many a

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petulant and pampered worldling, she *said*, 'she cared *not* for opinion,' but still lived on in perpetual terror of further indignities, until in time, she became the prey of her own sharp fancies, and resolving on retaliation and reprisals,

> 'She lay like a hedge-hog rolled up the wrong way,
> Tormenting herself with her prickles.'

This little episode has taken the reader from the contemplation of Mr. Bentley in the solitude of his study, where he was repenting of the past, and preparing for the future. His very heart was rent, as the bonds which bound him to his daughter were rudely snapped asunder, and he was sent adrift on the dark cold sea of life without one sunny harbour in which to anchor his affections. His mental reaction was *too* violent, and under the dark cloud of an adverse and mysterious providence, the heavens seemed clothed in blackness, and the earth in darkness. He fancied himself set as a very mark for affliction; "the clouds returning after the rain," as he thought upon all the difficulties which beset him in the path he was now resolved to tread. For true repentance had taken possession of his soul—not a temporary fit of depression, (like Mrs. Bentley,) or a vague and passing, and general acknowledgment of error—but a deep perception of the evil tenor of his past life, with a vivid realization of the justice and holiness of God, and his necessary displeasure towards him, as an unfaithful and unjust steward of his manifold and rich bestowments. Tears, confessions, prayers, occupied his private hours: anxiety for divine direction, eagerness for instruction and honest purposes of reformation. No wonder then, that the bow upon the cloud soon came to cheer his spirit, and that as the fountains of the deep corruption of his heart

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were broken up, his sky was checquered by the soft beams of mercy breaking through the tempest. He could bear to look upon the wilderness when he caught the first glimpse of Canaan beyond its confines; though as yet, mists and bogs obscured the happy land. He could be content with the tent and the tabernacle, whilst the city of habitation rose grand and glowing in the distant horizon. And the day which dawned upon him as a careless, selfish, sceptical, worldling, departed, leaving him a penitent, humble, hoping believer. Well may it be said that 'chastising love is the faithfullest, truest, tenderest, deepest.'

As hour after hour dragged heavily on, Mrs. Bentley fretted, and fidgetted, and proposed plans, and rejected them, and speculated, and decided, and wondered by turns. Still Mr. Bentley came not—and all was uncertainty and anxiety. The dressing-bell had rung its preparatory note; the dinner-bell had twice sent forth its summons, before Mr. Bentley made his appearance in the drawing-room. As he entered his wife started as if under the influence of an electric shock.

'For conscience doth make cowards of us all.'

But as she began to realize the sad circumstance, and possible consequences of this meeting, she hid her face in the cushion of the sofa, and burst into a genuine flood of tears. Mr. Bentley stood beside her. His heart was already full. There was nothing like anger in his countenance, but that subdued expression which indicates a conflict between duty and affection. He knew the course he was resolved to take, and that like Samson, he must not allow the lock of his strength to be thrown in the lap of a false and cruel fondness. So he laid his hand gently on her upturned shoulder, and

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only said; 'the dinner waits, let me lead you to the dining-room.'

The quick perception of Mrs. Bentley soon detected the unusual tone of calm authority in his voice, and without resistance or remark she descended to the unwelcome meal. A forced and unnatural effort was made to sustain a general and artificial conversation, but gradually the task exhausted the powers of the actors, and a profound silence reigned around—the servants walked on tip-toe, and rebuked their own unavoidable clatter of plates and spoons, whilst their mistress was employing the period, by perfecting her plan of operations, which she resolved on putting into immediate execution as soon as they should have withdrawn —for further suspense was becoming intolerable, and she 'would rather know the worst, be it what it might.'

Left at length to ourselves, Mrs. Bentley began to sigh heartily, and rock herself backward and forward in her chair, with melancholy monotony, closing her eyes as if to exclude the sight of old familiar objects, but *really* to avoid looking at the husband—for with half a glance she saw that a world of meaning was in his face, and 'a strange inscrutable essence in his eye.'

After a silence of some minutes she began—

'Have you decided what is to be done, my dear?

'About what?' said Mr. Bentley, with an unnecessary severity, for which he must be pardoned, seeing that he was but a tyro in the school of Christian consistency, although a sincere and anxious learner.

'Of course, about our wilful foolish Amy.'

'Nothing that I know of can be done,' said he.

'No—so much time has been lost, that it is now impossible to pursue, or at least to overtake them.'

'Nor should I ever have proposed to do so,' said Mr.

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Bentley, 'she has made her preference, and she must abide the consequences.'

'What consequences?' said Mrs. Bentley, anxious to draw from her husband an exposition of his opinion of the new connection.

'Consequences too fearful to think upon, much less to name,' said he, and again the strange change of colour which had so alarmed me in the morning, overspread his face, and it was evident that he was suffering some acute physical pain. Mrs. Bentley did not perceive the attack, and therefore proceeded in her enquiries.

'Pray do not be so mysterious and reserved, my dear, you may very well imagine *my* distress and anxiety—and although Amy has acted rashly, and foolishly, yet there are many extenuating circumstances:—Captain Silvester is talented, elegant, and fascinating.'

'Captain Silvester is a villain,' said Mr. Bentley with a heavy groan.

'Now really, you must not be so severe,' said she, in wheedling accents, 'you must *try* to be more charitable and indulgent, and make more allowance for the passions and prepossessions of youth—it is a Christian duty to forgive, and beside *expediency* will *now* make it our wisdom to treat the matter lightly, or we shall be blamed, or pitied, or ridiculed by all who know us.'

'I have rejected the system of *expediency*, I hope for ever,' said Mr. Bentley, who had again recovered his colour and composure. The true basis of actions is not their utility, nor does it identify them with what is *right*. This opinion has betrayed us into dangerous and fatal errors, and we are reaping the harvest of the tares which we have sown. We have made unlimited concessions to the maxims and fashions of the world, and have endeavoured to justify our conformity, in opposi-

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tion to the dictates of our conscience, and the commands of Scripture. Henceforth I wish to act with inflexible integrity, and immovable resolution.'

Mrs. Bentley had never heard her husband make a speech of half the length before—and she looked at him with astonishment, and fear for her own devices.

'My ideas of religion are very different, and I hope I have proved it in my conduct—gentleness, and love, and tenderness, and consideration for the feelings and prejudices of others, constitute the piety which is god-like and irresistible in its influence,' said she, with the most pharisaical complacency in the retrospect of her past life.

'May not *both* be united with advantage,' said I,—'there is a charm in gentleness, but there is a majesty in truth, and if in *all things* we follow the footsteps of our Master, through honour and dishonour, through good report and evil, through censure or flattery, our profession and our principles will be *felt* with all the force of a living reality by those around. They may affect to despise, but they will inwardly respect. Aim but to glorify God—let your eye be single, and your conduct will be consistent, and influential, and controuling.'

Mrs. Bentley looked as if *two* sermons were an infliction beyond human endurance.

'Perhaps when you have finished theorizing, we may arrive at facts,' said she, looking at me with irrepressible irritation. 'I am unconvinced, my dear Mr. Bentley, of the propriety of your views, but tell me how you propose to act towards our beloved but undutiful child.'

'My answer will be dependent on her conduct, and therefore cannot now be given.'

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'No—but we will imagine that they write and express their penitence, and ask to be restored to our affection, and to become again members of the dear domestic circle?'

'Then it will be my very painful duty to deny them their request. I owe it to my other children to forbid all intercourse with Captain Silvester on any pretext whatever.'

'What then!' cried Mrs. Bentley, with an hysteric sob, 'am I to be separated from my child for ever?'

Hubert, who had entered the room unperceived, under the shelter of twilight, now strutted to the table, exclaiming, 'Never mind, mother, that's all humbug.' At the same time impudently trying to stare his father out of his resolution, as he had been wont to do of yore. He was at that awkward age between boyhood and manhood—'too ripe for play, too raw for conversation,' and supplying his lack of reason by positive assertion, he mistook his *ipse dixit* for demonstration.

'*I* know that Captain Silvester is a "brick,"—a capital fellow—up to a thing or two, no doubt—but so is every man worth a thought—I know he's taught me many things.'

'And he will teach you no more, sir,' said his father, 'until his character be changed, or you have cast off my authority.'

Mrs. Bentley now wept bitter blistering tears. Rosa came tripping in, to make her evening adieus, and her mother caught her to her bosom, exclaiming, 'Ah, my pet, my darling, you will see your sister no more—your dear darling Amy has left us, and papa will never, never, never let her come back again!'

'Naughty papa, cruel papa,' shrieked the little vixen, in one of the frantic ebullitions of temper, for which

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she was so celebrated. 'Amy *shall* come back, or else I'll die—yes, I'll die, and make you sorry.'

'Take her away,' said poor Mr. Bentley to the listening maid, who was in attendance on her little mistress.

'I won't go—and I won't kiss you—and I won't love you—unless you let Amy come again.'

'Take her away *directly*,' said her father, in a tone of command which paralyzed her infantine rebellion, and she walked off sulkily to bed.

Again Mrs. Bentley rallied, and made another effort. 'You have a very low opinion of Captain Silvester, my dear, but you must acknowledge that he is a man of good family connections, of refined manners, and gentlemanly habits, and on these we surely might engraft principles of virtue and religion—at least it must be our duty to make the effort.'

'We shall walk with faint and staggering steps ourselves along our new and difficult pathway, and we shall have need of the greatest vigilance in pursuing the track that leads to heaven,' said her husband. 'We have wandered far, far, from it hitherto, and it is much easier to descend from one declivity downward to another, than to stay our progress, or retrace our steps. We must go to the strong for strength, and despairing of ourselves, rest our hope in the protection of Omnipotence.'

'I really do not understand you, any one would imagine that we were thieves or murderers to hear you talk, my dear,' said his wife, with an indignant toss.

'We may justly apply to ourselves even both these epithets, for we have robbed God of his just rights, and we have done our best to murder the souls of all committed to our care,' said her contrite hus-

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band. 'But I will adopt your own expression, and say to you, it will be *inexpedient* to allow of the return of our poor Amy and her wretched husband—he is a penniless, vicious, cruel adventurer—bankrupt alike in honour, in character, in credit, and in prosperity!'

These were appalling words for the vain, worldly, ambitious Mrs. Bentley to hear—but they were true—and now her lamentations and convulsions were fearful to behold—for the crime of poverty, had indeed made Captain Silvester 'a villain' in her eyes, as well as in her husband's for more potent reasons.

Poor Mr. Bentley was distressed by her sufferings, and did his best to console her by tenderness, and sustain her by the hope that it might please God yet to make their lost ones penitent and pious, holy, self-denying votaries of the cross. It was very late on this all-important evening before Mr. Bentley advised us to retire, and it was good to see his embryo graces budding out beneath this wintry sky, and to feel as we recalled in privacy the transactions of the eventful day, that

> 'The star of an unconquered will
> Had risen in his breast;
> Serene, and resolute, and still,
> And calm and self-possessed.'

(*To be continued.*)

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MAN AND HIS MOTIVES.

By G. Moore, D. D. (*Longman.*)

This work is so full of beautiful thought, that we cannot class it with our shorter Literary Notices, but must enrich our pages with more copious extracts. It is a series of essays somewhat miscellaneous in character, yet all having reference to the nature of man as a spiritual being, and considering him especially with regard to those things which, appreciated by his faculties, excite his ideas and thus influence his will, and may be called his motives. The highly-talented author has a firm and reverent faith in Holy Scripture, from whence he desires to derive all his metaphysical opinions. The aspect of truth on which he dwells with most vivid delight is the love of God, as manifested in the wonders of creation, the teachings of light, the domestic relations of life, and above all in the history and death of Jesus of Nazareth. It is this love, overcoming the evil of the fallen sinner, drawing him into sympathy with its own blessed nature, on which our author loves to dwell. The doctrine of the atonement is clearly stated in the following passage. 'What men refuse to believe in the Bible is exactly that without which there is no hope nor godliness. They have no notion of being deemed so deeply iniquitous, as to require that Omnipotence Himself should redeem them by adopting their nature in a sinless state, and making atonement in it.' After

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so clear a statement, it is perhaps hypercritical to desire more. And yet we could not but long for a more frequent allusion to this all-important doctrine in many passages in which the author descants with such glowing eloquence on Divine love. The guilty sinner will never receive comfort from the thought of a love, from which his own iniquity, if unexpiated, will exclude him. The unawakened conscience will delude itself with a sentimental religion, will fancy all is right, because the love of God is a delightful theme, whilst the humbling heart-searching doctrines are all forgotten. It is the sense of the special danger at the present time of this sentimental religiousness, which makes us peculiarly anxious that the doctrine of the Cross should be prominently brought forward, as an expiation of human guilt, required by Divine justice, as well as a manifestation of love even unto death.

But we turn to the pleasanter task of selecting a few of the numerous passages, which we might extract as specimens of the rich fertility of mind and glowing eloquence of Dr. Moore. The first essay on Man, primitive and derivative, exposes the absurdity of the infidel system, which would make man only a developed monkey, or assert with Oken, that 'he is the child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea,' a product of sea mucus! The second essay, on Selfhood, indignantly refutes the material theory that bones, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, and brain, constitute a thinking and feeling machine. 'Moses,' says our author, 'was not enlightened like a modern philosopher, by feeling his way in the dark. He saw a little farther into the mysteries of man's existence than these physiologists, and certainly concluded by the Divinity within him, rather than by inference, that mere machinery is not disposed

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to think of the personal character of the Deity, but that a being that reflects upon the past, and studies the future, with a desire to know God, and to resemble him, is really his representative upon earth.'

In this essay, we have the following beautiful passage on the perpetual development of the human soul. 'Had Adam lived till now amongst his fallen progeny, his soul would have been still young and undeveloped. Earth and time are not large enough for the unfolding of a soul to the full. We look for the forest in the acorn; we look for the universe and its Maker in the soul. Eternity must manifest it, or rather that light which is God, must so fill the profundity within us as to reveal eternity unto us before we can know the vastness of our own being. In the soul lie hidden powers which are like the living seeds that the Almighty cast with his own hand into the new-made earth, which have not yet produced all their fruits. The dew of ages beyond ages, the eternal sunshine, the tempering of seasons by the breath of Jehovah for ever, are requisite for the germination and mature developement of all those capabilities for bliss and bane which reside within ourselves, and cannot die.'

In the fifth Essay, on 'Mental Manifestation,' the communion of man's spirit with all the past is thus set before us:—

'Man is the prophet and the seer, the expositor of nature, the student of events, the only being on earth that concerns himself with the plans of Providence, and the prospects of the future. And, while he voluntarily dwells on his own past for the renewal of its pleasures, or to indulge in the luxury of recollected sorrow, he feels called on to look further back and forward and around, not as if he were alone the subject of his own

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insight, but as if the inheritor in spirit of all that has been accomplished, and all that is to come. It is true that he alone beholds the autobiography of the heart, and sees written in his memory, as in a book, the indelible record of his life. But his individual experience is but a small part of his treasury of facts; he glances in the retrospect of thought, to witness, as in a moment of time, and as in a living panorama spread before the eye of his soul, the grand lessons of history, as the especial science of his race, in respect to the promises and providence of God; he mingles in imagination with the generations that are gone; his heart glows at the songs of bards two thousand years old; his nerves thrill at the eloquence of men that can never die; his spirit is kindled by thoughts that have passed from soul to soul since souls have been; he sympathises in the struggles of human spirits erroneously labouring to be free, and where truth brings the liberty of knowledge and of power, he seems to join the nations in their welcome to the light; he weeps at their grief, and laughs when they are glad; every utterance of humanity affects his own heart like a familiar interest, and he feels the touch of kindred and of love that vibrates through all time: he trembles in agony to behold mighty souls losing their way and groping in the darkness of tradition, and feeling after God without finding him; and, if a Christian, he burns perhaps to speak of Jesus to Pythagoras, to Plato, and to Socrates; and, to satisfy his hopes, expects to find them learned in the word of God, and glorious in his kingdom. Thus, the human spirit can take its part in all the progresses of its race,—go back as if with Milton, to the beginning, when "the heavens and the earth rose out of chaos;" associate in soul with the first Adam in his perishable Paradise, and then deliberately looking through all the passages of a fallen and

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redeemed world, go forth in the strength of an unfailing faith to meet the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, returning to establish among men the immoveable dominion of righteousness and love.'

How striking is the following description of unsanctified genius :—

'The reason why genius without grace only tends to refine evil, is evident: the man of genius perceives the spirit of the times, and garnishes his soul, and makes it ready, that he may be thoroughly possessed by that spirit. Then, the fire of infernal enthusiasm is kindled within him; he seizes the ideas prevailing around him, subdues them to his own purposes, infuses into them his own energy, polarises them into new combinations, sees himself in every crystallized thought, and then sends back upon society a moral idol formed to express its own character, and which, therefore, for a time, delights it, just as a flattering likeness wins the smiles of a vain beauty. The spirit of this world never rises above the clouds, except volcanically, to fall back again in dust and ashes, death, and ruin. But that which is above, brings with it an organizing, and beautifying, and animating light, which attracts to its source all those into whom it enters.'

Perhaps this description might have been more comprehensive had the author said that the man of genius reflected the spirit of his own, or some past age, since genius has often been lavished in trying to reproduce the past in the present, but never has it unaided succeeded in reflecting heaven upon earth.

Observe again this striking description, extracted from the essay on faith. 'The man of faith is, then, a decided character. The instinct of his reason is a strong will from a strong motive. He answers the questions, What will you do, what will you be? and says, I will walk

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worthy of my vocation ; I will be a son of God.' The Almighty allows and grants what such a mind wishes. A man without a determined final faith, an undoubting trust in the true God, is but as a dry leaf on the wings of the wind, carried about by impulses unresisted and unavoidable. As the leaf cannot take root, and it rests but to rot, so the faithless man has no living power in him to draw vigour and beauty from the elements. There is no settled hope without faith, and therefore no going forth of the prophetic and realizing soul into the future eternal firmament of the true heavens ; but fancy instead makes dreams of memory, and amuses or terrifies with phantoms uncertain as the dance of moonbeams on the sea.

In the lectures on Association and on Hope and Fear, there are many valuable thoughts on the importance of sympathizing with those whom we wish to influence. 'There is art in love. The only way of rightly influencing other minds is to put ourselves in sympathy with them. We must use means for this ; we must in some degree feel *with* them as well as *for* them. Their perceived or imagined emotions must act on our own emotions, so as to excite an appropriate expression in our features, our action, our utterance. To withdraw them from unholy passion or disastrous pursuit, we must enter into their feelings, so far as to show that we can sympathize with them in intensity of purpose, while superior to them in the direction of our wishes, and the disposal of our means. We must fall into the same key, but only to utter emotion and intelligence of a higher order, guided by a will under spiritual control : thus counteracting the evil influence, not by vehement resistance, but as sunshine quenches fire, by the gentle force of a purer warmth, and a light inextinguishable, because it flows from heaven.'

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The following affecting account of Howard's son, from the Essay on Love, is worthy of thoughtful consideration from parents and teachers. 'Love itself may abuse power. Howard was, as a philanthropist, a a blessing to the world, but as a father, however affectionate, he seems to have been unwise; a mistaken sense of duty caused him to pierce his own heart. He thought it his duty to insist on obedience, merely to the authority of parental power, instead of enforcing it by the attractiveness of fatherly feeling and consistency. Natural faith and affection are not blind, but well able to distinguish their proper objects. He taught his child, while still an infant, not to cry, and never in all its childhood permitted it to have what it demanded with tears! God forbid that our Father in heaven should thus treat us. He expects us to be in earnest. But, said Howard, the government of a being that cannot reason about the fitness of things should be only coercive and in fear. He overlooked the discernment that is keener than reason; he forgot that the heart has to be educated as well as the head, and that it is ruled aright only as long as love is visible in power. A child that must always govern its feelings from fear of others, will soon be a hypocrite and a tyrant. When the fetters upon it are removed, the soul will rush into selfish extravagance, and, perhaps, perish; like a bird from a cage, unfit to use its wings, and aiming only at pleasure while incapable of providing for its own wants. Thus Howard's son was in infancy coerced without fondness; in youth *commanded* to be moral; in manhood became debauched, and then mad.' As a contrast to this account of the misguided sternness of an earthly parent, we cannot but extract the following beautiful description of our Saviour blessing the little children.

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'We cannot love our Creator without sympathy with Him. We need not merely to believe in the Almighty, but also in Immanuel. God must be *with* us. We cannot sympathize with an unrevealed Deity, and He cannot be revealed to us but in our own nature, since there is no other way in which we can have communion.—The beauty of God is seen in Jesus, since no other being ever gave us an idea of perfect love, or a love without a motive beyond itself. Heroes have been worshipped because of their exploits, but there is not one among the host of the great doers that a little child could love for his deeds. Earthly heroes are all helmeted, and the nodding plume bears terror in it to every simple heart: but the majesty on the brow of the Lord Jesus was that meekness that would invite a little child to smile in his face, and cause all heaven to bow down in love, while smilingly he whispered of happy things to the trustful being in His arms. "He took them in his arms and blessed them." That is the place of blessing. May we be as His children—believing, sustained, blessed.'

The limits of our space forbid us to make other quotations which we had marked in this tempting volume. We cannot pledge our assent to every theory it contains, and there is, in some of the earlier essays at least, an apparent want of logical connection between the sentences, which renders the style more mentally fatiguing to the reader,* but the author may well claim the merit which he exhorts others to attain, he writes from the fulness of his heart, and kindles our feelings by the warmth of his own.

* In case our Magazine should fall into the hands of Dr. Moore, we would here notice a strange error, probably typographical, p. 233, where the light of the nearest fixed star is said to be thirty millions of years, instead of three years, in reaching our planet.

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SABBATH MEDITATIONS.

"*If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear.*"

If the salvation of God's people be thus sure, how then says St. Peter, "If the righteous *scarcely* be saved?" Because of the vast difficulties in their road, the manifold temptations to wander, the many mighty foes that are leagued against them. With man it were impossible that they should be saved, but with God all things are possible. The word "*scarcely*" might have been rendered, "*with great difficulty*:" such seems the original derivation of the word—saved with labour, with toil, with difficulty—a toil too great for man by himself, difficulties too perplexing, but not for God. Let us look a little at these obstructions: when first a poor sinner is awakened by God's Holy Spirit to a sense of his danger, when first he cries for help to Jesus, and, throwing himself at his feet for pardon, endeavours to set out on the Christian walk, can he expect that he will find it at all easy? No; he has been going with the stream all his life; he has suddenly to bear up and struggle against it. He has been accustomed to yield to every momentary impulse of his own will, whether right or wrong; he must learn now to crucify the flesh; he must submit his will to the blessed will of God: but this is painful to his corrupt, fallen nature. He is "*scarcely*"—with difficulty—saved. Satan, who has been allowing him quietly enough to float down to hell (he

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was far too subtle to interrupt him there,) now when he would fight his way back to glory, fills him with doubts, tries him with temptations, distresses him with spiritual clouds and darkness; and all because he sees that the poor repentant sinner has begun in earnest to seek the salvation of Jesus, has deserted his own cruel and abominable service, and will, by God's grace, win a crown of glory, a brotherhood of angels, a palm of triumph, a harp of thanksgiving, a home of everlasting peace and joy. And Satan hates him with a fiendish, malicious hatred; he will distress if he cannot destroy him, and harass, if he cannot ruin him. He is scarcely, with difficulty, saved.

His pilgrimage is long, not over in a day; year after year, he has to bear up against his corruptions, and sinful nature. He is tempted to be weary and faint in his mind. He is scarcely, with difficulty, saved. He has to endure too, perhaps, a large share of outward sorrow; "for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth:" he has, perhaps, to weep over the coldness of some friends, the death of others; perhaps he is tried with losses in business, or sickness. These things, indeed, all work together for his good, but he is scarcely, with difficulty, saved.

Yet, blessed be God, he is saved; scarcely, but yet saved; with difficulty, but yet saved. The race is arduous, yet he runs with patience, "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith." He who is the author, will assuredly be the finisher, as St. Paul declares, "He who has begun a good work in you, will perform it unto the day of Christ."

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"*Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other.*"

The sentence "His mercy endureth for ever," occurs more frequently than any other in the holy Scriptures. If we look too at the figures in the which God is graciously pleased to manifest his character, how tender He is, how full of love, how overflowing with compassion! He says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and again, when Jesus bids us to have no anxious care for the provision of our daily wants, the reason He gives, is this: "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things," as if He would say, it is enough for a father to know the wants; you may be sure He will provide. So in Isaiah xlix. 16, He appropriates a mother's, if possible, dearer love to himself: "Can a woman forget her sucking-child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, she may forget, yet will I not forget thee." So Jesus speaks of his church as his bride, and represents his love to it, to be as that of a husband for a wife, as St. Paul shews in Ephes. v. 25: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." The love of a father for his child, of a mother for her babe, of a husband for his wife, of a brother for his brethren, of a friend for a friend, all these figures are exhausted in Scripture to picture forth the love of God, and of Christ Jesus our Lord. Judgment is God's strange work. The very atmosphere of heaven is love. If there had been no sin, the current of love would have flowed on without any interruption: but when sin came, it raised a sudden mighty barrier to the onward flow of love—a barrier that nothing but infinite love—

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love like that of God's, could have surmounted or overcome. Love to poor lost sinners, love to guilty man, must come to him as mercy. Mercy is the exercise of love to the guilty and unworthy. Angels may taste of love; but mercy, grace, free favour are the prerogatives of man. And the mercy of God endureth for ever. His heart was overflowing with tender pity,—man, poor, wretched, miserable, sinful man, was the object of that pity. Mercy whispered, Forgive him, pardon him, restore him, save, oh! save him, or he will be utterly lost! God's ear is ever open to the voice of mercy. Compassion is a very part of his being.

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Literary Notices.

SUGGESTIVE HINTS ON SECULAR INSTRUCTION. By the Rev. Richard Dawes. (*Groombridge.*) The author has succeeded in establishing in his own village a superior and self-paying parochial school, where, under the direction of a talented master, the children both of farmers and labourers are educated together. The children of the farmer being able to continue at school so much longer than those of the labourers, will receive a much superior education to fit them for their future position in society as masters and employers. The working and the statistics of his school are fully described by Mr. Dawes in a pamphlet entitled HINTS ON AN IMPROVED AND SELF-PAYING SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION. The suggestive hints are intended for schoolmasters. Their object is to show how every branch of education should be made a mental, and not a mechanical task. We recommend the work to the attention of mothers and governesses.

ANECDOTES OF FONTAINBLEAU.[4] By the Rev. D. Wilson. (*Jones.*) While France is so constantly before us now, as the focus of revolution, it is refreshing to turn our eyes from the turmoil of her political strife, and dwell for a moment on those green

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spots, where the Spirit of God, by his blessed and silent influences, has been working revolutions of which politicians never dream. These are not royal anecdotes of Fontainbleau's noble chateau, but records of the work of God amidst its simple cottagers, who have been brought from Popish darkness to the light of truth. A few years ago a Protestant chaplain visited the place, and held a service in the drawing-room of an English gentleman. Now a chapel has been built, capable of holding with comfort 160 hearers, but usually crowded with 200, and great efforts are making to raise subscriptions in England to erect schools there. The anecdotes of the poor converts are of touching interest.

The Monthly Series of the Tract Society contains a volume on PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE, which we recommend to the attention of our readers. They will find in it horrible details of those massacres which almost extinguished protestantism in France. Popery ruled dominant; but dead and formal, it had no real authority over the hearts of the people; it sunk before the first blows of infidelity, then full of the burning demon energy of hell. The different destinies of France and England during the last century may be traced to the preservation of the doctrines of the Reformation in the one country, and their extinction in the other. Is it necessary to remind British Protestants of the practical lesson which this teaches?

THE MOTHER'S MONITOR. By Ann Jane. (*Green.*) Maternal associations have of late been extensively spread through the country. Their object is to induce mothers, both rich and poor, to meet together at certain times for mutual prayer for a blessing upon their children, and for united study of their responsible duties. Some minister usually opens the meetings by

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prayer, and then the mothers are left alone to read and converse together. These associations have been in many instances blessed to awakening the minds of mothers to the solemnity of their maternal duties. The book now before us was written with a view of supplying readings for these associations; it is admirably adapted for this purpose, but we are also desirous of introducing its earnest and solemn appeals to the attention of every mother among our readers. It is a valuable book to place in the village library. All who are in the habit of visiting the cottages of the poor, must have noticed amongst them the deplorable efforts of a mother's ignorant indifference to her duties. The authoress of this work also edits a penny monthly Magazine, entitled, 'The Mother's Friend,' which may be found useful in the Village Library.

TALES FOR THE TIMES. No. I. THE YOUNG PROTESTANT. (*Seeleys.*) Some of the arguments against Romish errors are here given in a striking and pointed manner.

LOOK UP; OR GIRLS AND FLOWERS. THE SISTER'S FRIEND. (*Tract Society.*) Two interesting stories for young girls. With the former we have been particularly pleased, it is very elegant in its symbolic allusions to flowers, and very simple in its exhortations to every young Christian, like the Daisy of the tale, to be ever looking upwards for strength and righteousness not their own.

FANNY AND HER MAMMA, OR EASY READING LESSONS. (*Grant and Griffith.*) A little book in beautifully large clear print to suit the capacity of infant readers, which we can with pleasure recommend for the Nursery.

EIGHTEEN PRAYERS WITH TEXTS AND

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HYMNS FOR PRIVATE USE. (*Wertheim.*) These prayers are published chiefly for the use of the poor. They are simple, and deeply devotional in their character.

THE TWO CREATIONS. (*Wertheim.*) A little Tract, prettily got up with a gilt cover, on the analogy of the two creations of God; his outward work in the six days' creation of nature, and his inward work in the new creation of the human soul. The first of Genesis is a chapter which we may ever again and again be invited to consider with renewed interest and profit; especially when led, as we are here, to compare it with other portions of Scripture.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED. (*Purroll, Cork.*) A selection of scriptural promises, and, in parallel columns, scriptural instances of their fulfilment. It is published for the benefit of some Irish sufferers in the county of Cork.

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THE PROTESTANT.

Some beautiful lines were sent to us, some time ago, by a friend, commencing—'There is hope for thee, O England!' The cheering exclamation has again and again recurred to us, as we have traced the public events of the last few weeks. The pages of the Protestant must this month be devoted to the many cheering tokens God has in mercy vouchsafed us.

A worldly mind, in contemplating the chances of a country's safety, in times of peril and confusion, looks to the strength and variety of its resources, the wisdom of its statesmen, the fidelity of its armies. The Christian will not rest in these. He has studied his Bible, he has there traced the working of another and a hidden power, which has laid low the mightiest in the hour of their pride, and has given success to the arms and counsels of the feeblest. This power is, he well knows, no arbitrary one, it works according to fixed and revealed laws, it is ever found on the side of righteousness. With individuals, it sometimes happens, that, even to the close of life, the upright are oppressed, and the wicked triumph, for it is in a future world that we look for retribution and the vindication of divine justice. Nations have no hereafter, and therefore the laws of justice are always sooner or later vindicated in their career on earth. The Christian patriot then inquires most anxiously, How does my country stand before

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God? That course of legislation alarms him most, which bespeaks a national denial of God. Those are to him the most cheering signs, which indicate that the nation, as a nation, is looking upwards to heaven, is grasping christianity as the dearest device of its national banner, is shunning any alliance with the enemies of its Lord, is vigorously wielding the powers he has entrusted for the discomfiture of insolent rebellion, and is turning its attention earnestly to the relief of the poor and oppressed.

To cheer us then with regard to our beloved country —and oh, when we compare its wise, firm, merciful laws, its ancient, steady loyalty, with the confusion of other lands, do we not indeed feel it is a country we have reason to love,—to cheer us we remember that the outbreak of sedition in other lands, was answered in England by the voice which arose from every church, of humble confession, that in our prosperity we had not sought the Lord; of earnest prayer, that He would still in mercy give unity and peace in our days.

A bill was then passing before the House of Commons for the admission of Jews into Parliament. A large body of Christians viewed it with alarm, not from any prejudices against Israel, for could they have allowed their heart to prevail over their judgment, the impulse to show love to that ancient people would have led them to give the measure their warmest support, but from the firm conviction, that to give up one iota of the national acknowledgment of Christianity, was so far to remove the nation from beneath the shield of Christ's protection, and from the sphere within which He has promised to diffuse national mercies. The measure passed the House of Commons, the danger was imminent of another retrograde step from the Christian pro-

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fession of our forefathers, but still even in the debates of the assembly that passed it, there was much that was encouraging. Those who advocated the measure, did not do so in a tone of contempt against Christianity, but openly acknowledged its claims to preside over human legislation. Those who opposed it, acknowledged the peculiar rights and privileges of Israel, and strove to disarm their opposition of all that could suggest an idea of enmity. The House of Lords rejected the bill. The Christian feeling of the country was not to be resisted. "The true faith of the Christian" is still, thank God, the motto of the British Parliament, and if infidels perjure themselves to profess it, the guilt rests on them, and not upon the nation.

Another bill was regarded by Protestants with deep feelings of anxiety. We allude to the legalizing diplomatic relations of Rome, the establishment in England of a Papal Ambassador, to serve once more as the focus of Romish government over the popish subjects of the British Queen. We might have anticipated an indignant rejection of such a measure, by a Parliament composed of men whose education would lead us to presume they were not wholly ignorant of English history since the times of the Reformation. Such, alas, has not been the case, nor could we allude to this measure among the causes of hope, were it not that God's providence has been better to us than our deserts, and the political events of Europe have delayed the fatal blow, and allowed Protestants a longer breathing-time to prepare their opposition to it. Both the dangers then which a few weeks ago, threatened the Christian and Protestant character of our institutions are at present averted. Is not this cause of hope and thanksgiving?

We have seen the monarchies of Europe shaken to

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their centre, because they have not had strength to resist the violence of popular clamour, but have yielded concessions enforced by armed mobs of the people. Such concessions are never the foundations of really firm and liberal institutions. The power that has granted them, generally detests, and will, if possible, evade them ; the popular power, which has won them, has learnt its strength by its victory, and regards them only as an instalment of future concessions. Intended as bribes to purchase peace, they almost invariably prove seeds of rebellion. How can we then be thankful enough for the strength and firmness given to our government, which leaving open every constitutional means for the expression of the wishes of the people, has resolutely refused to listen to any who should strive to urge their claims by the brute arguments of physical force ? Can we help rejoicing at the energy they displayed, when finding the powers already confided to them by the law not sufficient for the maintenance of public peace, and not daring to stir a step without the law's sacred sanction, they applied to Parliament for fresh powers, and immediately put them in exercise, despite the clamour of his myrmidons, against the incendiary who dared to insult the majesty of the British Government, and who in his fourteen years' ignominious exile may learn to be a humbler and a wiser man ? The magistrate beareth not the sword in vain, he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath. When we see the sword borne in vain, we have reason to fear it will fall from the feeble hand that cannot grasp it, but when we see it wielded by the hand of justice, then we have reason to hope that the blessing of God will rest on servants faithful to their trust.

The revolutions in Europe have been social as well

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as political in their character. The people have been incited to rebellion by misery as well as ambition. The labour-question is, in many cases, more pressing than the balance of political power. It is not surprising that long and neglected misery of the poorer classes should lead to national calamities. God has declared himself the Avenger of the poor and needy. "Forasmuch," he says to their oppressors, "as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat: ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink wine of them. For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins: they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right.' (Amos v. 11, 12.) England is, by no means, innocent in this matter: enormous wealth subsists here close beside squalid, uncared-for poverty. The souls of immortal fellow-creatures are left to perish by those who lavish all their wealth on the most needless refinements of luxury, and who think they fulfil their whole duty in this life, by keeping their precious selves alive, and as free as may be from ennui. Yes; England is deeply guilty, every class is guilty, for every class removed above the poor has had the means of doing something to prevent the hideous mass of misery that now appals us, and that something has too often been left undone. England has much to dread from the righteous judgment of the Avenger of the poor. But, blessed be his holy name, already we see tokens of better days. Already men are beginning to see where their real work lies; and that if they do not wish to be assailed with senseless clamour for the six points of the charter, they

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must take care that the people have fresh air, pure water, decent homes, and other such indispensable points of human existence. There is a strong common sense in the people of England; they soon find out their real friends. There was something touching in the medal so loyally presented to the Queen, by those who had attained their wishes in the granting of the Ten Hours Bill, and in the festivities with which they welcomed its anniversary. The poor woman who exclaimed while enjoying the advantages of the new washhouses, 'I do not think that 'ere Charter would have got us this,' only expressed what will be the feelings of thousands in her class.

This is a duty which the nation, as a nation, must bestir itself to fulfil. The Legislature must, indeed, co-operate, but cannot possibly work alone. What an encouragement has been afforded to the exertions of private self-denial, by the fact, that the subject of the Ragged Schools has already been introduced into Parliament. There was—alas! there still is—a great national evil; a class of desperadoes growing up in the centre of the metropolis, and of all our large cities, trained from their birth to plunder and crime. It was a serious drain upon the national treasury to protect society from their incursions; but legislation, occupied with reform laws, corn bills, &c., for many years passed them by, looking only aghast at the alarming statistics of crime. A few humble Sunday-school teachers, brought by their duties in immediate contact with the evil, could not pass it by. 'These wretched children,' said they, 'are depraved, disgusting, savage; but Christ died for them: he must love them, so will we.' At once they applied their shoulders to the task: they did

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not begin by applying to others to do it for them : they did it themselves, despite of disgust, despite of weariness, despite of almost insurmountable difficulties they did it. The Ragged-School Union, with its long list of schools, its blessed tales of reprobates reclaimed, is a trophy of the success God has bestowed on self-denying labour. And now that the very success of their work calls for the co-operation of those in power, these humble men have found an advocate to plead in Parliament the cause of their neglected scholars. Let us all work ; let us do what falls immediately under our hand: should we in the course of our task require fresh succours, let us not fear but they will be granted. Society is so wondrously linked together: the English nation, to borrow an expression from our neighbours, is so one and indivisible, that a spring set in motion by a feeble hand, may vibrate to the centre of the supreme courts of our country.

It has been a pleasing task thus to trace the merciful dealings of God with us ; for, verily if there be any good in our land, He is the doer of it, and it is right that we should, with joyful hearts, give thanks to Him for it : still, if we rejoice, it must be with trembling. We might have drawn a very different picture of the many causes which God has to contend with us as a nation ; because, when he called to repentance, behold there has been feasting and gaiety ; because we have so far fallen from the constant habit of acknowledging God, which prevailed among our fathers ; because we are still linked by so many wretched bonds to Antichrist, and especially by that most galling bond, which compels us to pay at Maynooth for the fabrication of idolatry and falsehood ; so that, with the sword of justice in one hand to punish

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the seditious, our governors have, in the other, a bag to pay those, whose doctrines have been proved to be a source of sedition. Yes; it is with trembling we must hope, and with humility we must own, that if God save us, it will not be because we were better than other nations, for, indeed, we have been a stiff-necked people; but because he had mercy on us, for the glory of his great name.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1848.

THE LAST VIALS.

No. I.

THE COURSE OF PROVIDENCE.

THE events, which are now passing around us, have a loud voice to every thoughtful mind. A few months never witnessed more sudden and mighty changes. A throne has been overturned in a moment, tumult and confusion have spread through almost every state, and one earthquake seems to agitate the whole of Europe. A dozen capitals have been stained, and Paris almost deluged, with the blood of citizens. Men's hearts are failing for fear, and for looking after the things that are coming on the earth. Since last February, every week has brought its tidings, with a rapidity like the shifting scenes of some mimic theatre. At such a time, the Christian, like the prophet, should stand on his watch-tower, and repeat the inquiry of holy Daniel. "O my Lord! what shall be the end of these things?" The children of God must endeavour to trace, in these changes and convulsions, the hand of their heavenly

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Father, who reigns over all the kingdoms of men, and giveth them to whom He will. He hath not left himself without a witness, that may be heard amidst the booming of artillery, and the cry of a raging populace, no less than in the rain from heaven, the fruitful seasons, the flowers and the sunshine of spring. His word contains a key to decypher the mysteries of His providence. In these mighty convulsions of the last sixty years, a thoughtful Christian may read the fulfilment of ancient prophecy, and the outpouring of those Vials, which the beloved disciple saw in vision, to be inflicted, in the latter days, on apostate and rebellious nations.

This conviction, that the Seven Apocalyptic Vials prefigure the events of the great European Revolution, is shared by nearly every writer, who has compared the emblems of prophecy with the events of the present and last generation. The view is probably familiar, through their works, to most of our readers. But its vital importance will justify, and almost requires, a further development. Every school of false doctrine and perverted sentiment has busied itself in disguising the facts or reversing the lessons, which the French Revolution ought to present to our minds. We cannot accustom ourselves too much to look upon it in the light which beams from the sanctuary. The word of prophecy is the only beacon which can preserve the student of modern history from being stranded on the shoals of a vain philosophy, or slumbering on in the thick darkness of an unbelieving age.

The Era of the French Revolution, it will therefore be assumed, is the same which the sacred vision has pourtrayed, where the Seven Angels receive the vials of wrath, and pour them out upon the inhabiters of the earth. If this be true, how solemn and impressive a

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view does it open of the times in which we now live! The aim of these papers will be, to develop the truth more fully, in some of those moral and spiritual aspects which it offers to a thoughtful mind, and in the key which it supplies to the whole course of Providence in these last days. May He, who is the Giver of all wisdom, prosper our meditations.

There are many who regard the great revolution, which closed the former century, as the herald of a new era of light and liberty, wherein man himself, by his own efforts, is to accomplish the regeneration of the world. In spite of all the horrors that marked its progress, its blasphemies and brutal ferocity, they are still enamoured of the syren strains, which soothed their delighted ears in the hour of its birth. They will not believe, after all the dear-bought lessons of experience, that man is corrupt and desperately wicked, and that his deliverance must be from above. More perverse than those of old, who looked for salvation from the hills and the multitude of the mountains, they are willing to look for it from the faubourgs of Paris, and the multitude of barricades; and fancy that a withered tree of liberty, in the Champ de Mars, will bear the pleasant fruits of the tree of life, and secure the redemption of a fallen world. If we would gain a right conception of the present era, and of the prospects which are really before us, we must clear away all this rubbish of unbelieving pride, and, tracing the footprints of the Almighty in past ages, endeavour to gain a fuller view of the main outlines and real progress of Divine Providence.

As the acorn contains the wide and spreading oak, so all the history of our world is summed up briefly in the first promise uttered in Paradise, that the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent. A

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lasting warfare of good and evil is here announced, with the temporary oppression of true goodness, and its final victory. All Providence is one record of this conflict, 'supernal grace contending with sinfulness of men;' and in every stage of the warfare, evil spreads and multiplies, chokes and almost stifles its adversary, and at length seems to triumph; but the moment of seeming triumph is the signal for its fall, and for some new and lasting advance to the cause of truth. Still, the progress is never due to the virtue and wisdom of man, but to the over-ruling wisdom of God, and some fresh and supernatural display of redeeming mercy. It is the Seed of the Woman, bruised with agony and bitter suffering, who alone achieves the triumph, whether in His own person, or in the victories of His faithful followers. It is the Lamb, that was slain, who alone can unseal the counsels of Divine mercy, and guide our world to the promised consummation of blessedness and eternal glory.

All evil is from the creature, all good from the Infinitely Wise Creator. Every step in the triumph of goodness is through conflict and suffering. The heel must be bruised, before the Seed of the Woman can obtain the promised victory. From these laws of eternal wisdom it results, that each dispensation of mercy is followed by a gradual declension and apostasy, till some avenging judgment consumes the abounding iniquity, and ushers in the dawn of a new dispensation, brighter and more glorious than that which has disappeared. Thus the dispensation of forbearance to the old world, led to a state of general depravity, until the earth was filled with violence, and a flood was sent on the world of the ungodly. Then a new covenant of grace began to Noah and his children, followed by the

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towers of Babel, and the spread of idolatry over all the nations of the earth. In the call of Abraham, the foundation was laid of a new economy, a chosen people, to be set apart as witnesses for the unity and the holiness of God, and for the reality of His continual Providence in the midst of the earth. But the complete opening of the new dispensation was delayed, for a reason deeply instructive, because the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full. When the evil had reached its height, in the idolatries and pride of Egypt, and the fouler abominations of Canaan, then the plagues fell upon the land of Pharaoh, and the avenging sword upon the Amorite, while Israel was baptized to Moses in the cloud and the sea, heard the law from the lips of the Almighty, followed the guiding pillar of fire, and passed over the parted Jordan to the promised inheritance. Every partial apostasy, under the Judges, was repaired only by a miraculous deliverance, and every hour of deliverance was followed by renewed apostasy. The season when Ichabod was written on the forehead of the nation, was followed by the prophecies and the victories of Samuel; and the dark hour of sorcery at Endor, and the slaughter of Gilboa, by the reign of David, and the triumphal songs of the sweet Psalmist of Israel. And when the brighter day of the Gospel was about to dawn, the departing sceptre of Judah was the signal of Messiah's advent, the slaughter of the innocents was the public herald of his birth, and the wickedness of the priests and people had reached its height, before the new dispensation began. It was not until the Jews had filled up their sins by crucifying their own Lord and Saviour, that the Spirit was poured from on high, and the wilderness of heathenism began to rejoice and blossom as the rose. It was only when the flood of

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judgment had come on the city of Jerusalem, and the ploughshare of the Roman conqueror had passed over its temple, that the dispensation of the Spirit was fully revealed, and the consecration of the Gentile church, the new and spiritual temple, was visibly complete.

This same law of Divine Providence, conspicuous in every past era of sacred history, continues unbroken in the days which are still to come. The Church of Christ, as the word of prophecy declares, was in its turn to become the theatre of a wide-spread apostasy; and this great evil, however its form might be varied, was to continue down to the last days, and only to be consumed by the presence of the Lord himself, and suddenly destroyed by the brightness of His appearing. Only after this signal and miraculous display of Divine justice, will the promises be fulfilled of Zion's glory, when the Gentiles shall come to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising. A new dispensation will then, and not earlier, dawn upon our world, a millennial kingdom of fuller light and more heavenly beauty, the manifestation of the sons of God. And even here, where prophecy begins to lose itself in the blue, infinite distance, the same law reveals itself once more, with features of mysterious and awful solemnity. In the close of the millennial kingdom, before the days of eternity begin, a new apostasy is foretold to arise; an apostasy that matures itself secretly and slowly amidst the brightness of the Redeemer's kingdom (Zech. xiv. 17—19) until it issues at length in a sudden and mighty confederacy of daring wickedness. Then the sword of judgment is bared once more against human rebellion and iniquity, the last work of judgment is accomplished, and the redemption is complete. The serpent is bruised and doomed for ever, while the Son of the Virgin, with

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His ransomed people, shall reign in everlasting glory over the regenerated universe.

The progress, then, which history reveals to us, is not such as a vain philosophy would persuade us to believe. Mankind have not advanced with a smooth, unvaried footstep, up the steep ascent of wisdom and virtue. Far, very far otherwise. There is a progress, but broken and discontinuous, backsliding and recovery, intellectual growth, with moral declension and decay, till abounding iniquity brings on some crisis of judgment. Then, out of the storm and tempest, the bow of the covenant appears once more, with redoubled brightness; but only because the God of grace has been grieved with the misery of his people, and visits the earth once more, to water it with the river of his love. A new age then begins its course, enriched with a further insight into human corruption, and a larger and riper experience of the goodness of the Lord. Again and again there is a similar course of revival and decay, till the last form of evil has run its course, and the triumph of goodness is final and complete. In that day the reign of sin and death will have passed away like a dream, and grace will reign through righteousness unto life eternal.

Such is the progress which alone we are warranted to look for, either by the statements of prophecy or the facts of history, under the present dispensation of grace. Three centuries were occupied with the fresh upspringing of the blade, when the vigorous life of faith, in the early Church, burst through the cerements of the heathen world, and the martyrs overcame their fierce persecutors by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of his testimony. Twelve centuries followed, the three first of rapid decline, and in all the rest the triumph of

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superstition, immorality, and will-worship, was nearly complete. Yet still there was a great activity of natural conscience, and a strong historical faith continued to form the master-spirit of the Christian nations. For nearly three centuries more, the reviving light of ancient learning and of Gospel truth struggled with the mighty superstition and dense ignorance of the dark ages, and a remnant were recovered to true faith and living holiness. But the effect, on the rest of Christendom, was to break the traditional faith of earlier times, and to pave the way for the total dissolution of the very forms and instincts of religious reverence. Hence, finally, there dawned on the world a new age of open apostasy, sheer ungodliness, and utter demolition of Christianity. The old, tattered garments of superstition and formality were to be torn away, that the selfish, ungodly passions of men being revealed once more, in utter nakedness, might plead for some new miracle of mercy; and that the Laodicean outcasts, stripped of their vain conceit and folly, might welcome the gift of a new and heavenly righteousness. Thus history and prophecy alike reveal to us four main eras of the present dispensation, the times of the early church, the middle ages of superstitious ignorance, the times of the Reformation, and the era of the Infidel democracy. In other words, we have the season of travail, the season of the wild beasts, and of the two earlier woes, the rebuilding of the inner court of the spiritual temple, and the season of the last vials, that usher in the millennial glory.

Let us now inquire, what light is thrown on the character of this last period by the descriptions of the earlier prophecies, whether of Daniel, or of the other parts of the New Testament. The first key to their true nature is found in the vision of the Great Image. There we

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learn, that the fourth, or Roman empire, was to exist in two successive forms. In the first, it was to be undivided, with the strength of iron; in the second, it was to be divided into ten kingdoms, symbolized by the ten toes, which were to be partly strong and partly brittle, mixed of iron and clay. All this has been manifestly fulfilled in the history of modern Europe for above a thousand years. And thus we are brought, by the clear order of the vision, expounded by the facts of Providence, to the events of our own times. In the days of these ten divided kingdoms of the Roman Empire, a stone that has been cut out without hands is to smite the image upon the toes of iron and clay; when the whole is broken to pieces together, and becomes as the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and the Stone itself becomes a great mountain and fills the whole earth. The prophet expounds this striking description. In the last days of the fourth empire "the God of heaven will set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to another people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever."

Such is the general statement of the inspired prophet. Its general lesson is clearly that the last days of the Gospel are not marked by peace and tranquillity, but rather by a complete dissolution of all the framework of society, and by severe and heavy strokes of Divine judgment. The precise nature of the agency employed we have to learn mainly from other scriptures. But it is clear that no gentle process is here described, but a sudden, rapid, and violent demolition of all which has formed the strength and beauty of the kingdoms of the world. Its final result is the establishment of a better and more glorious kingdom, where the saints of God shall reign

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in the beauty of the resurrection, and the glorified apostles, as our Lord afterward promised, shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. The kingdom shall then return to the daughter of Zion, even the first dominion. The times of the Gentiles will be fulfilled, and Jerusalem, long desolate, shall be trodden down no more. They shall look on Him whom their fathers pierced; and, while they mourn with a godly sorrow, shall say also with gladness of heart, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

If now we compare the imagery of this vision with the emblems of the Vials, the closest analogy and resemblance will be discovered between them. The Stone will most naturally denote our Lord himself, and all his believing people, hewn out by the supernatural work of the Spirit, in the birth of the Lord, and the new birth of His people, from the mass of unrenewed and fallen humanity. The smiting of the image on its feet, will denote the retributive justice of God, exercised by our Lord on behalf of His people, to avenge the cause of the martyrs, and all who have suffered for His name. In harmony with this description, the vial angels receive their commission directly from one of the living creatures, who represent the church of the first-born, already entered into their rest, and the judgment is prefaced by a song of praise from the celestial harpers, who have gotten the victory over the powers of evil. When the last act of the judgment is accomplished in the great hailstorm and vintage of wrath, it is the Lamb and his chosen followers who appear visibly to overthrow and discomfit the confederacy of evil. The whole season of the Vials is therefore one of demolition, inflicted by Christ and his true Church; but its secret character, visible at first only to the eye of faith, beams out con-

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spicuously in the hour of final victory. Then the stone becomes a great mountain, and fills the whole earth, when thrones are set, and judgment is given to the saints of God, who become the priests of God and Christ, and reign with him for a thousand years.

The vision of the four beasts confirms and unfolds this view of the era, which closes the present dispensation. It reveals more distinctly that great oppressing power, small in political size, but great in pride and dominion, which would bear sway amidst the divided kingdoms of the West during three times and a half, or one half of the seven times of Gentile dominion, that reach from the first captivity of Israel to her final restoration. Every feature here given meets its fulfilment in the Papacy of Rome, and the predicted times answer accurately to the interval from the decree of Justinian until the outburst of the great European revolution. Then follows the inspired description of those last days. "The judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end." If we may indulge a reasonable conjecture, by comparing Dan. xii. 12, where a further period is named of 1335 days, we may perhaps infer that this time of consumption would occupy a space of seventy-five years, after the time of dominion is expired, or rather more than two generations. This period itself is parted by an undefined separation, into two intervals, of thirty and forty-five years. The first is the ordinary length of a generation, while the latter is the same interval which is mentioned in the book of Joshua, between the search of the spies, and the actual inheritance of the land of promise. Hence we may infer, by comparison with Dan. vii. 26, that, during the former period, the strength of the Papacy was to be broken, and its dominion taken

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away, but its life still to be spared; while the latter would be marked by its utter and violent destruction. When the mystic Babylon shall have been consumed and destroyed utterly, and the last confederacy be overthrown by the brightness of the Lord's appearance, the true servants of God, like Joshua and Caleb, shall enter into their inheritance, and along with the beloved Daniel, shall stand in their lot in the end of the days.

Such is the view of passing events which we gather from the general laws of Divine Providence, compared with the brief intimations in the visions of Daniel. In another month, if the Lord will, we may pursue the inquiry through the prophecies of the New Testament, prior to the Apocalyptic visions. Meanwhile, how solemn and impressive is the view thus opened to us of the real character of the times in which we live! Blessed then is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments. If we look for such things, "what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for, and hasting unto, the coming of the day of God?" May the Lord, of His great mercy, fill our hearts with His love, and enlighten our minds with His truth, that we may escape from the judgment of the ungodly, and be kept, as in a pavilion of Divine love, from the hour of temptation, which is coming on all the world, to try them that dwell on the earth!

T. R. B.

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A PICTURE.

MURILLO'S picture of the ragged boys is a general favorite. As a work of art, copies of it are found in splendid saloons, where the haggard looks, the tattered garments of the children, and the grin of wild delight with which they devour their morsel of bread, delineated so truly by the skilful artist, form a strange contrast to every surrounding object. Yet in the present day, the picture of the ragged boy should never be long absent from the homes of English comfort and luxury. We would offer to our readers another such portrait, not indeed presented on the artist's canvass, but drawn with a skilful hand, and worthy of a place in the picture-gallery of memory.

'I see now a squalid mother with four children by her side, whom she loves like a savage. She wears the rags of a widow's weeds; she lives by the compassion of passers-by, who fling her pence to avoid the pain of her presence; she cannot smile, and never had any reason to do so; her heart is strong in the feeling of fatality; she doubts not that her wretchedness is the inevitable appointment of a power whose name she has never heard but in blasphemy, and with which the idea of love would be the most unlikely association. Her husband died in an hospital, where a medical student gave him a tract which he could not read, and whispered at last in his dying ear of Jesus and the resurrection; and in death that man wept and won-

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dered that such words had never reached his ear before. His parents, and wife's parents, were vagabonds and outcasts, and it was never known that any of their generation could read. The creed of the Egyptians under the Pharaohs was a creed of light compared to the palpable darkness of their minds. That haggard widow can only be a whispering beggar in the metropolis of calculation and commerce. What wonder! Two little girls creep feebly by her side; their faces are livid, and withered, and sad; they will soon die. The baby on her bosom is also wasting away. But the diminutive boy, about nine years old, standing at the corner, begging of those speechless ladies with feathered bonnets, has some vigour in him; he was born when his mother's heart was warmer, and his father was drudging on with some hope in his ignorance. That boy will, if left alone, probably be a thief, and come to the gallows, or be sent to Norfolk Island. He is shrewd, quick, sensitive, and already heroic in his efforts to cheat mankind, whom he supposes to be all against him. How shall that child be improved. He dwells in the midst of uncleanness and cruelty, catching the contagion of sin from the expression of almost every face, and he is in sympathy with polluted humanity in every form. How shall that susceptible young being be transformed in the spirit of his mind, so as to grow godlike, while all the influences about him tend to make and keep him hideous within? Educate—educate; stamp burning truth upon his soul; show him that you are in sympathy with heaven; impress the character of Jesus on his mind; let him feel the Saviour's love in yours; let him see how you adore actively, because the Maker of worlds and of souls and of bodies is pledged to redeem us from all evil. Teach

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him the Lord's Prayer; bid him look abroad upon the universe of light, and give him the key to its glories; give him knowledge, and you will then furnish him with motives for behaving as if he might hope to become an heir of God. That boy may be either a Barabbas or a Barnabas. Under the guardian influence of Christian associations, and the spirit that unites souls in the love of a glorified Master, who was once crucified for them, the incarnated inheritance of evil would be exchanged by that boy for a godly heritage; and instead of growing up as an Arab amongst men, he would be able to smile like an angel, even if they should stone him, for he would still look into heaven and pray for them.'

Dear readers, if this were a solitary instance, it would be a loud call for sympathy and help, for what a reckless waste is made of a thing most noble and glorious, when a human spirit, that most wonderful work of the Creator, is cast out to perish, is spurned from our foot, as if it were not worth rescuing. Should all others pass by unconcerned, is it possible for the Christian mother to do so? She who knows how the tender mind of infancy reflects every surrounding influence, who has so carefully striven to shield her own precious little ones from every blight of sin and sorrow, who has been so humbled before her God, when she has failed in a mother's care and wisdom, and has instantly traced her error in the faults of her children. Her labour has been great, but far greater her reward in the joy, the confiding love, the first tokens of grace in the happy group by whom she is surrounded. Surely her sympathy must be excited, when she views the reverse of all this happiness, when she sees stamped on the features of childhood, an expression of ill temper and cun-

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ning, which tells that the cries of early suffering were met with threats, not soothing,—that life to that little sensitive, but now partly hardened, being, has been a perpetual irritation,—that there is no bosom on which he can find an unfailing refuge, but fear has taught him to be cunning, and distress to be a liar. There is a loveliness in childhood to which woman's heart cannot be insensible, and blighted childhood must excite her pity and compassion.

Alas! the picture we presented was not a solitary one. We only state plain facts when we say, that child belonged to a class not now to be counted by hundreds, but by thousands—a whole generation growing in our large cities, trained from their infancy to make war upon society. They are turned out into the streets to shift for themselves, with no guide but the instinct of self-preservation, which impels every living creature to seek sustenance and the desire of enjoyment, which leads them to covet all the tempting things that civilization spreads around them in a wealthy city. To seize whatever they can lay hold of, is as natural to them as it is to a wild animal to secure his prey. At the same time they know well enough, that what they wish to get, others do not wish to lose; therefore they are not surprised that their neighbours should defend their property by police, prisons, and other such troublesome institutions, against which they have nothing but their adroitness and cunning to employ. If they are caught, they consider themselves unfortunate, not guilty; and they will prefer when they can, the less dangerous course of lying and begging. Their idea of property is practically this, the *meum* is what I can lay my hands upon, the *tuum* what you can keep from me.

Is it not a burning-shame to a Christian nation, that

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any of her children should be receiving such an education? The bloody laws of Lycurgus consigned to death the sickly babe not likely to be serviceable to that martial republic. British law guards with watchful care the life of the new-born babe, and would punish with death any attempt against it; but British selfishness and indifference consign the young immortal without pity to everlasting death. Divine mercy may indeed rescue him, but mercy acts commonly by fixed laws, through means: nor are we justified in calculating on its influences, when those means are wantonly neglected.

But these neglected ones have an Avenger. They may not have even learned to say, "Our Father;"* but they have a Father, who does not *will* that one of them should perish. A nation which cannot be roused by the voice of love and duty from its selfish indifference, must find, as France has recently done, how great a national peril is incurred, where vice and misery are permitted to accumulate. Let us apply the lesson in England, with regard to the masses who have received, and are now receiving, the training of thieves and vagabonds in our great cities. They are England's greatest peril. Each one of them is not only himself a certain evil, but a centre of evil that must spread on every side. What would you say to a captain, who should disregard a fire that had broken out in his ship, because it was only smouldering amidst the berths of the steerage-passengers? or of a board of health at a quarantine station, who should permit those suspected of the plague to wander in the city, on condition they frequented only the poorer quarters? But is human wickedness more easy to restrain

* It is related that many poor children, not knowing more than these two words of the Lord's Prayer, repeat them each night on going to bed. An appeal not less touching from its entire unconsciousness.

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than the raging flames, or the breezes that bear miasma through the streets of a town? Is it not of all conflagrations that which is most rapid and fearful in its devastations; of all infections that which is most subtle and penetrating in its nature?

What shall we do then? Clearly not sit with our hands before us and do nothing. It is doing nothing, which has produced this mountain of mischief. But what *can* we do? Begin by banishing despair: despair belongs only to the vocabulary of hell; hope is the watchword of all Christian labour. It is quite clear you can do something, else why has God placed you in full sight of the evil—why has he placed you, his children, with the message of mercy and reconciliation on your lips, here and there in every town and parish.

God has of late given us three illustrious examples of what may be done by Christian women, even in cases which seem most hopeless. Charlotte Elizabeth, for some months, spent from four to six hours daily, amidst the courts and alleys of St. Giles's, reading the word of life: never in one instance was she insulted. Lest it should be said her extraordinary courage and buoyancy of spirit made that easy to her, which would have been impossible to others, another Christian lady is brought before us: the mother of a large family, of a naturally nervous and timid disposition, who, as a girl, feared even to climb a steep bank, and afterwards could not reprove her own servants without most painful effort. Faith, hope, and love, took full possession of Elizabeth Fry's heart: the timid grew bold; she dared to be shut up alone in Newgate, with women whose yells made her feel as if in a den of wild beasts. We need not repeat the now well-known story, and tell how those savage beings wept when they heard of

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the love of Jesus, and of the complete influence which their gentle benefactresses exercised over them. Again, lest it should be said, Mrs. Fry was a wealthy lady, she could leave her domestic affairs for a time to the charge of faithful servants, and her property and station gave her influence, we have another case: a poor dress-maker, toiling for her daily bread: Sarah Martin constantly passed by Yarmouth jail: the loving desire possessed her to do good to its wretched inmates. Love makes means, if it has none: for years that humble dress-maker was benefactress, teacher, and guide of the prison; she taught them to work, she taught them to read, she reclaimed numbers from their evil courses. The great secret by which these honourable women, who now all rest from their labours, achieved such mighty works, was *love*. "God is love:" how shall those who have never loved or been loved, know him? Let them feel that there is one human being, who really loves them with a disinterested love; their hearts will expand: one link is formed of a chain which may, by God's grace, bind their souls to heaven. The frankness of love opened the Irish hearts of St. Giles's to Charlotte Elizabeth; the tenderness and dignity of a love that knew no fear, subdued the inmates of Newgate before Mrs. Fry; the felt genuineness of her benevolence gave to the humble Sarah Martin the command of Yarmouth jail. How many ladies were then in London, leading a life of elegant idleness, deeming it impossible to produce any impression on the fearful mass of misery around them, at the very moment when these noble women were so successfully contending with it. Where lay the weakness and impossibility in the one case? Where the strength and victory in the other?

Dear Reader, we do not pretend to say what it is that

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you can do, but this we ask you—Have you been to your Master for your work? If as yet conscience convicts you of being an idler, retire to your chamber, and seek there the spirit of love to burn in your own heart: without this, you cannot work, and if you have it, you cannot help working. Wait then upon the Lord in earnest prayer, entreating of him to make use of you in some way. Pray honestly: let not the prayer, as it ascends before him, who hearkens to the thought and not the word, run thus: "Lord, use me, but let it be for some work which does not imply too much self-denial;" or thus, "Lord, use me, but let it be in some place where I may do great and striking things." No; let your prayer be humble and simple; "Lord, use me as thou wilt, and when Thou hast appointed my task, give me simple faith to trust Thee to supply me with the grace and help I shall need." Then, if you are called to an arduous post amidst the strongholds of sin, Omnipotence will be on your side; you will wrest the prey from the mighty. If you are called on only for the far easier task of furnishing means to those who are engaged in the conflict, a spirit of self-denial will be poured upon you, and you will measure your gifts, not by the niggard standard of worldliness and self-indulgence, but by the greatness of the necessity and the urgent claims it has upon you. You will take up the words of David and say, "I will not offer to the Lord of that which doth cost me nothing."

E. S.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. IV.

(*Continued from page* 72.)

AND now, let us return and follow the fugitives in their guilty and godless course.

Under the influence of a temporary infatuation, Amy had separated herself from her early home, and the dear familiar scenes of her childhood and her youth. But the roll of the wheels, and the rush of the locomotive, and the more unceasing protestations of affection and devotedness, from the lips of her lover, could not drown the still small voice of conscience within her heart; for it must be soothed as by some deadly opiate, or seared by wilful perseverance in sin, before it will cease to act as the Vicegerent of God in the human heart. Amy therefore was not happy—oblivion is not peace—and although for the sake of what she called her *love* for Silvester, she had consented to brave the displeasure of her father, and the censure of the world, and the rebukes of her own spirit, yet there was a languor in her pensive eye, and a darkened carefulness in her thoughtful brow, that omened fears, more sad than tears might speak. Amy was a girl in years, but not in mien: there was age in her mind, and decision in her whole deportment; a prematurity of judgment, and a stabi-

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lity of purpose, but seldom associated with the period of youth. To complete this strength of character she possessed an extraordinary courage, and seemed as if she were constituted to be dismayed at nothing ; and her admiration of the energetic and heroic, was enthusiastic and most disproportioned. Captain Silvester, although realizing Rochefoucault's definition of a courtier, 'Un homme sans humeur, et sans honneur,' never suffering himself to be provoked out of his equanimity, and in fact, an incarnation of plausibility, appeared to her as 'Le brave des braves.' He was the first man of talent who had poured into her ear the language of eloquent and impassioned flattery. It was charming to be understood, to be appreciated, to be admired. It was intoxicating to drink in draughts of words that breathed the finest and noblest influences around; and her's was no new idolatry—it was the worship of the *intellect*, to which thousands bow, who like her, have lived to prove, that mind unsanctified, forms Satan's surest empire.

Amy had been fondly and proudly educated by a teacher, who duly estimated her talent, and delighted to foster her intellectual ambition, but who had not felt *as* anxious to lay a deep foundation of religious principle, on which to build a healthy, efficient, and useful system of action, or to exercise that incessant mental discipline, which can alone prepare for living in a world of stern realities. Let it not be thought that her energies had been concentrated on the prettinesses and accomplishments of life, and that the overture and the embroidery divided her invaluable hours—the bouquets of crimson roses, which decorated the cushions of her mother's boudoir, were not 'red with the blood of her murdered time,' as was once somewhat severely, but

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truly said, by the great essayist Foster—the last song or the new novel did not constitute her world of literature—and still Amy had an unbalanced mind. When, two years before, she had quitted school, she left behind her a character for high integrity and genuine simplicity, and an entire freedom from dissimulation and artifice, affectation and display. It was not by care that she avoided them; they were simply foreign to her taste and feeling—but alas! a continued intercourse with her worldly, manœuvring and specious mother, had lowered her moral standard, and blunted her perception of the true and the noble. The disingenuousness which she once contemplated with contempt and aversion, had become indifferent, amusing, or necessary in her eyes. Never were beings originally more antagonistic, but vain is the endeavour to escape or destroy the influence of association; and as the wise man predicated in times long past, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but the companion of fools shall be destroyed." The entire want of congeniality which surrounded her in the atmosphere of home, made her too independent of the social relations, and gave an appearance of austerity which alienated her from the society around. It was at this inauspicious period that Miss Black became her guest. Captain Silvester had already flattered her vanity, gratified her self-love, and possessed her fancy; but his presence was proscribed by her father; and to have meditated determined disobedience would have been equally opposed to her duty and her desires. But Miss Black was to be the serpent who should entangle her in its folds, and coil, and wind about her, till it had bound up every limb, and rendered helpless every effort at resistance. And thus will virtuous principles be secretly,

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but surely undermined, when the power of an unholy influence is constantly telling upon the character—and scruples silenced will expand into unlawful gratifications—the passions have the mastery, and conscience and religion will be bartered for their gratification.

The tie which bound Amy to her 'friend Miss Black,' should have been more fragile than the filament which forms the spider's web; for it was simply the intimacy resulting from a school-girl's fondness, or rather the memory of stealthy acts of kindness ostentatiously obtruded on her, by the girl, who, in the capacity of half pupil and half teacher, had been appointed to the special surveillance of the little Amy. She was her senior by several years, and possessing a worldly, calculating, and sordid mind, she foresaw that by indulging the wishes, fostering the fancies, and concealing the faults of her little charge, she might secure for herself a valuable and powerful connection in coming years. She therefore flattered and *toadeyed* her without measure, and succeeded in impressing her with the conviction, that she was her sincerely attached and devoted friend; and Amy fancied that she could not manifest a gratitude too great, for the inestimable advantages she had received from her indulgence and support. She talked of 'her faithfulness, her affection, her disinterested devotedness;' utterly unaware, that they no more existed in her, than fire in the sculptured marble.

Shortly after her arrival at Eardly Howe, as the fair trio were taking their accustomed drive, and admiring the harvest-fields waving with their golden burdens, and the small blue campanula, the chickory, the scabia, and the convolvulus still adorning the waysides and the hedges; and the clear cloudless sky, giving radiance and lustre to the mature and mellow landscape; Amy

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suddenly exclaimed, as they turned a sharp angle in the road, 'What shall we do, mamma? Captain Silvester is coming in the distance.'

Miss Black, who with the profound obsequiousness of 'an inferior,' always insisted on taking the back seat in the britzka, in order that Amy might occupy the post of honour, started up suddenly in the carriage, to greet the new arrival; for a beau, or a flirtation, had many more attractions to her mind, than the freshness of the morning breeze, or the solemn silence of the evening heavens, or the effulgence of the stars, or the glories of the firmament, or all the varied beauties with which the munificence of the Creator has decorated this lovely teeming earth combined together.

'Pray sit down, Miss Black,' said Amy, at the same moment seizing hold upon her dress, and enforcing her exhortation.

'Do let the horses be turned, mamma; we had better, far better, not encounter the Captain; and he is so distant, that there will be no marked rudeness in the act.'

'How very unfortunate; what *shall* we do?'

'Do as I say, mamma, drive in some other direction, —let us go to Burley.'

'I thought he had left the neighbourhood — your papa told me that he had heard so, at the Quarter Sessions.—No doubt therefore he will be going soon, and as we may never see him after to-day,' said Mrs. Bentley, rather conversing with herself, than replying to her daughter's solicitations.

'We are losing time, mamma, it will be too late if you do not instantly decide.'

'I really *cannot*, Amy, consent to act in a manner so unaccountable, unamiable, and unlady-like — what

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would the Captain think of me—and what fun he would make of us, throughout the neighbourhood.'

Amy, who knew that full well Captain Silvester's talent for satire, and his acute perception of the ridiculous; and who instantly recalled some of his piquant and ludicrous descriptions of his acquaintance; coloured slightly, and nestled herself in the well-stuffed carriage to await his arrival.

'I think your decision is by no means disagreeable to our lovely precious pet,' said Miss Black, addressing Mrs. Bentley,—'for at this moment her eyes would eclipse diamonds, and roses look pale before her blushes.'

'How can you be so ridiculous, Dowdy?' said Amy, trying to look angry at the sycophant, but the endearing diminutive with which she concluded the sentence, dispelled all fears of her real displeasure. For Miss Bentley never addressed Miss Dorothea Black by the name of 'Dowdy,' but when she felt herself unusually attracted towards her.

Before Amy could recover her composure, and assume her usually calm and dignified address, Captain Silvester was resting his hand upon the carriage-door, and gazing with earnestness and interest into the face of the conscious and fluttered girl. His practised eye soon detected her emotion. Only a few common-place remarks were at first spoken; but this interview, simple and unimportant as it may appear, restrung his relaxed energies, and decided his future plans. He turned his horse's head, begged to be permitted to attend them in their airing, enquired the state of their destination, and discovered that he too, had important business to transact at the adjoining town towards which the ladies were proceeding.

Mrs. Bentley sat upon thorns during their protracted

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drive ; she looked for the appearance of her husband over every hedge, and listened for the clatter of his horses' feet in every coming sound. She was confused, heated, and *distrait*, and had Captain Silvester thought it worth his while to bestow a minute's attention upon her, he would have felt infinitely amused at her distress, —but he was much more pleasurably occupied with her younger companions, and saw with triumph that their countenances progressively expressed interest, admiration, and rapture, as he proceeded in his eloquent discourse.

A few words of deadly flattery sealed Amy's doom ! She could no longer believe that intercourse with Captain Silvester could injure her character, or enfeeble her principles, or abase her motives, or abate her zeal, or contaminate her affections. Her father *must* be mistaken, deceived, prejudiced,—and she joined heartily in the *profane* thanksgiving of her mother, as drawing a deep inspiration as she entered the gates of Eardly Howe, she exclaimed :—

'Well, thank God, we are home safe !—and your father will never know that we have seen Capt. Silvester, if we are but careful in our conversation. I knew that it would never do, to violate all the decencies of society, in obedience to his unreasonable commands, and it is far better, dearest Amy, that I did not listen to your entreaties.'

'Perhaps so, mamma, but still, I should much prefer obtaining his consent to the continuance of the acquaintance. I think I must talk to him on the subject, for really Captain Silvester's society is so instructive, as well as interesting and fascinating, that it seems sad to lose it.'

'Now darling, Amy, I beseech you indulge no such

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delusive fancy; if your papa is to be managed, (which I greatly doubt,) *I only* can accomplish it. Leave the matter in my hands, and I will take some favourable opportunity of developing our plan, or explaining our opinions.'

At this moment Amy caught a glimpse of the figure of Miss Black energetically beckoning her into the grounds. She hastily obeyed the summons, and found her susceptible companion wild with enthusiastic admiration of the Captain.

As they reached the ash-grove which skirted the park, they saw him lingering in the bridle-road on the other side of the hedge since he was most anxious to follow up the success of the morning by a more private conference. Amy, withdrawing her arm from the detaining pressure of Miss Black, walked hastily towards the house. But her unworthy companion adopted an opposite plan; at first, she lingered to gather a sprig of wild clematis; then, she entangled her flounces in the obtruding thorns; then, she screamed slightly, as if in danger of some trifling injury, and the gallant officer could do no less than make anxious inquiries for her safety. A conversation once commenced, was easily continued; but, it formed no part of the gentleman's plans to do the agreeable to the penniless Dorothea: the object of his mercenary, warm pursuit, was the young and lovely Amy, who was, moreover, reputed to be an heiress! Mrs. Bentley had, at first, unwittingly propagated this falsehood, by her habit of inflated and exaggerated talk; and afterwards, she wanted the moral courage to deny the statement, which harmonized so entirely with her tastes and wishes.

A distant relative had dying bequeathed to Amy an independent income of £100 per annum; and, as every

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thing depends on the addition and position of a cypher, this had been easily magnified to £1000 and £10,000 a year: Capt. Silvester's anxiety therefore to obtain this lovely Hebe and Crœsus in one person, may, without difficulty, be imagined. And Miss Black was long after known to confess, that, in their first conversation, the Captain was too particular in his inquiries touching the nature of our young heroine's property, for one who was 'so romantic and disinterested in his love.' But, in that half-hour, plans were laid, and proceedings systematically arranged for the clandestine intercourse of the Captain with the unconscious Amy.

'You must consent to live with us, my fair friend,' said he; 'for, I shall always regard you as my tutelary angel: my debt of gratitude will be inexpressible, and incapable of liquidation.'

'Every man,' they say, 'has his price; and, it would appear, that woman too is not unpurchasable. Miss Black thought that a noble offer was thus made for her poor efforts, and she entered, *con spirito*, upon her work.

The next morning a walk to a distant village was proposed, and Amy, who looked pale and dispirited, was urged by her careful mother to agree to the proposition of her friend.

'It will remove your head-ache, and summon back the truant roses to your cheek,' said MissBlack, in her most insinuating and deferential tones; and Amy, who was indisposed for effort, reluctantly started on the pilgrimage.

At the exact spot previously appointed, Capt. Silvester awaited their arrival: With many flattering absurdities, he prefaced a more formal declaration of his love; and, finally, succeeded in drawing his infatuated victim within his toils. At such a crisis in her history, the voice

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of friendship should have aroused her to a sense of her hidden danger. It should have told her that the great object of her spiritual foe was to present evil under the disguise of good, and lead through scenes of pleasure and enchantment onwards to destruction. It should have torn the mask from the face of him who was practising upon her the magician's arts, and called her to the exercise of vigilance and caution. It should have taught her that she was incapable of coinciding with him in his principles and practise, that there was no conformity between them; and that she was submitting her intellect and affections to the guidance of a man, whom it would be unsafe to follow, in any matter even remotely affecting religion, or the life everlasting. But, alas! Amy had a Judas for a friend, and a mother who cared not to select associates for her amongst the wise, the virtuous, and the holy. Who saw not that imperceptibly we assimilate ourselves to the tastes and tendencies of our companions, and that it is hardly too much to say that, in making our choice of them for time, we choose them also for eternity; and, so spell-bound and reckless, she entered on her downward course. My intimacy with her had commenced after this important period; and, at the time, she was daily indulging in secret and stolen interviews with Silvester: no wonder, therefore, that she refused to visit the poor, or relieve the suffering, for she was indisposed and unfitted for the regular fulfilment of any duty. She was indolent, listless, incapable of reflection, and perpetually recurring to the loved indulgence, but she was not happy—nay, she was restless and wretched, for duty and religion is light and music to the soul, but sin and disobedience is discord and darkness. She had many relentings, and many regrets at the recollection

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of her follies, yet still her heart cleaved unto her idol, and waited but the return of the occasion to do it sacrifice; and there were none at hand to say, Reflect on the awful consequences of these dangerous indulgences: the draught is luscious, but it is intoxicating and delirious—cast it far away! Go to your chamber, and on bended knee pour out your prayer, and ask for guidance and for strength. Return unto thy rest. Delight thyself in God. Say, I will satiate my thirst for bliss in the enjoyment of Thy favour: I will abide under the shadow of Thy wings. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of the evil."

Weeks and months thus passed away, until her secret intercourse with Capt. Silvester was discovered; and, entreated by her lover, persuaded by her friend, and goaded by her own impetuous feelings, she madly consented to an elopement and a hasty marriage with her impassionate suitor.

That last night beneath her father's roof was one of doubt, of distraction, of agony. Again and again she vowed that she would abandon her mad plans, and cast herself in candour and confession upon the paternal heart; but the tempter was at her ear, and pictured the dejection and woe which would destroy her, should he refuse to listen to her entreaties and her union with the man she loved. The natural tendency of nature to choose the wrong triumphed, and Amy was a fugitive and an outcast!

The horses pawed impatiently the earth, and fretted and foamed upon their bits: the post-boys sat with whips erect and reins carefully adjusted to start off, with lightning-speed, as the poor trembling victim approached the carriage, supported by her treacherous and triumphant friend. A small carpet-bag was all their

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luggage, for Amy had resolutely resisted the entreaties of Miss Black to be allowed to pack her jewels or her clothes: and, strange to say, in that moment of agitation and alarm, she felt a slight recoil, as the Captain, taking the *sac de nuit* officiously in hand, enquired, with some anxiety, if 'she had not also brought her dressing-case, and her trinkets?' he might have amplified his interrogations, and have asked, as an Irish adventurer once did, of an innocent dupe, a relative of the writer's, 'Are ye quite sure now that ye're the lady that's got the money?'

'I have brought nothing but my worthless self,' said Amy; and she threw herself into the corner of the carriage, and wept convulsively.

But now it is proper that the reader should be made acquainted with the history and adventures of the man, who will soon be the husband of our unhappy heroine.

(*To be continued.*)

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POETRY.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. xxii. 14.

'Twas the midnight hour—and ten thousand stars
Kept watch in the dark blue sky,
While ever with gentle, low, voice-like tones,
Soft breezes came murmuring by.
Oh, sweet was the vision which crossed my sight
In that calm, solemn hour of the beautiful night.

Methought that, borne on the viewless winds,
I traversed the fields of space,
Still upwards, still on in the shadowy track
Which the far glancing moonbeams trace,
Still upwards, still on, till the earth was lost,
'Mid the circling myriads of heaven's bright host.

And still I soared on through the azure clouds,
Till the stars too past away,
And dimly a city before me rose
Ungilt by the sunbeam's ray,
But bathed in a flood of mysterious light,
Too dazzling, too glorious for mortal sight.

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No chiselled marble—no sculptured stone,
  No iron portal was there,
Its foundations were built of the jacinth bright,
  And the emerald pure and rare.
And its gates of pearl stood unclosed and free
Through the waneless day of eternity.

And softly borne on the balmy wind
  There sounded a lovely song,
One chorus of glad and triumphant praise
  From the lips of a countless throng.
'Mid the music of earth, I have sought in vain
To recal the sweet notes of that angel-strain.

I saw that the city had golden streets
  And lofty and shining towers,
And a peaceful river, whose verdant banks
  Were bright with perennial flowers.
There were living fountains, and ancient trees,
Whose fragrant leaves scented the cooling breeze.

I longed to ask its celestial sons,
  As they moved in glory by,
If I might attain to their blissful home
  And learn their sweet melody.
But the spell of awe had enchained my tongue,
And in silence I gazed on the heavenly throng.

Till at length a form of majestic mein,
  And seraphic grace drew near—
He spoke—oh, how oft at the early dawn,
  His voice sounds yet in mine ear—
"Child of the earth, what hath brought thee so far
Beyond the dim clouds that encircle each star?

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" Seekest thou to enter ?—none tainted with guilt
May dwell with the free, the blest ;
Seekest thou to enter ? Go, fight the good fight,
Ere thou askest endless rest ;
Go, mortal, thy robes must be pure and white,
Ere thou canst be welcome to realms of light.

Yet weep not, thou lone one—There is a way
By which thou mayest enter in ;
There is a Fountain whose healing streams
Can cleanse thee from every sin.
Go, seek that Fountain—go, traverse that road,
And so shalt thou enter our blest abode."

The scene was changed : down that viewless track
The wind's swift pinions had borne me back ;
Morning had dawned over land and sea,
And the skylark warbled rejoicingly,
As he soared to welcome the first bright ray
Which circled the brow of the new-born day.
Oh, brighter that ray than the gold of kings,
Far sweeter those notes than the harp's full strings.
Yet did all seem valueless, all seem vain,
Compared to the city I sought to gain :
And to cleanse my robes was my heart's one care,
That I might be meet for an heritage there.

Afar, afar, in that glowing land
Where relics of ancient glory stand—
Proud, solemn relics of olden time,
Bidding defiance to storm and clime ;
Where gently waveth the graceful palm,
And the soft wind breatheth of myrrh and balm—

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There first I sought—for I fondly deemed
The light of knowledge would there have beamed;
That some one surely could point my way
In the path which leadeth to endless day.
That, sheltered deep in those stately groves,
The Fountain of living waters rose.
My hope was vain: for though human lore
Had trimmed her lamp on that lonely shore,
Yet her boasted light had failed to show
A path from the regions of sin and woe,
And her earth-born flame for a moment shone,
Scarce revealing the darkness—when, lo! it was gone.

Again I had crossed the surging main,
And I stood in a stately and ancient fane;
'Twas the solemn hour of the midnight prayer,
And through storied pane, and o'er sculpture fair,
The moonlight mingled its holy beam
With the taper's lurid and fitful gleam:
Where pillared archway and chiselled wreath
Threw darker shade on the ground beneath,
There knelt a youthful and lovely band,
So still, I half deemed some sculptor's hand
From polished marble each form had wrought,
And with life-like beauty the stone had fraught.
A moment forgot in that magic scene
Were the glorious things which mine eyes had seen;
But the chime had sounded the midnight hour,
Awaking deep echoes from vault and tower;
And sweetly there rose from that kneeling throng
A strain of almost unearthly song.
Oh, then again o'er my weary soul,
Came thoughts of her longed-for, her sought-for goal,

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And I bent with eager and listening ear
Their chanted orison to hear.
Nor reeked I that moonlight and torch grew dim
Ere hushed was the sound of that pealing hymn.
I heard *his* name in the song they sung,
His fearful name, which no mortal tongue
Should ever pronounce but with deepest awe:
His name, whose holy but broken law
Hath consigned mankind to the cheerless tomb,
Involved in one common and terrible doom.
But they coupled another—a creature's name—
With His, who only hath right to claim
All lowly homage, all lofty praise,
Which created beings have power to raise;
And they dared to ascribe to a saint in heaven
The blessings Jehovah alone had given.

The lingering cadence died away,
Gone was the torch-light's flashing ray;
That fair and youthful band were gone;
But one remained—one sorrowing one
Remained behind, to watch and pray,
Till morn's bright star foretold the day.
Full of that all-absorbing theme—
The memory of my wondrous dream—
I stood beside that gentle form,
And spoke of regions where no storm,
No grief, no sin, no pain are known,
But peace and gladness reign alone.
She lifted her dark glistening eye,
And pointed to the distant sky,
And in meek mournful tones she said,
"'Tis *there*—and to that land have fled

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All that I loved and valued here,
The beautiful, the brave, the dear:
But I—how shall I reach the shore—
How those dim realms of air explore?
Laden with guilt, and sad of heart,
How dare I from this earth depart?
Vain is each penance, vain my tears,
To cleanse the guilt of bygone years.
Oh! could I hope that guilt forgiven,
How calmly should I look to heaven!
Could aught my inward sins remove,
Could aught my deep repentance prove,
Could aught wash out each deep-dyed stain,
Then welcome suffering—welcome pain.
But I have tried:—in watchings oft
My streaming eyes have raised aloft;
Have scourged this weary aching breast,
And to my heart the cross have pressed,
Have knelt at holy Mary's shrine,
Yet peace and pardon are not mine.
Blameless my conduct may have been,
By fellow-mortals only seen,
And few the years my life hath run,
But, oh! what duties left undone!
Have swelled the load of guilt incurred,
By sinful thought, and deed, and word.
I know that Jesus died to save,
And rose victorious from the grave,
And purchased to his church the power,
In that bright resurrection-hour,
By her meek prayers for quick and dead,
By offerings made, by masses said,
By his own merits, and the love
Of saints who intercede above—

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Her children's welfare to secure,
And make their souls' salvation sure,
If, free from heresy's dark stain,
They seek eternal life to gain.
All this I know—but in my works
And in each thought such evil lurks,
That scarcely dare I lift my eyes
Up toward those pure unclouded skies;
And almost stranger to my breast
Is the sweet hope of heavenly rest.
Stranger, farewell! I must away,
For o'er us soon will dawn the day,
And I must at yon altar bend;
But when thy prayers to heaven ascend,
If peace and joy perchance be thine,
Oh, plead for weary hearts like mine."

With pale sad ray the moonbeam shone,
Where low, upon the chill damp stone,
The Maiden knelt. Was her's the faith
Which triumphs over sin and death?
Or was it like that mournful light
Revealing, not dispersing, night?
I needed not to ask; for oh!
How many a trace of care and woe
Was marked on that young anxious face,
Once bright with loveliness and grace;
No flower of hope around her grew,
No healing Fount of life she knew.

I came to a land where the summer sun
Had looked with less glowing love,
Yet the earth was decked with a thousand flowers,
And the skies were calm above:

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There were sloping hills in that island home,
And beautiful quiet vales,
Where the villager's lowly cot was safe
From tempest and wintry gales.
'Twas the time when the violet first peeps forth,
And the primrose opes its bud,
And the bird builds its nest amid the fresh leaves
Which garland each dark old wood.

I saw where a child led an aged man
By the side of a sparkling brook;
And she read to him strange and lofty words
From the leaves of an ancient book.
The man was feeble, and sightless, and gray,
But the child was young and bright;
Her voice was like music at early morn,
And her step was free and light.
The spirit of peace, calm and holy peace,
Seemed to dwell with that happy pair,
It seemed to have banished each murmuring thought,
And each anxious corroding care:
And the clear sweet tones of that child-like voice,
And the sound of the rushing stream,
Brought vividly back the all-lovely scenes
Of my well-remembered dream.
The child read of One who left heavenly joys,
And the glory of worlds on high,
Who deigned, though Eternal, to wear the form
Of our frail humanity,
And, found in the likeness of sinful flesh,
Though pure from each guilty stain,
Bore the punishment due to rebellious man,
That he might to heaven attain.

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She read that His blood cleanseth every heart,
Which in faith to that blood applies,
That He saves to the uttermost every soul
Which believing on Him relies;
That He is the way, the truth, and the life,
That He hath the keys of heaven;
That alone through Him to the sons of men
Is right to an entrance given.

The old man had rested his trembling limbs,
And, led by that gentle child,
Had retraced his steps to his cottage-home
In the wood's recesses wild.
But an echo awoke within my heart
To the truths mine ears had heard,
And no more I languished, no more I mourned
With the sickness of hope deferred.

No more I sought in mysterious rites,
Or from learned and ancient sage,
The knowledge, the comfort alone contained
In the Scriptures' all-sacred page.
But I asked the promised enlightening aid
Of the Spirit of truth and love,
To teach me the track which leadeth to life,
The pathway to mansions above.

I found that in Christ there is peace and joy,
In Christ there is holy rest,
And the hope of glory shines clear and bright
In the heart with his favour blessed.

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By faith in his finished and glorious work
The sinner is just with God,
And gladly treads in the upward path
Which Jesus before hath trod.

I rested my *all* on His covenant love,
My wishes, my hopes, my fears ;
I prayed that His blood might wash out each stain,
Each sin of my bygone years.
And by the sweet calm of a conscience cleansed
By the knowledge of guilt forgiven,
I knew I should enter the pearly gates,
And dwell in the courts of heaven.

J. T.

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER VI.

Some weeks after Alice had returned to her own home, Miss Fenton was startled one morning by the sudden entrance of Mr. Vaughan. At first she feared something had happened to Lucy, for it was some minutes before the poor father could enter upon the subject which troubled him. At length he exclaimed, 'My child is a beggar! all the labour of my life is gone!'

Miss Fenton tried in vain to calm him; he told her that 'he had lately taken the whole savings of his life from the funds, as a more lucrative manner of investing them had offered; and that during the interval, he had placed the money in C. G. W's bank. It had that morning stopped payment, and it was said they would not pay sixpence in the pound!'

Miss Fenton instantly foresaw the sorrow and trials which this sad event would produce in the neighbourhood, for there had never been a shade of suspicion resting on the bank of C. G. W. and Co. and unbounded confidence had been placed in it for years.

'The cause,' said poor Mr. Vaughan, 'I know not, and care not. The fact is certain. My life's labour is lost. I have slaved early and late to leave Lucy independent of the world, and I have received such a shock that I can labour no more. Thank God, I owe not a farthing—but my child is a beggar.'

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'How does Lucy bear the news?' enquired Miss Fenton.

'I have not dared to tell her, and I am come to entreat you to break the tidings to her. I cannot look her in the face, I am as weak as a child,' and here the poor man's eyes filled with tears, and he could not restrain his sobs.

It is sorrowful to see a child or a woman in affliction, but when a strong man is broken down with grief, who can withhold sympathy? Not Miss Fenton. She silently lifted up her heart to God to enable her to speak a word of comfort to the broken-hearted father. For Lucy, she had no fears. She knew her well enough to believe, that though she would naturally esteem the loss of fortune a trial, yet her mind was of such a cast, that she would by no means be materially affected by it. She allowed the first burst of feeling to subside, and then going to her side-board, poured out a glass of wine, which she gave to Mr. Vaughan. He swallowed it mechanically, and then as recollections of the past arose, and he thought of the wife he had fondly loved, and whom he knew Miss Fenton loved, he said, 'My precious Ellen, I am thankful she was spared this day!'

Miss Fenton said, 'What would have been her advice to you?'

He was silent, and then said, 'She did often say to me, "Spend not your money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not. Labour not for the meat that perisheth." But I heeded not her counsel. I have toiled day and night, and here is the result.'

'Would she have sunk under the calamity?'

'She was an angel. No. She would have com-

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forted and supported me, and been content and cheerful with bread and water.'

'And, Lucy, what will she feel?'

'Oh, poor child, she is young, it will be a sad blow for her.'

'Let us see, Mr. Vaughan, you do not know Lucy, let me go home with you.'

They scarcely spoke during their short walk. When they entered the house, Mr. Vaughan retired into his study, and Miss Fenton sought Lucy in her usual sitting-room. She greeted her with warmth, and said, 'I am unusually glad to see you, for I am uneasy about papa; he left the house in such agitation some time since, that I fear something is the matter.'

'Yes, my love, I have seen your father, and there is something on his mind which he has begged me to communicate to you.' Lucy changed colour. Miss Fenton proceeded, 'You know how hard your father has toiled in order to gain such a fortune for you, as would render you independent?'

'Indeed I do, dear aunt, and oh how I have longed that he would give me more of his society and of his love, rather than toil for that which can give me no pleasure when he is gone.'

'Well, Lucy, will you tell him this? Tell how much you would prefer his society to the largest fortune he could leave you.'

'I have longed to tell him so hundreds of times, but I feared such a remark would seem ungrateful and undutiful.'

'I think, Lucy, he will now need all your tenderness and care, for he is much cast down with the tidings of the failure of C. G. W's bank, in which his whole fortune was deposited.'

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'Poor, poor papa, where is he? will he let me try and comfort him?'

'Dear child, he feels keenly for you, the loss of the whole fortune he meant to give you.'

'Is that all, dear aunt, how you have relieved my mind? You know I have received an excellent education, and I love teaching. My health is good. I have no fear but that I shall be well able to earn my own bread. But poor papa, oh, will he labour more than ever to try and make up the past?'

'I think not, I hope not, Lucy; go to him in his study and tell him exactly what you feel.'

I need not describe the meeting between Lucy and her father. It is true he had never known her. He could scarcely believe how very trifling a matter the loss of future fortune appeared to her; and as she gradually opened her whole mind to him, told him how she had longed for his society, and that her great wish was to have him constantly at home with her, a veil seemed to fall from his eyes, and he felt that he had overlooked and thrown away years of happiness in searching for wealth, which had now shewn him its fleeting nature. His wife's words returned to him again and again. In that morning he lived a life. In those few hours he became an altered man. He determined still to continue his profession, in order to support himself and Lucy, but to begin in earnest to seek a better inheritance, and to find in the company of his child, the peace which he had denied himself, ever since her birth called forth the earnest desire to leave her a rich earthly portion. His health had received a shock which he never recovered. He became an old man at once, but his experience made his advice valuable, and he continued his professional visits to all

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within a reasonable distance, while he decidedly refused all distant engagements. His self-condemnation was extreme. 'How have I wasted life,' he would say, 'what have I done for God?' It is true, my profession has made me useful to others, and I have relieved the poor gratis, but my soul has been asleep.' It was now, however, awake, and the next few months of her life were Lucy's happiest, her fondest aspirations were realized. Her father became her friend and companion. His powerful mind was deeply interested in the study of the neglected Scriptures, and he enriched her constantly with the stores of years, now brought to bear with wonderful felicity on the word of God. Lucy was in danger of clinging too fondly to him, but Miss Fenton warned her of his failing health, and before many months had passed, he was laid by his wife's side in the quiet churchyard of S——. The deepest humility marked his end, the most fervent gratitude for the mercy which had reached him in his declining years. It was touching to hear his praises to God for depriving him of his earthly gains, and the entire and undoubting confidence, with which he intrusted his fatherless child to the care of the Father of the Fatherless. 'He will provide, I know, my Lucy—my greatest earthly comfort! I wished to provide for you, but no, the Lord would take you into his own gracious keeping, and I know you are his for ever.'

As for Lucy, deeply as she felt her father's death, the whole circumstances attending it had been so remarkable, had so evidenced the hand of God, that she could not but rejoice in the midst of sorrow, and really gladness was her prevailing feeling, as she meditated on the past.

Of course Miss Fenton's heart and home were open to

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her immediately. When the furniture of her father's house was sold, and the wreck of his fortune collected, there was a small sum in store for her; and for this she felt most thankful in case of sickness or failure of strength; but she determined, that, while health was continued to her, she would not remain a visitor among friends, but seek a situation as governess, in order to keep her little property for a time of need.

Mr. Faber would gladly have offered her a home, but Fanny strongly opposed this measure. 'We have but two spare rooms, and my father and sisters are coming to us, and really, poor relations are too great a tax.'

Mr. Faber shrugged his shoulders and walked away. He was a careless easy man, and dreaded the storm of words which his wife would pour forth, whenever she had a point to gain; and though he felt disgusted at her cold-heartedness, he saw that his former liking for Lucy might render his house not exactly the best place for her. Mrs. Faber shortly called on Miss Fenton. Lucy was not at home, so she poured forth expressions of admiration of Miss Fenton's 'great kindness, and unbounded liberality to her poor dear cousin, and regretted that it was not in her power to be of use to her.'

'Indeed,' said Miss Fenton, 'you are quite under a mistake;—Lucy's residence here is a kindness to me. She is so useful and so cheerful, that I only wish she would consent to remain with me. Indeed, her doing so at present is a real charity, for she has such pressing invitations from every direction, that I wonder she prefers my quiet house. Here is a letter from Lady G—, in which she entreats Lucy to give her daughters the advantage of her society, and Mrs. Campbell only fears that if Lucy goes to her again, she will love her too well to choose to part with her.'

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Mrs. Faber could scarcely conceal her mortification:—'And does not Lucy mean to avail herself of any of their offers?'

'No, she is acting on the high principles which she always possessed. She will be indebted only to her own exertions, as long as her strength is spared. She thinks even trusted friends might tire, so she will not try their kindness. To me she is as a child,—she is now seeking a situation as governess.'

'As governess! She should consider her relations more than thus to demean herself?'

'I beg your pardon—did I hear you aright, Mrs. Faber? surely her own relations, unless they are able and willing to support her, cannot object to her supporting herself.'

Mrs. Faber saw that she had gone too far, and tried to qualify her remark by saying, that 'Lucy would feel so great a change of circumstances very keenly, and that she deeply regretted the painful necessity; and so forth, and finally wished Miss Fenton good morning, with one of her sweetest smiles.

Miss Fenton breathed more freely when the door closed after her visitor. She felt more angry than was usual to her gentle nature, but she soon quieted herself with reflecting how truly a selfish person is to be pitied; and she followed her with an earnest prayer, that God would breathe His own blessed Spirit of love into her cold, and selfish, and consequently unhappy heart.

(To be continued.)

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THE OLD SOLDIER.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

ROLAND was a very old man when I first visited him, having passed his ninetieth year. One side of his body was quite paralyzed, and he had almost lost his sight, at least so far as entirely to prevent his reading; and indeed he scarcely saw those who were present. For many years he had served as a soldier of artillery, and was engaged in some of the Peninsular wars. His memory was wonderful, and he retained it to the last perfectly clear. Roland was taught to read by an officer, to whom he was servant, and who took a kind interest in him. It was not, however, for some time after he left the army, that the old soldier received those religious impressions, which, being accompanied by the grace of God, proved unto him, we may humbly trust, a "savour of life unto life."

It was indeed truly delightful to witness the real zest with which he listened to the word of God. 'I love to hear God's word!' he would exclaim; but it was the earnestness of the tone, often accompanied with tears, which went to the heart, and made one feel that he was indeed a pilgrim "hungering and thirsting after righteousness,"—one of that happy number whom our Lord has pronounced to be "Blessed." 'I could sit for hours and listen,' he would say; 'you would never tire me, if you were to read all day.'

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Although afflicted with poverty and sickness, I never heard him complain of either; the body seemed to be forgotten, and as it were dead; the soul alive, waiting for the signal which should convey the old warrior to the presence of his Lord and Master, the great Captain of his salvation, to the mansions prepared for those who having "washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb," shall for ever inhabit the "kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world." Many times did old Roland relate to me the history of his conversion; he seemed to take a peculiar delight in dwelling upon that precious and eventful period. Till late in life, he had been utterly careless and unconcerned about the state of his immortal soul, and had almost entirely neglected all the outward ordinances of religion—seldom, if ever, entering a church. One Sunday he was standing by the door of his house, intending to go to the public-house to read the newspaper. As he stood there, a female acquaintance passed on her way to the house of God, 'looking,' as he said, 'very clean and neat in her sabbath-day attire.' She stepped back on seeing him, and asked him where he was going. He told her. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'do not go there; come to the house of God with me; you will be sure to hear something good there.' 'Well,' he said,' I have a great mind to go,' and he went, and there he heard that which touched his heart, or rather, I should have said, the Holy Spirit of God moved his heart to receive the blessed Gospel, and his eyes were opened; and whereas, before, he was blind, he then saw.

He returned home deeply impressed, and, as he told me, he several times in the night spoke to his wife of those things which he had heard. From that day the work began in his heart was carried on by Divine grace.

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'It was the Lord,' he would exclaim, whenever he spoke of his conversion; 'he put it into Mrs. S.'s heart to ask me to go with her, and he put it into my heart to go.'

The sympathy of this aged Christian for others who were in sorrow or distress, was most pleasing: it was so true and genuine. The winter I visited him was a season of great anxiety to many, on account of the war in India. A beloved brother of my own was with the army there, and every despatch that arrived from India was anticipated with a mixture of hope and fear. It was a time of trial. At such seasons how often is it hard to say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good." "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." The grace of God can alone bestow upon us this precious and trusting faith. Old Roland knowing my anxiety, most warmly sympathized with me. I well remember one morning, after having been absent from him a longer time than usual, he welcomed me, as he always did, with much gladness: he however did not make his usual enquiries about Indian news. I therefore told him that I had received good tidings, that the war was over, and my brother safe and well, and he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'Thank God for His mercies! I was afraid to ask you; as you have been so long absent, I feared you had heard bad news.'

On one occasion when I visited him, his mind was working on the subject of Popery, as he had heard that it was making rapid strides in our land. He spoke very warmly on the subject, and said, 'If the time of martyrdom was to come again, and I was to be taken to the stake, I am sure I should not *feel* the flames; I am sure God would give me such faith and love that I should have no pain.' I did not dispute the point with

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him. Indeed it was touching to observe his strong faith in his God. Nor was there anything like boasting in these expressions—*all, all* was attributed to the free grace of a God of love. His own righteousness—his own works or merits were entirely cast out, and his boast was in the righteousness of Christ, and in that salvation which God had provided for him, a sinner. He sometimes spoke to me of his military life, and there was one incident in particular which seemed to have made an indelible impression, as well it might. It happened during the Peninsular war; the men were on their way to some battle scene; there were (as I trust there might be found in every regiment in his own land) a small body of men, who met together for the purpose of prayer and reading the Scriptures.

It happened one morning, when they halted at a short distance from the scene of action, this little band were thus engaged. A young officer rode up to them, and seeing their employment, he laughed and jeered, saying, 'I wonder what good your Bible and your God will do you, when you are in battle.' One of the men answered him respectfully, and told him from whence they expected to derive strength for their arms and salvation for their souls. This only made the young officer laugh the more, and he galloped off towards the scene of action. As he reached the bottom of the hill, being still in sight of the men whom he had reviled, a shot came which shattered his head to pieces. This awful and affecting scene was witnessed by old Roland himself. What a melancholy lesson does it teach.

In the summer months I left home, and on my return I hastened to visit my old friend. When I entered the room below, his daughter met me, and on enquiring as to the health of her father, she informed me that he

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was very ill indeed: in fact, that there was little hope of his recovery. He had longed much to see me, she said, and often talked of me. Once again I went up to the room, where I had so often read to the aged pilgrim from the Book of Life. There he lay upon his bed, quite insensible, and evidently in a dying state. By the bed-side sat his poor old wife; she had been to him a most devoted and affectionate partner. One of his daughters was weeping bitterly at the foot of the bed. He seemed to suffer but little, and in this I thought I could see the hand of a merciful Father. His passage through the dark valley was smoothed, and the *pangs* of departing life were spared him.

To the believer there is much mercy in this *sleeping death*. I mean, in the unconsciousness that he is about to leave those dear to him. It spares him the anxiety which might arise as to their future provision,—the natural sorrow which flesh must experience when parting from earth's loved ones. A valuable lesson may also be learnt from such a death, to be "watching," not knowing when the summons may come. To the unprepared one—to him who has not been admitted into the family of God, how fearful this sleeping death! the eyes for ever closed, the senses gone, the quivering breath alone left, to indicate that the wretched soul has not yet departed. The waking to them must be in never-ending and hopeless misery. Although death-bed repentances are often unsatisfactory to those who witness them, we dare not say that they are hopeless, for we know there is mercy at the eleventh hour. But tremble ye, who are looking forward to that time to repent and to believe, tremble lest the summons come at a time when ye think not! Now is the time—now, while ye have health and strength, for ye know not if ye shall be permitted on a

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death-bed to find repentance, even though "ye seek it carefully with tears."

I have often thought, after my visits to the old soldier, what a glorious exchange his would be. His was a life of perfect helplessness, disease, and poverty; he constantly inhabited the same small, meanly-furnished room, his only change each day was to be removed from his bed to his arm-chair; added to this, he suffered anxiety of mind concerning his scattered family, for he had a numerous progeny;—the strivings of the flesh against the spirit, the struggles of the old nature against the new, the temptations of Satan, who, to the last, will harass the true people of God. All this would be exchanged in a moment for the glory and light of heaven, the presence of that blessed Saviour who whilst on earth was his only hope and stay, the actual admission into the presence of God Himself, the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity. The exquisite anthems of the redeemed ones would fall on his enraptured ear, the voices of the thousand times ten thousand. He would enjoy the total absence of all sin, all corruption, the realization of that blessed promise, "All sorrow and sighing shall have passed away, for God himself shall wipe away the tears from our eyes." What a glorious exchange, from a sin-stricken world, to a sinless heaven!

The old soldier did not again revive, nor was he sensible before his death: he breathed his last quietly and gently, his end was peace.

W. W.

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THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN THE NATURAL CREATION.

The thought of an eternity to come stretches the grasp of our intellect to its utmost, but that of a past eternity is more difficult yet, for finite beings to apprehend. The eye is lost in receding cycles of years, and our soul, weary as Noah's dove, finds no resting-place for the sole of her foot. But perhaps there is a spot to which the eye of man instinctively travels back, and lingers over it, as if it had a strange interest for him. I mean the era of the creation of our world. If we may speak of the things of heaven in the language of earth, there must have been a thrilling fervour of expectation through the choral bands of angels. They had lived evermore in the immediate presence, and amid the all-glorious works of their God and Father. They were about themselves to witness a new exertion of his Omnipotence: the elements forming themselves at the voice of His word, and order springing from disorder, beneath the moving of his Almighty Spirit. He laid the foundations of the earth—He hung the world upon nothing—He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—He meted out heaven with the span—He comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure—He weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance—He shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued from the womb—He made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling-band for it.

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Then the morning stars sang together for joy; in truth, it was no common day in the momentous calendar of heaven. They knew not indeed the thrilling scenes of which our world was the destined theatre: but they knew their Father's love, they had proved it by sweetest experience. The empire of His goodness was widened. A new creation was to taste the riches of His loving-kindness. Think you a single doubt was harboured in one angelic bosom, whether this new world should reflect the image of their King, and utter forth His praises? nay, God forbid. They knew not indeed in what deep mysterious lines love and mercy were here to be traced; what fathomless depths there were of infinite mercy here to be manifested, what inscrutable self-sacrifices of love. It was good; it was their Father's work; it was all very good; and would not this be the burthen of their high anthem on that festal day, "Hallelujah, God is light. Hallelujah, God is love."

If we ask, therefore, the reason for the creation of the world, we can but catch the echo of their song, and make answer, "God is love." The high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, needed no earthly shrine wherein to manifest His Omnipotence, being Infinite in himself in the perfection of the Triune Jehovah. 'But,' in words far better than our own, 'all benevolence is essentially communicative. The very notion of love implies an object towards whom the feeling is exercised. And exuberance of love must find for itself a multiplicity of objects. Therefore the Divine benevolence burst forth in the creation of the world, through which to diffuse its blessedness. We can imagine no other reason for creation but the overflowing of God's love, the self-communicative energy of goodness, which widens out

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the sphere of its exertion, that it may therewith widen the domain of bliss.'*

And in the refreshing contemplation how the works of nature bear witness to the goodness of their Creator, we should but scantily be doing justice to our theme by looking at our world as groaning beneath the curse, when sin had dimmed, though it had utterly failed in quenching the lustre of its nativity. If we may be permitted to use the illustration,—who would judge of a *chef d'œuvre* in sculpture or painting, as marred, though not destroyed, by the hand of envy, when the artist was reconstructing its original outline, and as in holy revenge, limning more exquisite features, and tracing beauties unimagined before? So in looking on the manifold face of creation, it were wrong to look upon it only under the withering blight of the curse. But, rather, seeing how, beneath that curse, nature yet remembers her original blessing; how the sun yet rides in glory, and the moon walks the night in beauty, and the burning stars tell of their infinite home; how the mighty forests clothe the uplands, and the golden harvests the plain; how the mountains mingle with heaven, and even clouds grow bright as the light; how the fountains yield their crystal wealth to the streamlets, and the streamlets to the rivers, and the rivers lose themselves in the fathomless sea; how the spring hath its young delights, the summer its garment of roses, the autumn its dower of fruits, and even winter its peerless emblem of innocence, and its lights far flashing in the northern sky. Seeing then that these things are so, and that earth is thus beautiful in the days of her ruin and shame, let us, in adoring the goodness of her great Creator, meditate how divine her excellence must have

* Griffith on the Creed.

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been when she came forth in virgin freshness, unspotted from the hand of God. How pre-eminently then must love, and provident care, and parental goodness, have been written on every herb and flower and tree; for then man lived not in death and suffering, on the glad fruits of Paradise. How must Morning, as she trod the mountain-tops, have awoke one burst of matin song, and Evening caught the vesper strains of Nature's adoration. Then, when there were no clouds to darken, and no storms to vex, how serenely must the heavens have declared the glory of God, and the firmament have shown forth his handiwork.

Far be it from us so to linger over the unclouded dawn of our earth's stormy day, as to repine that our sunshine is crossed by deep shadows, or deny that proofs of goodness are showered around us with an unsparing hand. The clouds at most extend but a few miles of our atmosphere; the sunshine is filling infinite space with its beneficent light. And even beneath this changeful sky, what countless and exquisite remembrances are there, of a Father's loving-kindness. No prison-house, this world of our's, with its daily quota of the bare necessaries of life; but rather supplied with what might seem a lavish expenditure of treasure, and hung with beauties almost too exquisite for the dulled appreciation of man. Deep proofs of goodness are there in the overflowing harvests, the fruitful orchards, the obedient cattle, and the fish-peopled ocean; but what tenderer expression of love could have been given than in the unnecessary flowers of the field, and music of the grove. It is the part of a master to supply his servants with subsistence, but the fruit of only a parent's thoughtful love, to gratify his child by beauties of form, or melody of sound. To some minds it may seem a yet more mag-

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nificent proof of goodness, that the earth is not one dead level for agriculture or merchandise, but of wildest beauty in her sea-beaten cliffs, of awfullest grandeur in her silent mountains, telling of a liveliest immortality in her ever-gushing rivulets, and picturing in her tranquil lakes the deepest serenity of repose. There is a lucid freshness about the natural creation, that has ever rendered it the peculiar haunt of poesy and song. The noblest intellect owns itself captivated and enamoured here; and perhaps there are very few of whom it might not have been said,

> 'There was a time, when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth and every common sight
> To them did seem,
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream.'

But yet there is a higher standing, which as children of an Infinite Father, we are entitled to take in contemplating the beauties of the earth; and, if we may be again permitted to draw of the Pierian springs of our father-land, could our filial delight in the works of God be more beautifully expressed than in the words of the poet,—

> 'His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
> His the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
> With a propriety that none can feel,
> But who with filial confidence inspired,
> Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say, My Father made them all.'

True is it that the curse has not yet been repealed, that yet man must eat his bread in the sweat of his face. But punishment and penalty is no argument against goodness; and, if love is to be measured, not by the needful bitterness of the remedy, but by the tender heart of the Physician—if proofs of the primæval blessing far excel and outnumber those of the unwilling curse—if he

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can trace the design of mercy underlying all things—if the discoveries of man are evermore lighting on new instances of love, so that the blessing plainly appears part of the original creation, without which God's six days had been incomplete, interwoven with the being of things, while the curse only lies superficially thereon ;—if, above all, lending our ear to the voice of travailing creation, and the glad accents of the prophetic harp, we solace ourselves with prospects of more than Eden purity, and more than Paradisaic bliss, then let us join the exulting chorus of inspiration, "Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise Him in the heights; praise ye Him, all His angels; praise ye Him, all his hosts; praise ye Him, sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars of light; praise Him, ye heaven of heavens; kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges of the world, both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is excellent, His glory is above the earth and heaven—Hallelujah.

E. H. B

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SABBATH MEDITATIONS.

"*The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

"Eternal life"—what joys are not comprehended in these two words! Eternal life has its beginning in the Christian now, for Jesus tells us,—"If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death;"—that is, he shall never feel the sting of death. Death shall have no power to hurt, and only transport him to his Father's presence. But not till the general resurrection, and the gathering of the redeemed church in the courts of glory, shall we know the full blessedness of eternal life. It contains in it that our sins be all forgiven through Christ's death, that we live for ever in the sight of our Father's reconciled countenance, for, as we read in the 30th Psalm; "In thy favour is life."—It contains that we be clothed in the beautiful garments of Christ's righteousness, that "we have crowns of glory that fade not away," and golden harps, and palms in our hands; that God accepts and welcomes us as his children, that we have angels and blessed spirits for our companions, for they dwell in endless *love* and *life;* and finally, that this blessed state never closes, never ends, and never loses aught of its freshness and glory. If a period of twenty years seems long to look forward to, and a life of seventy or eighty years is reckoned a long life, think what it will be when twenty, or thirty, or one thousand years pass by, and yet eternal life is

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no shorter, but is still without end before us. Is it not worth a struggle, dear friends, to obtain it? does it not deserve our most earnest heed? Shall we never think on the fearful contrast of eternal death, which is as dreadful as the other is joyful? the night of death compared with the light of God, the lake of fire contrasted with the realms of bliss. Is it not worth a struggle, I ask, to escape one, and obtain the other?

"*And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.*"

We are at once struck on reading this text, with its great similarity to another beautiful thought of the same Apostle in Rom. viii., where he says in the fourteenth verse, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, for ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." The thought and the expression are very similar, but you observe one remarkable difference, that whereas in our text the *Holy Spirit himself* is represented as saying, "Abba, Father:" in the Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul says, that *we*, by the Spirit, cry, "Abba, Father." Is it not like one who tries to teach a little child to call a fond parent by that fondest name of Father; and, for this purpose, often repeats it himself, that he may persuade the child to imitate him? Is not such the work of the Spirit, brethren, in our hearts? Are we not, at first, loth to believe that we may come to God as our Father, and call upon Him as our Father? Does it not require the Holy Spirit to strive long with us, to overcome our base fear and unbelief, to persuade us to venture, Himself, yea Himself, to cry in our

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hearts, "Abba, Father?" that, at length, we too, emboldened by His gracious voice, may cry, "Abba, Father," and thus our feeble cry, mingled with the Holy Spirit's almighty intercession, find acceptance on the mercy-seat of the Most High.

Raillery is the lightning of calumny.

How near are two hearts to each other, when there is no vice between them!

He who has ten leagues to travel, should count nine for the half way.

To sacrifice conscience to ambition, is to burn a picture to get possession of its ashes.

All the virtues which the Prince acquires, are disgraces to the wicked.

Never have we so much need of wit as when we have to do with a fool.—*Chinese Thoughts.*

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A CENTURY AGO.

To be really acquainted with the history of any period, it is not enough to know what monarchs then sat upon the throne of power, what battles were fought, what generals conquered. That which we want to learn is, how men then lived and thought; what were their joys and sorrows; by what principles their lives were guided. It is thus we are enabled to trace the result of principles, either in national prosperity and virtue, or in general corruption, and its sure consequence, general ruin. History becomes the voice of God reiterating by the dealings of his providence the truths and warnings contained in his word.

It is this which makes Biography, Private Memoirs, Collections of Letters, so interesting to the thoughtful student of the past. Amidst the vast mass of literature of this kind at present in existence, few works present so vivid a picture of bygone days, as the Historical and Literary Anecdotes selected from the Correspondence of Baron de Grimm and Diderot with the Duke of Saxe Gotha, from 1753 to 1790. It is a stereotype of the familiar chit-chat of French literary circles in those days of brilliant wit, general profligacy, and utter ungodliness, when Voltaire was the patriarch, and Rousseau one of the great notabilities of French society. We will extract some anecdotes, which will enable our readers to realize in some measure a period, when the events of society were the quarrels of opera-singers, and

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the order in which ladies danced their minuets at court; when women without character, were the leaders of fashionable society; when the poor remnant of Protestants were still persecuted, while Voltaire the Atheist was made a Capuchin. Our selection must be fragmentary; but, as few of our readers will undertake the task of reading these four volumes of anecdotes, we present them, without further apology, with these fragments, over which they will be, by turns, disposed to laugh, to sigh, and to muse.

'An Englishman, who was about to cross the Alps, having stopped at Ferney, to see M. de Voltaire, in taking leave of him, asked, if he had any commands for Italy. The patriarch requested him, by all means, to bring him the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. The Englishman, when he arrived in Rome, talked of this commission in several companies, till, at length, it reached the ears of the Pope. When the Englishman had an audience of his Holiness, after some other conversation, the latter asked him, whether he was not charged with some commission? The traveller, understanding from this question, that the Pope knew the story, smiled, upon which his Holiness said, "I beg you to let M. de Voltaire know, that the Inquisition has for a long time had neither eyes nor ears."

'*Feb.* 1770.

'God, in his mercy, has granted to the patriarch of Ferney the gift of playing a great variety of characters, but no one would ever guess the last that has been conferred upon him. The temporal father of the Capuchins in the country of Gex being dead, M. de Voltaire wrote to the Pope to solicit his place; Clement Ganganelli, who has much more wit than Clement Rezzonico, sent him the patent, and the patriarch has, in consequence,

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taken possession of his new dignity. He will, by this means, be brought more in contact with the Bishop of Annery, whom the *temporal Father* will seek to reimburse for the tricks which his Mightiness was pleased last year to play the Lord of Ferney. It is said, that the latter has already written the bishop several letters, signed with a *cross*, and "Voltaire, an unworthy Capuchin." He says, that those who have predicted that he will die a Capuchin, will not now be mistaken, and that he shall esteem himself happy if, at his age, he can arrive at the good fortunes of one. I have no doubt that, under his temporality, the seraphic order will soon recover its ancient splendour. One, who occasionally visits at Ferney, and is just come from thence, told us the other day, that, at his arrival, the patriarch said to him, "You see a great change in me, but we are all apt to become canters in our old age, and I have taken to the practice of having some pious work read to me when I sit down to table." In effect, one of the people about him began to read a sermon of Massillon's, during which the patriarch exclaimed perpetually, "*Oh, how fine that is! what a style! what harmony! what eloquence!*" Then, all on a sudden, after three or four pages had been read, he exclaimed, "*Take away Massillon.*" The book was shut, and its admirer resigned himself to all the usual liveliness and playfulness of his imagination, which will not, without great difficulty, conform itself to the gravity necessary for a temporal father of the Capuchins.'

What shall we think of a church, whose Abbés would write as the Abbé Coyer?—

'1776.

'*On Preaching.*—Such is the title of a pamphlet containing 176 pages, which has occasioned a great sensa-

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tion at Paris. It is by the Abbé Coyer, who is already known in the literary world as the author of several trifles on the subject of morals. The plan of his new work on preaching is excellent; it is to prove that all those who have occupied themselves in preaching to others, ever since the world has existed, whether as poets, orators, priests, or philosophers, have been but a parcel of mere prattlers. Prattlers who, if they have some talent, are listened to awhile for the sake of amusement, but who are only ridiculed if they are devoid of talent, and, in any case, eloquent or dull, have never corrected anybody. The true preacher, the only one who preaches with any effect, according to the Abbé Coyer, is the government, because it joins to the moral maxims which it preaches, the force of example, and the power of execution. Thus, when the government knows how to preach well, all goes on well; and when it preaches ill, all the sermons of other preachers is but merchandize thrown away.'

Take, as another specimen, of the contempt into which the church had fallen: the scoffing account given by the infidel-philosopher of the marriage of an actor:

'*Feb.* 1769.

'The excommunication enjoyed by actors in France, does not admit their partaking in the sacrament of marriage any more than in the other sacraments. Hitherto, when an actor or actress would marry, they were obliged to renounce the stage, and, by virtue of such a renunciation, the archbishop, or his ordinary, granted permission for the benediction to be pronounced upon the marriage; this ceremony performed, the first gentleman of the king's chamber sent an order from his Majesty to the newly blessed, to return to the theatre; an order which must not be disobeyed. The archbishop,

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desirous to place religion above this kind of juggle, declared last year, when Molé was desirous of uniting his destiny with that of the fair Madlle. d'Epinay, that he would never grant permission to any player to be married, unless he had a declaration signed by the four gentlemen of the chamber, that they would not issue a royal mandate to order his returning to the stage. Some weeks ago, however, means were found to slide into the hands of the archbishop, among a number of other papers which he was to sign, the permission for this marriage. The good prelate, not having the least suspicion of such a turn, signed the paper without reading it, and thus did the fond lovers trick him out of the sacrament. The marriage being known, people began immediately to say, that the archbishop was somewhat relaxed in his severity, and would now permit players to marry without their renouncing the theatre. But the Spirit of God had not so entirely forsaken his servant, Christopher de Beaumont. Informed of the trick played him, and not being able to revoke the sacrament, he put the priest, who had given the nuptial benediction, under an interdict, to teach him, as he said, never again to trust in a matter of such importance to a permission signed. As the poor priest, however, is very much beloved by the rigid prelate, it is hoped that, after some months of penitence, he will be restored to his functions.'

Whilst the church, which should have been the salt of the nation, had thus lost all its savour, the court and noblesse, who ought to have maintained the dignity and raised the character of the people, were sunk in the most absurd frivolity, of which the following amusing specimen may give an idea.

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1770.

'Happily every age has its peculiar character; and if two hundred years ago, the crown of France was disputed between the house of Bourbon and the princes of Lorraine; at present, the princes of that house have only had to dispute with the nobles and grandees of the country upon the subject of a minuet.

'A few days before the marriage of the Dauphin took place, a rumour was spread, that Madlle. de Lorraine, daughter to the Countess of Brienne, and sister to the Prince de Lambesc, was to dance her minuet, at the dressed ball given on the occasion, immediately after the princes and princesses of the blood, the king having granted her this distinction at an audience given by him to the Count de Mercy, ambassador from the emperor and empress queen. Although it is not by any means the object of these pages to enter into the etiquettes of a court ball, as this particular one affords matter not irrelevant to a philosophical mind, I shall venture to devote a little time to it: the rather as every thing that characterizes the public feeling of a court, a nation, or an age, is always an interesting matter of speculation.

'The news of the proposed minuet of Madlle. de Lorraine, caused the utmost fermentation among the dukes and peers, who, on this occasion enlisted in their cause all the great nobles of the kingdom. It was established, among them, as an uncontestible principle, that there could be no intermediate rank between the princes of the blood and the great nobles; and that consequently Madlle. de Lorraine could not have any rank at court, distinct from that of the women of quality who had been presented. *The Archbishop of Rheims*, the first ecclesiastical peer, being indisposed, the nobles assembled at the *Bishop of Noyon's*, the second ecclesi-

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astical peer, and brother of Marshal Broglio. A memorial was framed which was to be presented to the king.

'The *Bishop of Noyon* was himself charged with presenting this important document to the king; and it was said publicly, that if his majesty's answer should not be favourable, all the women of quality were determined to find themselves suddenly taken ill, and not one would dance at the ball.

'Three or four days after receiving the memorial, and two days before the ball, his majesty was pleased to give an answer composed by himself, and written with his own hand, to the following effect.

'The ambassador of the emperor and the empress queen, in an audience which he had of me, requested me, on the part of his masters, to confer some particular mark of distinction upon Madlle. de Lorraine, on the present occasion of my grandson's marriage with the Archduchess Antonietta. The order of dancing at the ball, being the only thing which cannot lead to any consequences, since the choice of the dancers, both male and female, depends entirely on my pleasure, without any distinction of place, excepting as far as concerns the princes and princesses of my blood, who cannot be put into comparison with any other Frenchman whatever;—this being the case, and not wishing for any change or innovation in the usual practice of my court, I expect that the grandees and nobles of my kingdom, will give me the same proofs of fidelity, submission, and attachment, that I, and my predecessors have always received from them, and will do nothing to displease me; above all, on an occasion when I desire to evince my gratitude for the present made to me, which I hope will contribute essentially to the happiness of my future days as well as of their own.

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'Although this answer evidently favours the pretensions of the grandees and nobles, they were not satisfied, nor would prepare to assist at the ball, but on the day when it was to take place, the greater part of the ladies who usually danced minuets affected to walk about the apartments of Versailles quite in an undress.' At last this knotty question was settled by one of the princes of the blood dancing a second time, out of regular course.'

Let us now take a peep amongst the ladies of fashion. Possibly in England also, a Dr. Silva might effect strange cures.—

July, 1772.

'The celebrated physician, Silva, in a journey he was obliged to take to Bordeaux, was consulted during his stay there by the whole town. The prettiest women flocked around him, complaining of weak nerves, with which they were exceedingly tormented. Silva made no answer, and did not prescribe any remedies. Pressed for a long time to explain the reason of his silence, at length he said, with a very oracular tone and manner: *These are not nervous complaints, they proceed from the falling sickness.* The next day there was not a single woman in Bordeaux who complained of her nerves; the fear of being suspected of a frightful malady, cured them in an instant. The conduct of Silva was that of a man of acuteness and penetration; pretty women wish to interest; they do not wish to terrify.'

The tone of the following extracts from the memorial of the death of Helvetius will show something of the state of public morals:—

1772.

'The world has just sustained a very unexpected and premature loss in the death of M. Helvetius.—If the term of a true gentleman was one that did not exist

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already in our language, it must have been invented in order to apply it to him, for he was the very prototype of that character. — He possessed eminently all the social virtues, and he owed them very much to the view which he took of human nature. It appeared to him not more reasonable to be very much disconcerted with a bad man who might happen to cross us in our way, than with a stone out of its proper place. The habit which he had contracted of generalizing his ideas, and of only seeing great results, in rendering him sometimes indifferent to good, rendered him also the most tolerant of men. Yet this tolerance was extended only to the private vices of society.'

Yet of this *true gentleman* we read, a few pages forward, that passing his life only among women without principles and without morals, he believed all women to be the same. A discreet and chaste woman, was, in his eyes, a monster which had no actual existence; in this respect his notions were so confined that he could not feel that there might exist, and ought to exist, an infinite variety in the moral character as in the physical organization.

Afterwards Helvetius forsook his life of gallantry: spurred on by the literary fame of Voltaire, he also wished to make himself famous, and wrote a work generally considered as containing principles very dangerous to morality. Poor Helvetius was exceedingly astonished to find himself treated as a poisoner of the minds of his readers, when *his only idea had been to deviate from the beaten road!*

What hope for a nation with such gentlemen, such metaphysicians. But let us peep at the dinner-table of a lady eminent in the literary circles of that day, famed especially for benevolence.

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'Whether from malice or inattention, one who was in the habit of lending books to the husband of Madame Geoffrin, sent him several times in succession the first volume of the *Travels of Father Labbat.* M. Geoffrin, with all the composure possible, always read the book over again without perceiving the mistake. '*How do you like these Travels, Sir?*' '*They are very interesting, but the author seems to me somewhat given to repetition.*' However deficient the poor man was, he was permitted to sit down to dinner at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner, who was very assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual at table, inquired after him: '*What have you done, Madam, with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word?*' '*Oh, that was my husband; he is dead!*'

M. d'Alembert being once upon a visit at Ferney, where also was M. Huber, it was proposed as a pastime that each of the party should tell a story of robbers. The proposal was agreed to, and M. Huber began; his story was received with great applause, and M. d'Alembert, who followed next, invented one which was not less applauded. When M. de Voltaire's turn came, he began: '*Gentlemen, there was once a farmer-general.** *I beg your pardon,—I have forgotten the rest.*'

* The collectors of taxes, notorious for embezzling the public money.

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APPEAL.

[We beg to direct the earnest attention of our readers to this appeal, sent by an Irish lady, who has for years been a contributor to our Magazine.—Ed.]

Many circumstances have combined to render the present moment one of peculiar interest in Ireland. For many years have the Lord's people been calling upon him to prepare the hearts of their fellow-countrymen to receive his word. He has heard and answered their prayers; He has sent forth his messengers to prepare the way. Famine, pestilence, turmoil, horrors of every description, have done the work; they have led the people to see who are their true friends, and to know that when they gather grapes, the tree that bears them cannot be a thorn. The consequence is, that from almost every parish in the remote Irish-speaking counties, the same tidings reach us—A desire on the part of the Roman Catholics to send their children to Protestant schools, combined with a wish to learn themselves to read, or to listen to the reading of the Bible; and a preference shewn very decidedly in favour of the Protestant clergy (or laity) manifested very frequently on the sick or dying bed. These are a few of the marks which testify that God has heard our prayers, and has opened the hearts of many to receive that word which is able to save the soul, because it testifies of Jesus. Now what is the state of things as respects the Ladies Auxi-

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liary Irish Society? Last year we were induced by the help promised to us by the London Irish Society, to add fifty to the number of our agents, besides increasing the salary of the old ones, to enable them to give all their time to the work; so that our expenditure now is more than double what it used to be. But how are we to meet this? Our friends in London remitted to us last year what was fully sufficient to pay the increased expenditure, but we have no promise that they will continue to help us. And if they do not, what is the alternative? That at a time when there is a work going on which the most sanguine anticipations never ventured to hope for,—at a time when letters are constantly received from our superintendents, thanking us for having sent them readers, and stating that little bands of converts have in very many places been led by their exertions to see the errors of the Church of Rome, and come out of her:—At a time when from *very many* other spots we receive the most urgent entreaties to give their parishioners the same advantage, and stating that it is almost certain the same happy results would follow:—At a time, in short, when the answer to our long-poured-forth prayers has filled our hearts with joy and strengthened our faith, we must issue orders to some of our superintendents to dismiss their readers; to others, to lessen the salary of their agents, and send them forth to earn their bread by manual labour, instead of devoting their time to reading to their Roman Catholic neighbours that word which He who cannot lie has said—"shall not return unto me void, but shall prosper in the thing whereunto I send it." Yes, unless we are speedily assisted, *this* must be done, for we are now in debt £150, and in September we shall require nearly £700 to enable us to

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keep up the number of our agents. We would therefore strongly urge our friends to come to our relief and prevent the necessity of our taking this retrograding step. For some years several young persons have assisted us in the following manner, and we greatly wish that others would adopt the same plan. They choose some particular locality, about which they feel an interest, and they collect money among their friends—a sufficient sum to support a reader there. We send them his journal and the letters of his superintendent, and thus a warm and individual interest is excited, which has in many cases operated most beneficially. If this paper falls into the hands of any one who feels grateful to a Saviour for His love, and who feels for that reason an anxiety to impart to others that knowledge of Him which can cheer the darkest path in this trying world, and can give a sure hope of entrance into a brighter, we would say to them: 'Take up one of those parishes (there are many) where the people are athirst for the word of life, and enable us to continue to send amongst them, persons who can read it for them, and teach them to read it for themselves in that much-loved tongue, the influence of which acts like a charm on the Irish heart.

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THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.—No. III.

We have already considered the beauty and perfection of the Divine law of love, and the necessity imposed by human selfishness of enforcing its practice by positive enactments for the protection of the poor. Another subject now forces itself upon our notice, the proved imperfection and insufficiency of these enactments. Human selfishness is always finding means of eluding them, and having ceased to be voluntary, they are in danger of losing all the moral influence of spontaneous benevolence.

Take the poor law. It is a mixture of social right and national benevolence. The honest labourer who has spent the best of his strength in increasing the wealth of his country by his unceasing toil, when disabled from maintaining himself by any unforeseen contingency, or by old age, for which he had not sufficient means to provide, has a claim on the country at least analogous to that of the disabled soldier and seaman. The thoughtless profligate who married without any prospect of maintaining a family, and has ruined himself by ill conduct, has no social claim on public maintenance, but prudence and charity may both dictate that it is better for the general interest that he should have a pittance sufficient to keep him from starvation, but not sufficient to be a premium upon his evil conduct. Between these two extremes of honest pauperism justly claiming relief, and vice requiring it

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for the public safety, there are numberless degrees, and it may well be conceived how difficult and almost impossible it is, for the rigidity of law to accommodate itself to them all. Sometimes the suffering and honest man meets the measure which was intended to restrain the impositions of the profligate, often the profligate churlishly receives as a right, that which, in his case, is an act simply of national benevolence ; and though the dole keeps him from the recklessness of despair, it does not exercise on his hardened mind any of the softening influences of charity.

Again, suppose legal enactments to be made to protect the poor from excessive and injurious labour, avarice or want will find means of eluding them. Women have been known to work in disguise in the mines, parents have given false certificates of the age of their own children, that they might be able to work overhours in the factory.

Take another case. Spirituous liquors are known to be the curse of English cities. It was reported some years ago, that in Glasgow every twelfth house was a spirit-shop, and 30,000 persons were in a state of intoxication every Saturday night. The sum spent in whisky annually in that city was £1,200,000, of which probably £1,000,000 was expended by the operative or working classes. Crime had increased to a fearful extent; in 1822 the rate of serious crime to the whole population was 1 in 1540, in 1838, 1 in 569.* Yet when Government interferes to snatch the poison from the lips of its subjects, by imposing high excise duties, a system of smuggling and illicit distilleries immediately spring up ; for there are those who find it their interest to gratify the worst appetites of the people.

* See Alison on Population, Vol. ii. p. 121.

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What inferences are to be gathered from these facts which cannot be denied? Some plead that all legal charity should be abolished, and assert that private benevolence, relieved from this incubus, would be found sufficient to supply the wants of the poor in a more humanising manner. Once indeed, with the eloquence and energy of a Chalmers, this system was realized. But every clergyman is not a Chalmers: and even in his congregation the sums contributed were not drawn from those only who had a local interest in the district, but from the large congregation attracted by his eloquence. Voluntary relief would soon rest, as all voluntary charities are found to do, on the humane and benevolent, while the mass of the selfish, who have often been the great means of drawing the poor into situations where they need relief, would entirely escape the burden by closing their doors against the sight of misery. Again, voluntary relief would be subject to fluctuations; sometimes there would be an extraordinary excitement of sentiment, producing funds even larger than were required; sometimes a re-action, when they might almost fail.

'The necessity of resorting to legal measures for the attainment of this object,' says Mr. Alison, 'may be safely inferred from its universal adoption. It is not to be supposed that the rich in England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Austria, Flanders, Norway, and so many other states, would concur in submitting to so grievous a burden, if it were not felt to be unavoidable. In England the poor rates, during the last war, amounted to more than half the income-tax; and in Scotland, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the landed proprietors to avert the burden, it has been found impossible to dispense with them, wherever ma-

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nufactures have been established, or opulence has fixed its residence. The common consent of mankind cannot be referred to as indicating any general truth, where interest prompts the course which they adopt: but where, as in the present instance, interest leads the other way, it can only be referred to the experience of a common necessity.'

With reference to restrictive measures, it would at once be abdicating all government to relinquish them, because rogues contrive to evade them; but an instance of the absence of all restriction may be given in the habits of intoxication which prevail in Sweden. 'By the Swedish law every person may distil as much whisky as he chooses on his own premises; and the consequence is, that whisky is annually distilled and consumed in Sweden, to the extent of 30,000,000 gallons a year. Now the population of Sweden is at present just about 3,000,000; so that this shows that ten gallons or sixty bottles a year are consumed by each person, including men, women, children, and infants at the breast. This amount is probably unparalleled in any other part of the civilized globe; for it shows that at least a hundred bottles are drunk by every adult, of both sexes, annually, being more than a third of a bottle a day all the year round. The consequences are not surprizing: in Stockholm more than every third child is a bastard.'

The inference then which we draw from these facts, is not that the outward law must be abolished because it has proved ineffectual. It was not thus that God dealt with his people of old. All the merciful laws of the Mosaic code failed to restrain the oppression of the poor, as we find from the indignant remonstrances of the prophets. Yet we hear nothing of the repeal of

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those laws. The prophets, by their solemn warnings, by their awful denunciations of God's wrath, strove to awaken the inner law in the hearts of the people, by which obedience to the outward law could alone be secured. A mere external law is in perpetual conflict with the strong will of man, and therefore is constantly evaded; but the inner law, when once it works upon the conscience, moulds the whole man, and the mighty power of will goes along with it. All our efforts should therefore be turned to strengthening this inner law of love and obedience, in which alone lies the adequate remedy for the evils of society.

E. S.

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A FEW LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF THOUGHT.—No. I.

WHEN the Lord God created the sun, moon, and stars, the greater and the lesser lights, He set them in our firmament—not alone that they might adorn it by their brightness and their beauty—not alone that they might gladden the inhabitants of our planet by their radiance and their light, but that they might also be to them "for signs and for seasons," and not "for signs and seasons" only, but also for emblems; the sun being emblematic of Jesus the fountain of life and light; the moon, of the church, as being the reflector of the sun's light, for she is said to be "fair as the moon;" and the stars, of ministers. The more we consider Scripture emblems, the more fitness and beauty shall we perceive in them; thus, of the moon it is written she is "the lesser light," and surely though each believer be a light, and though each one united their light and formed one bright and beauteous cluster, still would their united radiance be but dim compared with that of "the greater light," even the Sun of Righteousness! But of the moon it is also written that she was made "to rule the night," and is not this true also of the Church? Is not this the night-time? The Apostle calls it so, "the night is far spent." Yes, the Sun of Righteousness is now absent, the day has not yet dawned; and does not the Church of God "rule the night?" Are not all things during the night-time

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made to act (though oftentimes unknowingly and unwillingly) in subserviency to her good, to her true interest? and thus in a certain sense she may be said "to rule the night." In another sense she does so also, for she alone is in this night-time the reflection of the Sun of Righteousness, though alas! like her emblem, her light is often dimmed and eclipsed by the interposition of the earth between her and her sun. But a time will come when "the pale orb of night" shall no longer be a fitting emblem for the Church of God; that time of which it is written, "there shall be no night," that time when the righteous shall shine forth "*as the sun*" in the kingdom of their Father; yes, "*as the sun*," not the moon, for then will the union between Christ and His people be fully perfected, then will they be like Him in body, soul, and spirit, then will they be indeed holy, even as He is holy. Earth will then have ceased to have any power over them, naught of it can ever pass between them and their Saviour God, and so eclipse Him who is "the Light;" but like Him in all things, they shall be like Him also in their emblem, shining forth "*as the sun*." Scripture seems to make a distinction between the righteous in general, and those who have been instrumental in bringing many sons unto glory, for in Daniel we read, "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Let us now turn to Him of whom "the greater light" is the emblem, even to Jesus the Sun of Righteousness; His rising it is which shall disperse the shades of night, and usher in the bright and glorious day: around Him shall all the lesser lights of His Father's kingdom ever revolve, and the suns and systems of the heavenly kingdom shall be ever approaching towards Him—the true centre of all life, all light, and love.

A. A.

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Literary Notices.

MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LISTENER.' (*Seeleys.*) The Autobiography, with which this volume commences, is extremely interesting. It is a record of no common instance of God's grace, calling one of his dear children, when she seemed to have most determinately entrenched herself in infidelity and enmity to him; calling her too by the voice of one who afterwards mocked and wondered at the change her letter had produced, and seems herself to have died while preparing for the ball-room. In such biography, we have some foretaste of the joys of heaven, when, through the long ages of eternity, the children of God shall unfold to each other the mysteries of his providence towards them. The volume also contains a very valuable collection of short meditations on passages of Scripture, and a large selection from the private letters of the departed. This epistolary portion of the work, we must say, we should be very glad to see curtailed. Many of the letters are not suitable for publication. The perusal of them reminded us of Charlotte Elizabeth's rigorous system of burning letters as soon as they were asked for, for publication. Without going to so great a length as she did, it must be owned, that it is very difficult for surviving friends, to whom every

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relic of the beloved one is so dear, to judge of what will interest the public. There should surely be a strong reason for printing, rather than a strong reason for withholding the simple effusions of private friendship.

THE COURSE OF LIFE; A SKETCH FOR CHRISTIAN FEMALES. (*Seeleys.*) This is a book which it is a hearty pleasure to review. It is full of holy thoughts and wise counsels, enriched with striking metaphors, which can hardly fail to fasten on the memory, and classical allusions, elegantly brought to bear on spiritual subjects. We have been perplexed as to whether it be the work of an author or an authoress. The classical allusions might bespeak a gentleman's hand; the accurate perception of woman's character, a female pen. Whoever our benefactor may be, we thank them for the profit and pleasure their work has afforded us, and give one or two specimens of the style, to tempt our readers to seek the same enjoyment.

'That wall of adamant, called an impossibility, changes its name and nature under the action of continuous diligence, prompted by love, and sustained by single-purposed faith.'

'The blessings of sanctified affliction are not confined to the sufferer alone. From the east, and from the west—from the north, and from the south, shall arise witnesses to this truth. Many a mourner may learn with glad surprise, that the balm which soothed her sorrow, refreshed a fellow-sufferer in some remote corner of the earth. The sun exhales the dew-drop, and carries it in a cloud to water some fainting far-distant flower;—the tear shed in silence by one suffering Christian, is refracted in the bow of promise that cheers another. The faithful attendant, or the simple biographical record, preserves the expressions of patient hope,

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or meek endurance. Friends and neighbours learn, distant isles and continents repeat, the lesson.'

This book would be a very useful one to circulate in reading societies.

THE CLOSING SCENE; OR, CHRISTIANITY AND INFIDELITY CONTRASTED IN THE LAST HOURS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS. (*Longman.*) The title of this work sufficiently explains its nature. A great variety of characters have been selected—the man of fashion, the man of business, the man of letters, the woman of genius, the philosophic infidel, the royal sceptic, the pious prelate, the devoted pastor, the female champion for truth, &c. &c. After such short biographical notice as suffices to make the reader acquainted with them, their principles are tested by the experience of the dying hour. It is a work which is likely to be very useful, confirming, as it does, the most solemn lessons of God's truth, by the narrative of his dealings with the children of men.

DISCIPLINE. BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LETTERS TO MY UNKNOWN FRIENDS.' A precious little book to those engaged in that most important and interesting of all studies, the study of their own hearts. The idea carried out through the book is, that the daily cross, the petty harassing vexations of life, are commonly harder to bear than its great trials,—are indeed the chief *discipline* of life. This discipline is painful, because it excites some evil passions, perhaps unsuspected in our hearts, and may therefore be of the utmost value in revealing the concealed weakness. The author proposes that, for a week, one point should be selected for special self-examination each day. The first day—How far has the pain occasioned by this day's discipline been traceable to pride? The six subjects chosen are pride, vanity,

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selfishness, self-indulgence, discontent, worldliness. The suggestive helps to self-examination given under each head, show an accurate perception of human character, and set before us a high and holy standard of Christian character. The work is calculated, at the same time, to humble the reader for the past, and to stimulate him to more earnest efforts after holiness in days to come. We heartily recommend it to reading societies.

THE JEW; OR, THE CRISIS OF JUDAISM. EXEMPLIFIED BY THE REV. A. MYERS. (*Wertheim.*) A work which may be read both with pleasure and profit. Under the form of a dialogue, in which one child of Abraham relates to another how he has been brought to a knowledge of the Messiah, we have exemplified the impression produced on the Jewish mind by the conduct of professing christians, the peculiar difficulties with which Christian doctrines are beset in the mind of the Jew, and the triumphant refutation of those difficulties. A series is introduced of most interesting quotations from ancient Jewish writers, proving that they actually held the doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Godhead.

MANUAL OF PRAYERS FOR THE YOUNG. BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH. At no time has it been more important to watch carefully the flame of private devotion, than at the present day. So many objects of active labour present themselves to the ardent mind of the young convert, that he is in danger of forgetting that the first step in every outward duty is to seek large portions of inward grace, because no fulness can proceed from the empty heart, and no warmth from the frozen one, and the prayerless heart must prove both cold and empty. The stated seasons for devotion should be guarded with jealous care, and not too much

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curtailed. Here again another danger meets us, a longer season for prayer may prove a temptation to listlessness in the work. Our minds are commonly most concentrated in those duties, in which we feel the time is limited in proportion to the great business to be accomplished in it. The duty then to be enforced on the mind is not only more time for prayer, but more prayer. To assist the young believer in the fulfilment of this difficult duty, this manual of prayers will be found most valuable. When the listless spirit feels no disposition to pray, dwell on some of these holy meditations, study the helps to prayers here offered. Various subjects of prayer and inducements to pray, will thus be suggested to the mind, the irksome task will become delightful, and the spirit refreshed by the sacred duties of devotion, will go forth strong in the Lord for the tasks of daily life. The manual consists of four parts: 1st. Extracts from Bishop Kenn's prayers for young persons. 2nd. Prayers on general subjects. 3rd. Hints to assist in attaining extempore prayer, comprising a large selection of scripture prayers. 4th. Prayers in reference to services in the Church of England.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF PRAYERS. EDITED BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH, (*Seeleys.*) has been prepared with especial reference to the lambs of the flock; the object was therefore to consider not only that the language should be very simple, but that the desires expressed should be those likely to arise in the heart of a little child desiring to love the Lord. A considerable variety of the incidents of a child's life at home and at school are introduced in the occasional prayers, which we hope may tend to cultivate even from infancy the blessed habit of bringing every want and wish to a heavenly Father's throne.

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THE PROTESTANT.

'THE first of all gospels,' says Carlyle, 'is, that a lie cannot endure for ever.' However old this gospel may be, like all true gospels it is always new, for events are ever enforcing it with new power; but seldom has it received a more striking illustration than during the last six months. An attempt was made last February, by men of no small talent, to build a government upon a lie. The axiom from which they pretended to start was, that the people were always wise, mighty, and generous; that a boundless confidence in them was the first duty of the statesman. As the practical result of this principle, there followed, of course, both the possibility and the imperative duty of maintaining by public works citizens so brave and true. It was a falsehood that had for some time existed on paper, but then it was fairly set a going, and the question was asked on all sides, can it stand, can we live by it, can it sustain the pressure of a whole system of society?

Alas! it must work itself out; its nonentity must be proved: for what is a lie? it is a nothing, the assertion of that which is not. And now, when this loyal and virtuous people are associated in the *ateliers nationaux*, it is discovered that they do not work,—that many of them treacherously receive double wages; nay, worse than all, that they make conspiracies, become dangerous to society. For all this the new axiom of government had made no provision; yet all this stares it in the

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face, must be met, and guarded against. Already the plan totters, already a rent is perceived in the golden gauze which had covered the abyss. Events will not stop; the lie, vociferously asserting itself, will not become a reality: in the midst of the great and virtuous people of Paris, it is absolutely necessary to take measures against rogues and rebels. Meanwhile, these loud plaudits, addressed to the mob of Paris, have not produced bread any more than virtue, and the people, deluded with fond hopes, are still hungry. Now a crisis comes, the *ateliers nationaux* must be disbanded; the lie must stand exposed before all Europe. Deeds must be perpetrated in the heart of the grand, the model nation, whose happiness other people were only to emulate, when prepared to rise to their lofty eminence, at which savages themselves would almost blush. For four days a fearful conflict rages in the heart of the city; barricades are raised in every thoroughfare; windows are blocked and defended by the bodies of the slain; poisoned wine invites the unsuspecting to a treacherous death—nay, suffering itself loses its sacredness, and poisoned lint is sent to dress the mangled limbs of the wounded. Women,—and, oh! what hope is there for a nation, when tenderness has forsaken even a woman's heart,—women could exult in having cut off the heads of the fallen.

What lessons shall we learn from the fearful catastrophe. Shall we, with gratified national pride, exult that our boasting rival is humbled? Oh, God forbid! far other and deeper feelings beseem the solemn occasion. A person in danger of pestilence could not exult in the virulence of the symptoms manifested in the case of another; rather would he shudder at each proof of the malignity of the disease. So should we shudder at every proof of the desperate wickedness of our common

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nature. If the proud boasting of human perfectibility has been silenced in France, it is that England also may learn to submit to the humbling doctrines of Scripture, and believe that "the heart is" indeed "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." It is, that our statesmen may learn to distrust every system of government which does not proceed on the principle of human nature being thus corrupt, and therefore requiring remedial measures, such as the Gospel alone can supply. It is by hope and fear that sinful beings must be restrained; the hope must not be delusive, or, as we have just seen, the rebound of disappointment will be fearful; the fear must be perpetually present: if there be a hope of escape, it is no effectual safeguard. Religion alone can supply such hopes and such fears. The statesman, who strives to govern without this mighty restraining influence, is like Mazeppa, bound hand and foot on his unreined steed.

Another lesson, vividly brought before us by recent events, is the germinating power of every principle, be it good or bad. There is always a tendency in men to look merely at events, while they disregard the principles from whence they have arisen. The philosophy of history often leads us back whole centuries to trace the secret cause of the events now passing around us; but the labour is not lost, for it is as we trace the wondrous thread, that we discern the working of God's hand, and that his ways are justified to us. A century ago France was slumbering under the deadly shadow of popery. The heart and core of the nation's faith was eaten out; the shell was all that Rome asked for, and all that it obtained. The sacraments, the ministers,—all the ordinances of religion, were felt to be an empty mockery; but a sort of outward deference was paid to

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them, and in return the Jesuit confessor allowed a full swing to immorality. Encouraged by seeing a whole nation thus subject to his kingdom, the great enemy of souls grew bolder. The empty forms of reverence shown to the King of Heaven were an offence to the Prince of darkness, and he conceived the blasphemous project of openly overturning the kingdom of God upon earth, of reigning in appearance as well as in reality.

It was about a century ago that the secret conspiracy of infidels arose, who owned Voltaire as their patriarch. They were talented, indefatigable, and unscrupulous. No baseness was too mean for them to practice if it promoted their infernal design, for as regarded Christianity, their fearful motto was, 'Crush the wretch.' They were no martyrs, and with the cunning of the serpent, avoided incurring the penalties of the governments which they were undermining; but they had knowledge enough of human nature to be well aware how powerful an engine their words of mischief would prove. 'A revolution is about to break out,' said Voltaire, 'happy they who will live to see it; the uproar will be glorious!' It was some of the last notes of that uproar which reached us a month ago: glorious indeed, to him who is a liar and murderer from the beginning, but most mournful to distracted France and agitated Europe.

If now in England, infidel principles are widely disseminating amongst one portion of our people; and if popery, the religion of death and hollowness, is preparing a second harvest of infidelity amongst another, shall we call these lying doctrines mere words, matters of small importance, whilst our people are peaceable, and prosperity continues in our land? This were wholly to disregard the lessons of history. Rather let these seeds

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of error be carefully watched, and let all our efforts be directed to exterminating them, that the poisonous growth of rebellion, cruelty, and licentiousness may never pollute our soil. Let us also remember that truth is not less productive than error. If God in righteous anger permits the growth and increase of the one, that a harvest may be ripened for destruction, His gracious promise is pledged that the other shall not return unto him void. Every seed of truth sown by the young Sunday-school teacher in the minds of her little pupils, every lesson of wisdom taught by the diligent district visitor, every tract that spreads abroad the saving knowledge of Jesus, has a bearing on the future history of our country and of the world. If we love our country, and desire to work for her benefit, let us take courage as we think of the wonderful success of the infidel conspiracy, and remember under how much stronger a Captain we are contending, and how certain we are, under his banner, of a final and glorious triumph.

Events thicken around us, and the truths which were recalled to us by the political disturbances of France at the close of last month, are yet more forcibly urged now by troubles nearer home. Feelings of humiliation must mingle with the glow of patriotic exultation with which Englishmen have marked the stability of our government amidst the tottering thrones of Europe. It is in Ireland—papal Ireland—once more,—that the plague-spot of rebellion has appeared; and, in order to secure life, peace, and property, an unwilling government is compelled to ask for a restraint of the constitutional liberties of the people. The circumstances are humbling and alarming; but, to gather the lessons they are meant to teach, we must, as in the troubles of France, strive to trace the principles from which they

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originated. In France there was a conspiracy to overturn all religion; and, since religion is the only law strong enough to bind human passion, lawlessness has been the result. In Ireland, a religion has been fostered, (alas! its ministers are trained at the expense of every Protestant that pays taxes to the State) which teaches hatred to heretics, rebellion against heretic governments. Religion must be one of the strongest influences that bear upon the human mind. Popery in Ireland has been alienating the hearts of the people from the sway of our gracious Queen. The lessons of loyalty have been wanting, the seed has not been sown, the people have not been taught to look upon the government as the minister of God, and now there is no harvest of peace and loyalty to reap. Lessons of sedition have produced sedition.

If such have been the fruits of encouraging Popery in Ireland, should we not shudder at any further measure for linking our country with that great foe to her peace and prosperity. While Lord John Russell excites our admiration by the vigour of the measures he proposes for quelling rebellion, he shakes the confidence of Protestants by still threatening to pass the bill for diplomatic relations with Rome. Let Protestants be awake and alive to the danger; let not this bill be passed as so many other Romanizing measures have been, against their wishes but through their supineness.

Let the mind of every Christian be open to receive the solemn impression of God's providence. Pestilence is steadily approaching us from the East; war is threatened in Ireland, and already rumours of a failure of the potatoe crop excite apprehensions of distress from famine. Thus all the sore judgments of God hang over us, but still there is a season of respite granted, in

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which we may return unto the Lord our God. Let us improve it in earnestly seeking mercy for our country. For ourselves let us be found amongst those who sigh and cry for the abominations of the land, for these, and these alone, will be saved in the day of the Lord's anger.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

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THE LAST VIALS.

No. II.

THE WARNINGS OF CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES.

The earlier books of the New Testament, though not mainly prophetical, contain many warnings of coming events, and reveal dimly the prospects of the church in the latter days. We have seen that the visions of Daniel had announced a future division of the Roman Empire into separate kingdoms, with the rise of an arrogant, persecuting power in the midst of them, to be followed by its judgment and overthrow, when the Son of Man should come in the clouds of heaven. In the times of the Gospel, that empire had reached its height of power, but its division had not yet begun. It remained now that further light should be thrown on the effects to ensue, after the opening of the new dispensation, and the spread of the Gospel throughout the Roman world. The history of the book of Acts, which begins at Jerusalem, and ends at Rome, the Imperial city, prepares us for such a prospective revelation, and the continuance of a great moral conflict, where the

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two main parties are the Church of Christ and the Roman Empire. Let us examine these further intimations, with the light which they throw on the season of the Vials, or the last times of the church before the Millennial glory.

The first of these intimations is found in the discourse of our Lord himself on the Mount of Olives. The two former gospels seem to have recorded, more exactly, the very words he uttered, and hence the close of the prophecy, like a bud still unopened, is left in some degree of obscurity. But St. Luke, who wrote afterwards, and for the Gentile believers, seems to have been taught by the Spirit to vary several expressions, before obscure, by a brief paraphrase, that the meaning of the prediction might shine out more clearly. When we consult the prophecy, in this gospel, it exhibits a clear transition from the actual generation of our Lord, and the fall of the temple, to the events of the last days. "And they shall be led away captive into all nations; and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." After a chasm, of undefined length, has thus been interposed, the warning is renewed once more, and addressed to the church of the last days, near the expiration of those times of the Gentiles. "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. Now when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, because your redemption draweth nigh."

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The period here announced, has a strong resemblance to the features which mark the Seven Vials, and to that season, in Daniel's prophecy, when the judgment shall sit on the fourth or Roman Empire, and its little horn, to consume and destroy it unto the end. We learn, from this prophecy of our Lord, that after the desolation of Jerusalem, and dispersion of the Jews, when the times of the Gentiles have fulfilled, or are just fulfilling their course, a new crisis of Providence will begin, which will bear a strong resemblance to the close of the Jewish dispensation, though still more august and solemn. The Gentile nations will then be visited for their abuse of the power so long entrusted to them, and of the spiritual privileges they have so long enjoyed. There will be signs and portents, either in the kings and rulers, the figurative lights and stars of the firmament, or in the natural heavens. Both meanings of the prediction may possibly be combined, mighty political changes of the ruling powers, and unexpected and surprising phenomena in the skies, like those which preceded the fall of Jerusalem. In the other features there is less ambiguity. A wide-spread distress will come upon the nations of the earth, as if society were labouring under some oppressive night-mare. The consciences of men will be haunted with the fear of unknown dangers, and their hearts crave dimly, and almost hopelessly, after some unknown good, that mocks their endeavours, like a delusive mirage of the desert. Hence a feeling of deep perplexity will seize upon thoughtful minds, unable to read the enigma of a social state, so unlike the precedents of former ages. Roused by this deep, secret sense of distrust and misery, popular discontent will break out into loud and threatening murmurs, the sea and the waves roaring. Fierce and angry

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passions will stir up tumultuous agitation, like the billows in a mighty storm, amidst the multitudes of the peoples, and the storm of their fierce outcries will rave loudly against the foundations of social peace, the ordinances of God and the laws of man, which have hitherto bounded their fury. Thoughtful men, meanwhile, will look on with wonder and alarm. Unless they have learned to anchor their hopes on the Divine promise, they will be confounded by the spectacle of human passions, reversing their fairy dreams of progress and liberty, and their hearts will fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. And thus at length, not through smooth waters and under smiling skies, but through fear and sorrow, through an hour of conflict and fierce temptation, the hopes of the church will be fulfilled, and the kingdom of peace, righteousness, and love, dawn in unclouded glory on our fallen and weary world.

Such is the view of the last days, which our Lord himself has given us, to guide the expectations of His people, and reveal the harbingers of His own appearing. And surely every feature of the description has already begun to appear, in the mighty changes at the close of the last century, and is revealing itself once more, in the sudden revolutions and dissolution of society, which has swept over the continent of Europe during the year that is now passing over us. The Prince of Peace is not yet come; and hence the world, amidst all its vaunted progress, cannot attain the peace it covets so eagerly. Amidst all excitement of political innovation, the consciences of men are haunted by spectres of fear. Even while they clamour for liberty, they dread the violence of their own passions. There is a lurking suspicion, which ever reveals its presence, that these airy

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hopes may prove only apples of Sodom, and at the moment when they would fain enjoy them, may turn to bitter ashes, and delude their taste. Distress, perplexity, and fear, and an eager, uncertain craving for tidings of the future, are become the perpetual watchwords of society in our own day.

But the expression, "the times of the Gentiles," calls for passing notice, to ascertain its meaning, and the light which it throws on the period to which these events belong. The seven times of madness which passed over the king of Babylon, have been viewed, with much reason, as typical of a longer interval, seven prophetic times, during which the Gentile powers of the great image should bear rule over Israel. If we assume that these, as in a parallel case, of the four hundred years' captivity in Egypt, are measured from their earliest date, they will begin from the fall of Samaria by the Assyrian power, and end near the close of last century. Or if we confine the expression to the times directly singled out in the prophecy of Daniel, the time, times and half of the little horn, so prominently noted in two places, and again repeated in the Apocalypse; after which, we are told, God will finish the scattering of the people, this half period, reckoned from the most natural date of Papal supremacy, or the confirmed power of the little horn, will also terminate at the opening of the French Revolution. The added days in the two last periods of Daniel, may then denote the years of visitation, in which the judgment sits on the fourth empire, to abolish every trace of Antichristian power. On this view, the verses which close the prophecy of our Lord, are referred, not only by their social features, but by their place in the chronology of providence, to our own days; and to that mighty change of European

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society, which begun with the first French Revolution, and after pausing for a time, is now developing itself with renewed activity. The last sixty, and perhaps the next thirty years, are the season of transition, when the judgment sits upon the Gentile nations, and mercy gradually returns to the Jews; when the treading down of the city begins to be lightened, and finally ceases; and the outcasts have the way prepared for their recovery from unbelief, darkness, and misery, and their restoration to the favour and the covenant of their God.

Let us pass on to the writings of St. Paul, and begin with the Epistles to the Thessalonians, which are perhaps the earliest. There also we have a warning, borrowed from the elder prophets, of an evil power that was to arise in later times of the church, and to be finally overthrown by the brightness of the Lord's coming. The description is borrowed, almost verbally, from Daniel's prophecy, of the King who should do according to his will, and whose time is presently defined to be a time, times, and a half, after which the scattering of the holy people shall begin to be accomplished. This power, it is now revealed, would advance its proud and wicked pretensions within the church of Christ, claiming there a vice-regent Godhead, as the visible representative of the Supreme God upon earth;—"Deus alter in terris," and looking down with contempt on all rival objects of human reverence and adoration. That such is the true sense of the prediction, and that it does not imply a denial of an invisible God, but the claim to be His highest representative on earth, results decisively from a careful comparison of the two prophecies. This Antichristian power, it is further revealed, was to grow out of an apostacy in the Christian Church, or an extensive departure from true faith in Christ; and from the

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power of true religion and godliness. But a stated time, we are reminded here also, is limited for its continuance; after which the Lord will consume the Man of Sin by the breath of his mouth, and destroy him by the brightness of his coming. Here, again, two stages or degrees of the overthrow seem very probably to be implied. The former has already began its course, since the times of the Reformation; the latter awaits its promised fulfilment at the coming of the Lord. Judas, himself also styled the son of perdition, after using his apostleship for three years as the mask of his covetousness, openly renounced his Master, sold him for thirty pieces of silver, and then was visited with a speedy judgment. And thus the Papacy, in its last stage, may probably cast off its cumbrous garment of Christian faith; and to recover its worldly pre-eminence enter into an unholy compact with the spirit of the times. It may thus renounce its unwelcome notions of theocracy, and the duty of national subjection to the authority of Christ; receive some political bribe, to gloss over the pretensions of an infidel democracy, and to baptize with holy names the ungodliness of the people, and thus paving the way for the greatest infidel confederacy the world has ever witnessed, be visited with a speedy and swift destruction; when the Lord, whose sceptre the nations have despised, amidst their dreams of light and liberty, shall arise in His glory to shake terribly the earth.

The next passage, which bears on the character of the last times, is found in the first Epistle to the Corinthians. The Apostle there singles out (1 Cor. x. 1—7.) five notable events, in the history of the Jews in the wilderness, which he declares to be types and patterns of warning for the church in the latter days. The se-

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lection, we cannot doubt, is full of meaning; and the thought must naturally arise, that these events, thus pronounced to be types of future things, describe five successive phases in the history of the Christian church. A closer attention serves rather to confirm this natural suspicion. The Church began its declension from early faith and purity, by slighting the manna of the spiritual promises, the inward life of holiness, and the direct apprehension of Christ, as the true and satisfying portion of the soul, and lusting after those worldly delights and pleasures, the flesh-pots of Egypt, which form the instinctive choice of the carnal and worldly heart. This worldliness prevailed widely even before the last persecution, and led to numerous apostasies in the hour of trial, but afterwards, in the day of her prosperity, it increased with a fearful and portentous rapidity. The next stage of sin was the entrance of open idolatry, like the worship of the golden calf at the foot of the mount, when the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play. Every feature of that mournful history was realized in the growing idolatries of the fifth and sixth centuries, when even pious, but misguided leaders of the church, after the pattern of Aaron, yielded to the wish of a sensual people, and despairing to raise them to the purity of the gospel, and the simplicity of its worship, sought to displace the heathen gods and hallow the Pagan festivals, by introducing the saints and martyrs in their stead, and dedicating the old festal days to their honour. The fathers of the church, with scarcely an exception, played the part of Aaron, and while they were letting in the flood-tide of a forbidden and hateful idolatry, flattered themselves that they were mitigating the evil, and teaching the Christian populace to hold a feast unto the Lord.

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Then followed another stage, in which spiritual apostacy led to its natural fruits of sensual debasement. Its type is given in the fatal sin of Baalpeor, and its antitype may be read in the annals of the ninth and tenth centuries, and onward to the time of the Reformation.

After that great event, a new and different form of temptation visited the churches of Christ. Its type is drawn from the History in Numbers xxi. when the wandering of the people had continued long, and they were now discouraged by reason of way. The journey, begun in the hope of a speedy and triumphant entrance into Canaan, seemed now to be interminable. One station was reached after another, and still the sands of the desert were around them, its scorching sun beat upon them, and no land flowing with milk and honey gladdened their weary eyes. Edom, the type of the apostacy in the visible church, the mass of profane worldliness, stood in the way. A further compass was required, and another season of weary journeying, when they had come almost in sight of the promised land. Hence they tempted the Lord, while they spake against God and against Moses, saying, "Wherefore have ye brought us up out of Egypt, to die in the wilderness, for there is no bread, neither water, and our soul loatheth this light bread. Then the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died."

If now we inquire what parallel to this event can be found in the history of the Church, it is not hard to discover. The first leaders of the Reformation, in the fulness of their faith and love, believed that the time of promise was close at hand, and that the Lord would forthwith consume the apostasy they abhorred, and introduce His church to the promised inheritance of glory. But when the first generation had passed, and the world

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seemed to continue its former course, and fresh forms of corruption to be revealed in the Reformed Churches, marring their fondest hopes, and throwing them back to the prospect of a still longer journey in the wilderness, a feeling of secret and deep despondency began to prevail. The eye of Christians was withdrawn from the great hope of the Lord's coming, which seemed to mock them with continual disappointment, and to recede farther into an unknown futurity, and was turned to dwell on the religious conflicts and political strifes which actually were present around them. The punishment followed, in the spread of intellectual heresies and delusions, like fiery serpents, poisoning all the life of Christian faith, and opening a new era of scepticism, infidelity, and even of direct and avowed Atheism to the visible church of God. Such was the prevailing character of the age, in the close of the sixteenth, and throughout the two following centuries. Physical and material interests displaced more and more, from the eyes of men, the things unseen and eternal. This fatal divorce of intellectual power and activity, from moral and spiritual elevation, of which Bacon was so mournful an example, continued to grow and increase after his days, till it issued in the antichristian conspiracy of Voltaire and his countless followers. The systems of philosophy, which had their birth in such minds, were like fiery serpents, and exercised a poisonous and fatal influence on all the spiritual vitality of the Church of God. No remedy was found for this fearful evil, until God, in His mercy, revived the simple preaching of the Gospel, amidst the deadly torpor of the last century, and Christ crucified, was again lifted up, like the brazen serpent, as the true and only remedy for the spiritual diseases of the soul, and the effectual antidote to the proud, intellectual delusions of these latter days.

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One form of evil remains, in the list of the Apostle; and will find its counterpart, if these remarks be just, in the character of our own times, and thus reveal one main spiritual feature of the season, wherein the Vial Angels pour out their judgments upon the earth. It is given in these few, but expressive words: "Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer." The allusion is clearly to the history of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, when, after their sudden and miraculous overthrow, the whole congregation murmured against Moses and Aaron, and said, "Ye have killed the people of the Lord."

The history, viewed thus as a direct type, is highly instructive on the character of these last days. Its main feature is a wilful and bold rebellion against the leaders whom God had ordained, started by ambitious demagogues, but abetted by the sympathy of nearly the whole congregation, and resting on the double plea of large promises falsified, and of the actual distress and privations to which they were exposed. On its ecclesiastical side, as in Korah, its pretence was the holiness of the whole congregation. The people, and no priestly or ministerial class, ought, as a holy people, to be the supreme power in the church of God. In its political aspect, as in Dathan and Abiram, of the tribe of Reuben, it was a complaint of usurped and tyrannous power, attended with no practical benefit, but involving severe suffering to the great body of the people. "Is it a small thing that thou hast brought us up out of a land flowing with milk and honey, to kill us in the wilderness, except thou make thyself altogether a prince over us?" Translated out of its typical form, it becomes the same with the watchwords of religious liberalism, and irreligious lawlessness in these last times. Its

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secret or open language may be faithfully expressed in such statements as these. "Christianity has made large promises to the world, and it has falsified them all. It has not secured social peace and unity, nor spread comfort and happiness through the world; for the state of the people, under the old heathenism of Greece and Rome, was happier than it is now. It has only given its sanction to the double tyranny of priests and kings, who have ground down all the rest of mankind under a yoke of iron. It has flattered their hopes, only to deceive, and mocking them with the hope of a future life; it has translated them from an Egypt, of worldly abundance and present physical comfort, into a wilderness of want, misery, and woe."

It is this wicked inversion of all the true lessons of Providence, this sullen determination of men to clear themselves at every cost, and to charge all their miseries on their priests, their governors, or even on God himself, rather than trace it to its true source, which forms the master-key to the political theories and infidel philosophies of our own day. It is the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and their gainsaying of God's own ordinances, revived on a wider scale, with mightier intellectual power, and in a more aggravated form. The first main outburst of this evil spirit was in the times of the last revolution. It was then suffered to display its true features, and after it had filled France with terror and bloodshed, and covered all Europe with carnage, it was overthrown by a judgment hardly less miraculous, than when the earth opened to receive the company of Korah. The mightiest host which the world had perhaps ever witnessed, the children and champions of a revolution, which had flung out its bold defiance against all priests and kings, and even God himself, were

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buried, in one brief campaign, deep beneath the snows of the north. A more signal example of the Divine Nemesis on triumphant iniquity, has seldom been witnessed since the creation of the world. The impression could not fail to be deep, but, alas! it was transitory, for the deeper instincts of man's lawless and self-willed spirit were speedily at work, to blot out the memory of the judgment from the careless, and to reverse and destroy its true lesson in more thoughtful minds. The morrow has now come, and there is murmuring once more rife, north and south, east and west, among the Christian nations. Once again the loud cry is heard. The revolution was a glorious effort to achieve human liberty; it failed, through the murderous coalition of priests and tyrants, to repress its noble yearnings after universal freedom. "Ye have killed the people of the Lord." Our Voltaires and Rousseaus, our Mirabeaus and Dantons, our Robespierres and Napoleons, were the true champions of humanity, the right interpreters of the social instincts and claims of Christianity. We will have no theocratic yoke—no kings reigning by the grace of God—no priestly interference with the perfect liberty of the popular will. All the evils under which the nations groan are from their governors, not from themselves. Enthrone the sovereign people, and shut out all reference to Christ from governments, as needless and perplexing, and a cure will be found for all the miseries of mankind. Such was the state of the congregation of old, when the fearful message was heard, of which the dim echo seems now to startle the wilful nations of Europe, as it comes with the tidings of a pestilence travelling onwards to the west—"There is wrath gone out from the Lord: the plague is begun."

T. R. B.

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THE HUMAN SYMPATHIES OF CHRIST.

YOUTH.

When we are fully conversant with the character and intentions of a speaker, his silence on certain subjects may be more significant than words. It is the same with the teaching of the Holy Scripture. If we studied more deeply its character and objects, we might learn much from the blanks in its histories, and the questions which it leaves unanswered. There are perhaps few readers of the New Testament, who have not remarked with some surprise, that nearly all the sacred relations relate to the three last years of our Lord's life, while the thirty that preceded them are left almost without a record. But a little consideration and examination will show the wisdom that has been exercised, both in what is related and in what is withheld. The three last years of our Saviour's life, were those in which he was particularly manifested as the Son of God. During that time he stood before the world (so to speak) in his public character of Messias, the Saviour of the world. Every event during those three years characterized him in this capacity, and every step he took was attended by miracles which attested his divine mission. Of all this we needed to be told, for no other page in the world's history could give us the information; and it was of infinite importance for us to know what was the gospel that Jesus preached, and what the

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proofs and declarations of his power and willingness to save. The case is very different with the thirty private years of our Lord's life on earth. They also were of infinite importance. They constituted (as it were) the underground foundation on which was raised the glorious superstructure of our Saviour's public work. But there was no reason, why that foundation should be exposed to the gaze of any save the great Master Builder. The work of Christ during this season had no direct bearing upon the world. He was engaged in "fulfilling all righteousness" (Matt. iii. 15) for the Father's eye alone. His work was then to approve himself as a Son in whom God could be well pleased, and to keep the whole law, moral and ceremonial, so completely as to be free from all its penalties, and entitled to all its rewards. The Lamb of God must live awhile among the flock, till it is plainly seen to be the unblemished one, and fit to be brought before "the great congregation," and offered on the altar of God as an acceptable sacrifice. Lev. i. 10; xvii. 4. John i. 29. The Son of Man must live through infancy, youth, and many years of maturity, exposed to all the daily and hourly temptations which other men experience, to prove his holiness and harmlessness by the same tests which show their guilt. It is not by a few great deeds or great trials that we can form a just estimate of a man's character, but by the tenour of his life, and his habitual course of action and conversation. Jesus was to be proved perfect by a life-time's trial. We need no particular account of that thirty years' trial, for we all know what human life is. Its hopes and fears, joys and suffering, duties and necessities, are essentially the same in all ages and countries. The aspect of society may change, but those things which

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most affect the heart and conscience remain unalterable. The family and social relationships, individual sympathies and anticipations, the contrasts, appetites, and affections, and the knowledge of good and evil,—these are in all times the materials of which man's life is made. The figures of the kaleidescope may change, but its parts and colours are the same.

In reading the histories of bygone days, it is curious and instructive to observe how much we have in common with our fellow men of those early times, and how little our sympathies are estranged from them by the lapse of thousands of years. A modern poet has said—'For we have all of us one human heart;'* and long ago the Psalmist-king declared, "The Lord looketh down from heaven; he beholdeth *all* the children of men.... *He fashioneth their hearts alike.*" Psalm xxxiii. 13, 15. We are therefore better able than might at first sight be supposed, to draw from our own experience of life an idea of what it must have been to the Son of Man. "He was tempted in all points like as we are." In one circumstance only did his everyday life differ from ours. That circumstance was of infinite importance, and therefore of it we are expressly told. It was that though "tempted in all points like as we are," he was "yet without sin." Let us pause for a moment, and look back upon our own lives. Let us see what a tissue they present of successful temptations—sins of thought, and word, and deed. Let us call to mind how strong temptation was when we struggled against it the hardest. Let us remember the treachery of our own hearts at this present moment; and then perhaps we may, in some slight degree, perceive the width of the contrast expressed in those three words—"yet without sin."

* Wordsworth.

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This much premised, let us turn to the Sacred Biographies of our Lord, and notice each particular there recorded. The skilful limner draws a perfect figure with a few bold touches. The outline is such that each beholder naturally and correctly fills up the rest with his mind's eye. Such a sketch, inspired history gives of our Lord's early life. May our humble endeavours to fill up the picture be in accordance with "the mind of Christ," (1 Cor. ii. 16), and, by his blessing, aid in transforming us "into the same image." 2 Cor. iii. 18.

No circumstances can be imagined more unfavourable to early piety than those in which the child Jesus was placed. His first dwelling-place was in Egypt, among a people famous for the grossness of their idolatry and their general depravity. The principal part of his life was spent in Galilee, a province which, being the farthest from Jerusalem, had the smallest religious advantages of any in Palestine. In the days of the kings of Israel it was sunk in idolatry. In our Lord's time it lay between the heathen nations of the north and the land of the Samaritans, whose religion was a sort of spurious Judaism, full of error and presumption. Nazareth, where Jesus dwelt, was a town on which all these influences had had their full effect. It had become a proverb, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" John i. 46, 47—52. And it is a striking fact, that, as if to show to the latest generations the depth of our Saviour's humiliation, Nazareth exists to the present day precisely as it was then—a poor, dirty, wretched village, with a low, vicious population, and swarms of half-savage children crowding its miserable streets.

Such were the associations of our Saviour's early life! Let those who are passing their youth among disadvantages and discouragements, who know how

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hard it is to go against the stream, and live godly in the world in spite of evil examples and evil companionship, remember that Jesus of Nazareth has gone through all this before them, and look for comfort and support to Him who by experience knows how much they need them.

At the same time let them beware of lowering their standard of excellence because of difficulties in their way, since they profess to follow Him, who, under circumstances the most adverse possible, grew in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man. Luke ii. 52.

The only occasion, during his youth, on which our Lord emerged from the deep obscurity of private life, was, when at the tender age of twelve years "he tarried behind in Jerusalem," and was found by his parents in the temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. This incident is like the sudden opening in a summer-cloud, when the bright lightnings, hidden there, are disclosed for a moment, and then quickly wrapped again in darkness. It seems to have been intended as gently to remind the human parents of Christ what his divine character and mission were—perhaps as a reproof to them for having forgotten these, in the course of his humble, undistinguished life. Had they known him as they ought, they would surely not have sought for him for three days in Jerusalem, before they looked for him in the temple—his Heavenly Father's house. Neither would they have been amazed to find him there engaged as he was; nor would his mother have met him with the reproach, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." The reply might justly have been, Ye should not have

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sought me; ye should have known that I must be about my Father's business. But with Jesus the just rebuke was softened into an inquiry, just sufficient, without wounding them, to lead them to question their own conduct.* A beautiful example of the course afterwards recommended to one of his younger followers: "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father." 1 Tim. vi. 1. To me this solitary anecdote of the child Jesus gives a wonderful insight into the character of his mind. Brought, at the accustomed age, for the first time to worship at Jerusalem, his affections found their home at once in the temple of God. The world spread its attractions in the city around him. There were the Herodian and Roman palaces, Roman armies with all their pomp, and the crowded market-places, where the long-robed rulers walked, to receive greetings from the multitude. But it was about the holy place that his young feet lingered. It was in hearing and asking questions of the teachers of the divine law that he passed three days unweariedly, while all the company of his kinsfolk and acquaintance were travelling towards their homes. His understanding and answers showed indeed that he was strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and that the grace of God was upon him. Luke ii. 40. All that heard him were astonished. Might we not imagine a bystander exclaiming, "With such intense interest in heavenly things, and such zeal for the service of God, with a mind so fitted already to enter on the loftiest career, it were a cruel destiny for that child to be torn away from the scenes and occu-

* This gentle, yet powerful mode of rebuke, seems to have been not unusual with our blessed Lord afterwards. See Matt. xiv. 31; xvi. 8; xx. 22. John xiv. 9, 10. Might it not often be advantageously adopted by us when faithfulness requires that reproof should be given, and tenderness or respect forbid the harsher forms of censure.

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pations which he loves, to spend his days in working as a common artisan, in the midst of an ignorant and godless population!" Such a bystander would not know that that child was even then willing to take up his cross daily, though the sacrifice required of him infinitely surpassed conception. It was without a murmur that he went down with his parents, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them. Luke ii. 51. Most of the Psalms were written to express the mind of a greater than David; and our Lord's constant reference to them shows how he was in the habit of applying them to himself. It is interesting to read the xlii. xliii. and lxxxiv. Psalms, with the thought that they *must* have recurred to his mind on the occasion of this and other short visits to his Father's house. How painfully forcible he must have felt the first three and the tenth verses of Ps. lxxxiv., as he caught the last gleam of the temple's golden roof from the mountains of the north, while the company of Nazarenes were hurrying homewards, and Jesus returned with them to his dwelling among the people who "sat in darkness and in the region and shadow of death." Matt. iv. 15, 16. There are some who have to look forward to that path in life, which seems the one of all others most repulsive to their feelings, or least conducive to their best interests. Let these look to their Saviour's opening life, and learn to run with patience the race set before them, looking unto Jesus. Heb. xii. 12. There are times when a Christian is called by duty to relinquish his dearest spiritual privileges, or the sweetest communion of saints. It is best with his soul when such trials are most keenly felt. They make the world look more cold and dreary than ever; and there are few who can sufficiently enter into such feelings, to relieve

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them by sympathy. Let the Christian then remember, that his Saviour has known by experience what this kind of trial is, and rejoice that he who knows how hard it is to bear, is the same who can himself more than supply the place of all which has been relinquished.

The reply of Jesus to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" simple as it appears to us, was not comprehended by them! "They understood not the saying which he spake unto them." They were good people, but it seems clear, from the indications given in Scripture, that they were not sufficiently enlightened to enter into the mind of Christ, or to afford him the aid and comfort for which his human heart must have longed. "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." (Luke ii. 19, 51.) But she appears, like the rest of the disciples, to have understood little of the character of our Lord's mission, until the coming of "the Spirit of Truth" to "guide them into all truth." (John xvi. 12, 13. Acts i. 14; ii.) Our Lord's reply to his mother (again in the form of a question) at the marriage in Cana, shews that there was some incorrect impression on her mind with regard to him; and it seems probable that she was among the friends who, from mistaken kindness, would have withdrawn him from the labours and dangers of his divine work. (Mark iii. 20, 21, 31, 32.) The relations, who at that later period thought him "beside himself," and the brethren, who after all his miracles believed not, but taunted him for conduct which they could not understand, and urged him to return to a place where his life was in danger, (John vii. 1—7) were not likely in his earlier years to have afforded him much comfort. Jesus must therefore have grown

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up exposed to the opposition and contempt, not only of the godless population of Nazareth, but also of those of his own family who were of the world. At the same time, he must have felt the daily disappointment of not finding, even in the faithful ones, whom he loved best, that holy zeal, that quick response of spiritual feeling, which he longed to find in them. He had not only to bear the reproaches from the enemies of God, but also to resist the most insidious of all temptations, those which come in the form of affectionate persuasion from a beloved friend, and of advice and example from the true servants of God. Many a heart which knoweth its own bitterness from one or other of these trials, may find the joy with which a "stranger intermeddleth not," (Prov. xiv. 10) in the sympathy of Him who in all these things has been "made like unto his brethren." (Heb. ii. 17.) In the language of Psalm lxix. 7—20, and cii. 8, the sufferer may pour out his heart in the very words which served before as the expression of his Saviour's griefs.

We cannot conclude our meditations upon the early life of Christ, without allusion to one class of sorrows by which youth is often darkly overshadowed, but of which there is no special mention in this part of the sacred history. We are not told that Jesus in his younger days had to mourn the loss of any that he loved; but is it possible that any one with a heart to feel, can live for thirty years in this world of dying men, without having been a mourner? And how can we suppose the Son of Man (full as he was of tenderness and love) to have travelled far through this vale of tears unacquainted with this grief? It has been supposed that the husband of Mary died before the Lord entered on his ministry. That such was the case, can

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hardly be doubted, when we compare the constant mention of both parents in the earliest part of our Saviour's history (See Matt. ii. 22, 23; Luke ii. 22, 33, 41.) with the complete silence respecting Joseph afterwards. In the account of the marriage-feast (John ii. 1, 2, &c.) it is said the *mother* of Jesus was there—not the *parents*. And when we are told that he, and his mother, and his brethren, and his disciples, went down to Capernaum, there is no mention made of his reputed father. (John ii. 12.) Yet these were both family affairs in which he must have been associated had he been alive. Jesus must then have lost in early life one who stood to him in the near and dear relation of father upon earth, and one of the very few whom he could love and trust as a "just man." (Matt. i. 19.) The Lord Jesus saw all things in the light of heaven, and can never (as we often do,) have lost sight of the truth that death to the righteous is entrance into life; but the strongest faith regarding the bliss of the departed does not lessen to the survivor the pain of a heart's string broken, or make him insensible of the dreary blank which is left in the place the loved one filled. All this the human heart of Jesus must have felt. He who wept at the grave of his "friend Lazarus," when he was about to restore him to life, could not have looked unmoved into the grave, when no such miracle was to forbid the "dust to return to the dust as it was." Oh then, in the first dark hour of sorrow, when the spirit, all unused to suffering, sinks beneath some unexpected blow, let the mourner look for sympathy to Jesus, who has not on the throne of his glory forgotten the tears that he shed when here below. If earth is overshadowed, it is that heaven may appear more bright. Trials at the outset are blessings indeed, if they teach

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the Christian for the rest of the journey of life to tread more closely in his Master's steps, confiding in him as guide, support and comforter, for every step of the way, and "coming up from the wilderness leaning only upon the Beloved." Cant. viii. 5.

DALETH.

The trials of the tempted Christian are often sent for the use of others, and are made the riches of all around him.

God has called us to meet his best gift to man—his only-begotten Son—not in a splendid court, but in a manger!—in the wilderness—in Gethsemane!—before the high-priest, when they spat in his face, and buffeted him, and smote him!—at the cross!—and at the sepulchre! Thus it is that he corrects the pride and ambition of the human heart!

Perhaps it is a greater energy of Divine power, which keeps the Christian from day to day, from year to year—praying, hoping, running, believing—against all hindrances—which maintains him as a LIVING martyr,—than that which bears him up for an hour in sacrificing himself at the stake.—CECIL.

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THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.—No. IV.

The beautiful image which, in Scripture, represents the Church of Christ, also represents every Christian nation. It is one body. It has many members, having diverse offices, some more, some less honourable, yet all needful for the welfare of the body; so that the toiling hand, the travelling foot, can no more be dispensed with, than the seeing eye or the all-devising brain. The beauty of the body is the result of the perfection of every member, and is greatly disfigured by deformity in any one. If one member be diseased and useless, it may be needful for the health of the whole body to amputate the diseased limb; but the body has suffered loss: it is no longer a perfect body. Even heathens could trace this obvious analogy, as the celebrated Roman fable proves to us; yet, in a Christian nation, it seems in great danger of being forgotten. An attentive observer, deducing his principles merely from the view presented to him in the selfish circles of worldly society, might easily set it down as a law, that the many were created to toil, for what it was the sole business of the few to enjoy. In other words, that the best part of the life of the body was destined for the nourishment of useless members. It is not thus: the rich have their duties to society as well as the poor. If the poor man neglects his duties and refuses to labour, we all know universal famine and destruction would follow, in which poor and rich would be alike involved.

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If the rich neglects his duties, and, instead of being the guide, the patron, the teacher of the poor, is only the selfish consumer of the fruits of his toil, a famine will ensue, a famine of that which it was the rich man's special province to supply, the humanizing influences of mental culture, the gentle charities of life, the pure light of the Gospel of Christ. This famine may not immediately spread its devastating influences over the palaces of the rich; they are the last to suffer even in a natural famine, but it is sure finally to reach them. Society becomes more and more brutalized, the neglected poor, hardened by misery, exposed to constant temptation, lose all remains of morality and religion. A society so corrupt must, in its own nature, be self-destructive; and, if it does not fall a prey to foreign invasion, by which more healthful elements shall be introduced from without, domestic revolution will burst forth; all classes will be involved in the horrors of anarchy and civil war, until the nation, purified in this fearful furnace, has been taught to return to the law of its God.

The rich are God's stewards in society. We know that, in different human families, different regulations are in force. In some, all the servants depend more immediately on the Master for the supply of their bodily wants, and for moral training; in others, the inferior servants are placed wholly under the care of the steward, and in proportion to his powers is the responsibility which rests upon him. If any servant be destitute in a household abundantly supplied with necessaries, the steward can only justify himself by proving that the destitution of the servant arose from his own transgression of the laws of the household. Though England be politically the most free of all countries, yet socially, the dependence of the poor on the rich is

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very great, for the rich are the stewards on whom the poor depend for sustenance; that is, for the labour by which that sustenance must be earned. The poor man has seldom any land that he can call his own. If he be an agricultural labourer, he can only live when employed on the lands of others. The vast power of machines has annihilated most domestic manufactures; the mechanic can live only when employed in his master's factory. This dependence places a most awful responsibility in the hands of the rich. By the rich, we mean, not merely the aristocracy of the land, but all who are raised so far above the poor as to hold their destiny in their hands. To prove how the moral and spiritual, as well as temporal condition of the poor, depend on the character of the connection between them and their richer neighbours, let us consider in detail some of the effects of the neglect of the poor both in town and country.

Let us cast a glance at one of our great cities. See the condition of the poor there. Enter that miserable lane; it is itself a small city, for each room is tenanted by more than one family: twelve or sixteen human beings there sleep on straw in one small chamber. The air is pestilential; the loud oath and drunken song resound on every side. Now remember, it is the natural impulse of man to seek enjoyment; when the first cravings of hunger are satisfied, the next craving is for some form or other of excitement and pleasure. In what form is it to be met with in this horrid den! Domestic enjoyments?—the endearments of a father with his children?—it is mockery to name them. The pleasure of self-respect, the stimulus to strive to rise in the world, to add to family comforts—alas! how can a man respect himself in such circumstances. The purer, holier pleasures of religion—true they may penetrate

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the gloomiest recesses ; yet, it is not at the gates of hell that we may expect to meet bands of angels. No ; other pleasures will be sought for : the weary mechanic has not far to go to seek excitement, the gin-shop is close at hand ; his sons may find the adventurous pleasure, youth so delights in, amidst some neighbouring band of young marauders : his daughters ! draw a veil over their fate ; but, Christian mothers, if you shrink from the bold stare of one of those reckless women who prowl the midnight streets, then look at your own gentle modest girls ; fancy them one week exposed to the scenes in which the others have been brought up, and ask yourselves, whether these are not more objects of pity than horror. What has the wealth of that proud city done for this wretched lane ? It might have seemed natural, that the employers of these men should have provided at least a possibility of their obtaining decent homes ; but, alas ! the relation between master and mechanic is now simply that of work done and money paid. Grant, however, that it would not be just to throw the whole charge of providing for their welfare upon masters, who may often be sorely pressed to keep up with the overflowing stream of competition. Society at large benefits by their labours ; and, in this city, there is abundant wealth for their relief. True ; but like the priest and Levite in the parable, the wealthy too often pass by on the other side. This is only a narrow alley opening into the main street ; there is no need for their splendid carriages to roll through it. The few charitable persons often turn away from a mass of misery which it seems hopeless to relieve : or, if they be ladies, they are probably afraid to venture into such haunts of crime. The inhabitants are indeed free to attend the house of God ; the consolations of religion

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are open to them: but how can we expect the fruits of religion to grow in such a soil. God works by means; Lazarus was not raised, till the stone which could be lifted by human hands was removed from the door of his sepulchre: then the divine energy necessary to raise the dead was put forth. A stone lies at the mouth of that tomb of spiritual death, in which so many thousands in our great cities are enclosed; it is a stone which human neglect has placed there; and, till human energy and self-sacrifice have raised it, and placed the poor in a position in which there might be some hope of their hearing the Gospel, it is presumptuous to hope for large outpourings of the Spirit of life from on high.

An increased attention is awakened to this subject, but it is one of such vital importance to the very existence of our nation, that all who have a voice ought to raise it, to stir each other up to increased energy in attacking these strong holds of crime and wretchedness, and upholding those who have entered on the task of cleansing these Augean stables.

Now let us turn our eyes towards the country.—Green fields, the pure air of heaven, the bright blue sky, and the cheerful song of the lark, are a blessed contrast to the scenes we have just left: but we are now in a village where the rich have neglected their duty, there is a landlord who cares nothing for the poor, and a clergyman who thinks more of the fleece than the flock. There are no schools, the children are untaught, the services of the church are attended from the force of old habit so strong in the country, but the words of the preacher fall on drowsy ears, the last thing the hearers dream of, is coming to church to learn anything; to borrow an expression used by one of themselves, they fold their arms and think of nautin,

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(nothing). This, except the gossip of the village alehouse, is the only intellectual exercise of the week; what wonder that the ploughman becomes daily more like the horse that he drives, that both seem only animals created to eat, sleep, and work. Yet what noble powers are wasted in the one. How has the gold become dim, and the fine gold changed, when man, whose privilege it is to join the song of angels, becomes a companion of the beasts of the earth. How different might it have been, had the wealth of the rich man been partly expended in schools for the children of the poor, had suitable books been provided for their reading, had the services of the sanctuary been adapted to their capacity, and considered as a message from God to their souls. It was by a neglect of the duties of the rich that the poor became thus brutalized.

Possibly the ladies of that village hall have been admiring the beautiful lines of Grey:

> 'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

They little thought that even on their own domain the gem and the flower might both be wasting their beauty, that in their own village there might be noble natures, never awakened to a consciousness of their own power, flung away, because they have not had energy and self-sacrifice, to supply means of awakening those latent energies.

Far be it from us to infer that all the ills of society arise from the faults of the rich. There are other ills grievous in their nature, destructive in their tendency, which have attacked the inferior members of the body corporate; the hand and foot as well as the head are dis-

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eased, but injury to the head is most vital to the whole system, and requires most immediate attention. In writing for the poor we would warn them against drunkenness, improvidence, ingratitude, insubordination; but the Christian Lady's Magazine circulates chiefly amongst the upper classes, and in its pages it is to them we are called to speak. To Christian ladies we would desire to repeat the words of the Apostle, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." Those whose only object in life is enjoyment, who imagine that they came into the world merely to receive and return visits, indulge in luxuries, read romances, amuse themselves at the piano or the painting-table; those, in short, who, if they were removed by death, would be missed only from the impulse of natural affection, have no acknowledged place in society as God made it: they exist only on sufferance, yes, His sufferance, who bears long with the unfruitful fig-tree. But even divine long-suffering has an end, the cumberer of the ground must at last be cut down, and if whole classes of society be found to come under this character, they are only sealing their own destruction.

Dear young friends, it is to you especially we address these remarks. O rouse yourselves to the blessedness of leading a useful life. You cannot, and should not go beyond the boundary which parental care has fixed for your exertions, but within that boundary are you doing all that you can? Who is the better for your existence? What poor fellow-creature do you encourage in the paths of virtue? Does even your own maid hear a word from you for which she may have reason to bless God? How are you using your influence, strong at home in proportion as you are dutiful and affectionate, on the side of consideration for the

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poor. Life is young to you, your hearts are not hardened by ingratitude or steeled by the frequent awakening of suspicion, and though this should make you humble and docile to the opinion of those who have more experience, an occasional repulse should not discourage you from being the advocates of the friendless, who cannot speak for themselves. Give force to your advocacy, not by a great readiness to give away your parents' money,—to you a small effort,—but by showing yourselves ready to meet any plans of economy which may be needful to carry out schemes of benevolence; by manifesting that ripeness of character which shall justify their employing you in works of love, or listening to your representations when you plead for the miserable. You have glowed with exultation as you traced the path of victory trodden by England's heroes; you glory in the names of Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington, but remember this glorious England, 'this precious gem set in the silver sea,' may fall a prey to other enemies than those against which her wooden walls could defend her. When Sodom fell, it was not before an invading host, it was because there was found in her, pride, fulness of bread, and *abundance of idleness*, and these called down the vengeance of heaven. If you love your country, let there not be found amongst your luxurious homes, this threefold bane. England's worst enemies are her neglected, demoralised poor; England's best hope would be an energetic determination on the part of the rich, by God's help, to repair the evils of the past. In this effort you are called on to take a part, you are not responsible for the neglect of others, but you will be for your own. The present is the time of conflict, and the soldiers of the cross as they look on

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the battle-field and view the might of the enemy, his formidable entrenchments, his innumerable hosts, might well despair, but each soldier has nothing to do but to maintain his own post; the responsibility of victory or defeat rests with his commander, and our commander is one who has never been defeated. He is coming again to put all his enemies to flight, and blessed are those soldiers who shall then be found fighting on the Lord's side.

The Christian cannot turn his thoughts to social subjects, and contemplate the disorders of society, the apparent hopelessness of their removal, the overwhelming tide of wickedness mocking every attempt to restrain it, without dwelling on the cheering hope of his Master's speedy return, to set up a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy. His dreams of social happiness are no vain Utopia, but a faint anticipation of the blessedness of that day, when oppression will for ever cease, when the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.. The thought of that day does not discourage his efforts to struggle with present evils, for he knows that He who has decreed the final victory of truth and righteousness, has also appointed the long conflict. His great desire is now to be found amongst those who overcome, that when the Lord returns he may sit with him on his throne, even as he overcame, and is set down with his Father on his throne.

E. S.

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER VII.

A large mansion near S——, called Collingsby, was occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Orpwood, with two sweet little girls. They lived in the greatest retirement, and never either gave or accepted dinner or evening invitations. When any members of the neighbouring families called, they were received with ease and courtesy, and their visits duly returned; but intimacy was established with none. It happened that a sister of Mr. Orpwood had been a school-friend of Miss Fenton's. She was a woman of lovely Christian character, and during her occasional visits at her brother's house, she gladly embraced every opportunity of enjoying the society of her friend. But, of her brother's family, Miss Orpwood rarely spoke, though she evidently entertained the deepest affection for him; and the children she tenderly loved. Miss Fenton was, of course, a favourite with the latter; but they were seldom permitted to visit Rosedale. Much curiosity was at first excited in the neighbourhood at the unusual seclusion maintained by this family, who had only resided there two or three years. It was asserted that Mr. Orpwood was a domestic tyrant, and kept his wife in great awe of him. Her heart seemed ever open to a tale of woe, and her tears flowed at every recital of distress. They both contri-

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buted liberally to all the local charities, and judiciously assisted their poorer tenantry; but a kind of mystery hung over them, which Miss Fenton neither cared nor endeavoured to fathom. She always carefully abstained from asking the children any questions about home; but from their lively prattle she gathered, that they doted on their father.

The day after Mrs. Faber's visit, Miss Fenton received a note from Mr. Orpwood, requesting her to come to Collingsby, as he had to entreat her advice and assistance; and insisting on sending a carriage to fetch her at any hour she might name. On her arrival she was shown into the library, where Mr. Orpwood was walking about in a state of great excitement. He placed a chair for her, and thanked her warmly for coming to him, and then paced up and down the room again, as if he knew not how to open the subject on which he wished to speak. At length, he stopped directly before her, and said—

'Have you heard any reports of my family?'

Miss Fenton was a little puzzled how to reply, and then said, 'I have occasionally heard observations made on the seclusion in which you live, but as it was no affair of mine, I never encouraged the repetition of any conjectures as to the cause.'

'Thank you for speaking the truth. Now I can talk to you. I am a miserable man. Yes; with all this wealth about me, with every luxury my heart could desire, with two darling children, I am a miserable man.'

Miss Fenton could only look sorry for him.

Mr. Orpwood continued: 'Miss Fenton, when I married my wife, I thought her an angel. No one could have adored a woman more than I did. She seemed to

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me perfect. My sweet sister was nothing to her. Conceive then my feelings, when I found out that she was a —— drunkard.'

Miss Fenton started.

'You may well start. Oh! would I had died before I was so disgraced! I have seen her, my very household servants have seen her, in such a state of intoxication, that she could not walk up stairs; and I have had to carry up and lay on my bed a senseless carcase, —one who had robbed herself of all power and all consciousness. It did not reach this pitch of disgustingness at once. I had for some years perceived a strangeness, and something like levity about her manner at times, but my love blinded me, and my little Mary was four years old, before the dreadful truth was discovered to me, that she concealed spirits in her bedroom, and drank them to excess. At first I tried to forgive her. I reasoned and expostulated. She wept, and prayed, and promised amendment. Oh! the lies that woman has told! I watched her night and day, that she might never procure the means of gratifying her vile propensity, and you would scarcely believe the deceits she practised to gain the abominable thing she craved. Servant after servant she gained over. She robbed my pockets whilst I slept, and in spite of watching and care, again and again she fell. Sometimes for months she would abstain altogether, and I began to dream I might have a glimmer of happiness again; but then the desire seemed to come back like a flood, and for days she would be in a constant state of intoxication. I have borne with her long, and will bear no longer; for she has now begun to make my children liars. I have ordered that they shall never know the taste of wine. She gave little Mary some sweet wine, and then

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desired her not to tell me. I asked the child what she had been drinking, and she replied with a blush which raised my suspicions, 'Only water, papa.' So now my mind is made up. I send Mrs. Orpwood to the care of a medical man at Shuttleworth. She shall have food and clothing, and any comforts that money can purchase, but I will never see her again; and she shall not have her children to ruin. My dear sister is ordered to the South of France, and I shall take my girls there for the winter. I wished to ask you whether you thought Miss Vaughan would be willing to undertake their education. I know she is seeking a situation as governess, and that she is an excellent and superior young woman. Her father was the greatest comfort to me. You are well acquainted with my sister, and know that she would consider Miss Vaughan's comfort in any way. What do you say?'

'That I doubt not Lucy will gladly avail herself of your offer, and that had I children of my own, I could not desire better for them than to be under her care.'

'Thank you, Miss Fenton; you have answered me plainly and truly. May I beg you to arrange matters with her speedily. Whatever you think right as to salary, only remember on the most liberal terms; for her father was my friend. Tell her my circumstances, but no one else. No person here need know of this separation. I would spare my wife's character, perhaps for my own sake, as much as hers. I fear I must hasten Miss Vaughan's movements. I leave Collingsby in ten days.'

Here the door burst open, and little Mary, her face all blotched and red with crying, flew up to her father, and seizing his hand, exclaimed in an imploring voice, 'Dear, dear papa, do forgive me. I will never, never

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tell a lie again, only do, do look at me and kiss me, dear, dear papa.'

Mr. Orpwood was evidently affected, but turned away his face, and withdrew his hand from the weeping child.

'Miss Fenton, dear aunt Caroline, do beg for me, I can't bear it, indeed I can't;' and she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

Mr. Orpwood rose, and walked into the adjoining room. Miss Fenton drew the sobbing child to her; and when little Mary saw her kind eyes full of tears, she said, 'You are sorry for me, I know; won't you beg for me?'

'Mary,' said Miss Fenton, very softly and solemnly, 'what have you done?'

'I told a story: I said I had only drank water, when mamma gave me a little wine. Mamma told me not to tell papa, but she did not tell me to tell a lie.'

'Who have you offended, besides your dear Father, by telling a lie?'

'The great God! Oh, aunt! I have thought of Ananias and Sapphira, till I was so frightened last night, that I was obliged to get up and creep into nurse's bed!'

'Have you asked the great God to forgive you, Mary?'

'Oh, do you think he will! I am too frightened to ask Him?'

'Dear little girl, you have sometimes talked to me about Jesus Christ—who is Jesus Christ?'

'God's own son.'

'What did he do for you?'

'He died for me, and gave His blood to wash away my sins.'

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'Will God hear the Lord Jesus Christ!'

'Oh, yes, dear Miss Fenton. Then, I see, I must ask God to forgive me for Jesus' sake, and then He will. Let me ask now,' and she knelt down by Miss Fenton's knee, and joining her little hands, said, solemnly, 'Oh, great God, forgive my sin, for Jesus Christ's sake, and make me always speak the truth for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.'

She got up, and said, 'How good God is to let me pray to him when I have been so naughty.'

'Indeed He is, dear Mary; and He will hear your prayer for Jesus Christ's sake.'

At this moment Mr. Orpwood appeared at the door. He walked up to Mary, took her on his knee, and kissed her, and said, 'I forgive you, my child; and may God forgive you too. I shall not take away your punishment, but you may come here and kiss me every night and morning, till the time of your banishment to the nursery is over.'

'Thank you, thank you, dear papa. I did not wish not to be punished. I wish to remember yesterday always: and now you have been so very kind as to forgive me, I shall be ten times more sorry. I will go back to the nursery directly: good bye, dear Miss Fenton.'

As Mr. Orpwood took Miss Fenton to the carriage, he said, 'I heard all that passed between you and Mary. Thank you for teaching me that I ought to be as willing to forgive my erring child, as her heavenly Father is.'

Miss Fenton ventured to say to him in a low voice, 'Is there not another whom you could forgive?'

He started and said, 'No: her offences have been too aggravated—that is impossible.'

The presence of servants prevented more. Miss Fen-

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ton sank back in the carriage, exhausted with the excitement of the morning. Her heart was lifted up with gratitude to that gracious God, who is so ready to forgive the most numerous and aggravated offences for His dear Son's sake ; and she silently prayed for each member of Mr. Orpwood's family, and then for her beloved Lucy, that she might be a blessing to the dear children who would so shortly be placed under her care. The idea of losing her was very afflicting, but she felt grateful that such a situation had opened for the homeless orphan ; and knew that from Miss Orpwood, she would receive the most unvarying kindness and attention, and be soon valued and loved by her as she deserved.

(*To be continued.*)

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CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. XVII.

ARPHAXAD.—I.

THE Patriarch Arphaxad was the third son of Shem, born two years after the flood. According to the Septuagint, he became the father of Cainan in the 135th year of his age. This Cainan is omitted in the lists of Patriarchs given in the Pentateuch, but we find him entered in his right place in the generation of our Lord given by St. Luke, chap. iii. 36. How his name came to be left out in Genesis we cannot understand, since, for nearly three centuries after Christ, Cainan was admitted into the list of Patriarchs, and certainly the ten generations from Noah to Abraham, mentioned by Berosus and Eupolemus cannot be made out, except by his introduction. Without entering deeply into the matter, we feel bound to assent to the remark made by Dr. Adam Clarke, that 'whatever the New Testament writers have quoted from the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, they have *certainly legitimated* by such quotation;'—and on this ground we must continue to insert Cainan in the list of the early Patriarchs. The only one of Cainan's children mentioned in Scripture is Salah the father of Eber, in whose direct line the promised seed of the woman was to appear; with a view to this glorious distinction Shem is called the father of all the children of Eber. Eber is very famous in Ara-

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bian tradition under the name of Houd. He is said to have been sent by God to reclaim the tribe of Ad from idolatry, and that failing in his efforts the tribe was destroyed, and only Houd and the few whom he had converted, were left alive. Eber had two sons, the name of the one was Peleg, whom for the present we shall leave, the name of the other was Joktan. The children of Joktan are expressly said by Moses to have "their dwelling from Mesha as thou goest unto Sepher, a mount of the East." Josephus adds, "these inhabited from Cophen, an Indian river, and in part of Asia adjoining to it." Whether any part of Joktan's family settled in India seems very problematical, but we have traces of every one of his sons in the Arabian Peninsula. The tribe of Kahtan (or Joktan) says Bochart, is famed in the most remote antiquity; when Arabian history, for the greater part, is covered with complete darkness. In conformity with this view Bochart has identified Sephar with the Djebal, or hill country of Yemen in the South Western extremity of Arabia; and Forster in his Historical Geography of Arabia fixes upon the mount Zames of the Greeks, or the present mountains of Ned-jd, as Mesha their North Eastern boundary. Joktan had thirteen sons, all of whom spread themselves through the fertile districts of Yemen, and the Southern shores of Arabia, driving, we may suppose, in their southward course, the Cushite tribes to the other side of the Red Sea.

Almodad was the eldest son of Joktan. Bochart seems to have correctly traced his family in the Almodœi, a central people of Arabia Felix, noticed by Ptolemy —this tribe seems to have been early blended with the children of Jerah, another brother; for in the tables of genealogy belonging to the Ante-Mahometan Arabs,

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Ishmael is said to have married a daughter of Modad the Jorhamite.

The children of *Sheleph*, the second son, are to be clearly traced in the Selapeni of Ptolemy or Beni Sheleph, a tribe lying due West of Mount Zames in the desert between Kasym and Medina. They are the Meteyr or Enmetyr Arabs of the present day, described by Bochart as amongst the most warlike of the Bedouin tribes.

Hazarmaveth. The wealthy and warlike people who descended from this son of Joktan, were seated along the Southern Coast of the Arabian Peninsula, in a province which has immemorially borne, and which preserves unaltered to this day, their national patronymic as given to us by Moses. Hadramaut in Arabic is literally the same as Hazarmaveth in Hebrew, differing only in pronunciation owing to the diacritic points. Hadramaut was the famous incense-country of the ancients, and its situation and numerous ports along the coast of the Arabian sea, place at its command the rich resources of Africa and India, and its inhabitants continue in our day, as in the time of Pliny, the chief conductors of the remaining intercourse between Arabia and Hindostan.

Jerah, the fourth son of Joktan is universally known in Arabia by the title of Abu Yemen, or Father of Yemen or Arabia Felix. His capital city was Mecca, and distinct traces of his descendants are left to us in the neighbourhood of that celebrated city. The name of Jerah was known in the days of Mahomet as that of a people or province, for we find that one of the companions of Caliph Omar was known as "the Jerahite."

Hadoram settled in Oman. The long and low headland which terminates the Peninsular triangle at its

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southern extremity is called Ras al Had, a mode of abbreviation familiar to the Arabs, and the deep bay or inlet in the Persian Gulph which this headland shelters, is still called by the natives the Bay of Doram or Djoram, according to the soft vernacular of the Bedouins.

Uzal or Ozal. It is generally admitted (says Forster) that this was the primitive designation of the city now called Saana, and most probably therefore of the country surrounding it. The fact of this nomenclature is sufficiently vouched, by the circumstance mentioned by Bochart and others, "that among the Jews settled from time immemorial at Sanaa, it is known at the present day only by the name of Uzal." The neighbourhood of Uzal was famous for incense, and Bochart reads Ezek. xxvii. 19 thus :—"Dan also and Javan *from Uzal* occupied in thy fairs, bright iron, cassia and calamus, were in thy market"—thus making Javan not Greek, but Arabian merchants of spices.

Diklah. This Patriarch has left but small memorial behind him, unless the Dulkhelaitæ situated in Yemen be his descendants.

Obal. On the African coast immediately across the straits of Bal-El-Mandeb, we meet in Plotemy with the tribe of Avalitæ. These people are called by Pliny Abalitæ, and are supposed by modern Geographers to be the posterity of Obal.

Abimael. This name denotes simply "the father of Mael" who was probably in his day the more illustrious of the two. The Mali or modern Malai were located in the neighbourhood of Medina, and possessed, according to Theophrastus, one of the four spice districts of Arabia.

Sheba. There were three Arabian Patriarchs men-

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tioned by Moses, who bore the name of Sheba—namely, the son of Raamah, a son of Abraham by Keturah, and this son of Joktan. This identity of name has created great confusion in ancient geography. It is possible that the descendants of the Joktanite Sheba, having displaced the truant Cushites, and compelled them to retire to their African homes, may have taken the name previously belonging to the country. It seems certain that the Sabeans of Yemen were Joktanites, and that their capital city, called by the Arabs, indifferently, Mareb or Saba, was seated in the centre of a circular valley at the foot of the Nikkum or Lokkum mountains, the ruins of it still remain. Mr. Cruttenden informs us that Mareb is in fact the building quarry of Sanaa, and he found in the latter town inscriptions on marble and sculpture brought from the ancient city.

Ophir. Ofor or Ofer is the name of a city on the eastern side of the mountains of Oman, near the source of the river Oman. It was still celebrated in the time of the elder Pliny, for its traffic in native gold. For this place it was that Solomon fitted out his fleet, and not for any port in India or Ceylon, as some writers have imagined; and we cannot but think Mr. Forster's theory a very probable one, that it was by means of this expedition that the Queen of Sheba, or of the South, first heard the fame of the king of Israel's wisdom and magnificence. The name of this Joktanite patriarch, and of the gold country which retained it, is a curious instance of the flexibility of Arabic names; for Ophir can be traced through at least eight varieties of form. Thus, in Jer. x. 9. and Dan. x. 5. it is written Uphaz; in Cant. v. 11. Paz; LXX. Kephaz; in 2 Chron. iii. 6, Parvaim; by Eupolemus, Orphe; by Ptolemy, Appa; by Niebuhr, Efi; and by Sale and others, Ofor.

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Havilah was the name, as we have seen, of that son of Cush who settled at the head of the Persian Gulf; there are, however, numerous traces of a Haulan and a Chaulan, both the same names, among the Joktanite settlements in Yemen.

The youngest of the sons of Joktan was Jobab, whose descendants Bochart has placed among the Jobanitæ of the southern part of Arabia. The chief and deep interest, however, which is connected with this patriarch, whose name otherwise would be scarcely known, arises from the probability that he was indeed the patient man of Uz, whose deeply interesting story was probably the earliest portion of Scripture composed by Moses. The reasons for believing Jobab and Job to be identical, are largely entered into by Smith, in his 'Annals of the Patriarchal Age.' A very brief summary of them is all that can be given here: 1st. The duration of human life had very considerably diminished before the days of Abraham. He, at one hundred years of age, considered himself a very old man, while Sarah, at the age of ninety, was considered "well stricken in years." See Genesis xvii. 17. But Job lived one hundred and forty years after his trials; and as he had sons and daughters grown up and established in life (chap. i. 15) before his afflictions began, his age, at the lowest computation, must have extended to two hundred years; while, if we take the Septuagint numbers, it would have been double that period. The shortest period would, however, place Job between the days of Peleg and those of Abraham; for Peleg and his son lived 239 years each. 2nd. Astronomical research has proved to us that Chima and Chesil, the stars mentioned in Job, chap. ix. 9, or Taurus and Scorpio, were the cardinal constellations of spring and autumn in 2338, the date

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which, from astronomical considerations, Dr. Hales has assigned to Job. This date, according to the Septuagint, falls in the middle of the life of Reu, who was contemporary with Jobab the son of Joktan. 3rd. The name Jobab and Job appear to have been the same. An appendix to the Septuagint version of the book, states, "this man is described in the Syriac book, as living in the land of Ausis, on the borders of Idumea and Arabia, and his name before was *Jobab*." 4th. Idolatry was quite common long before the time of Moses. Now if Job lived late, how is it likely that five such persons as he and his friends would have met at once, all believers in the one true God, Job himself asserting that *idolatry* was punishable by the law of the land? Chap. xxxi. 26, &c. 5th. The only idolatry noticed at all in the book of Job, is that earliest form of all, the worship of the heavenly bodies. Now, by the time of Terah, Abraham's father, image-worship was common even in the house of Shem, and Abraham was expressly called from out of his idolatrous kindred. 6th. Dr. Mason Good has dwelt largely on the situation of Uz or Ausitis; he fixes it in Stony Arabia, originally peopled by Uz the son of Aram, and afterwards taken possession of by Esau, and called Idumea. Thus in Lam. iv. 21, the daughter of Edom is said to dwell in the land of Uz. Thus we have ended the list of the sons of Joktan; which we fear will have proved but a dull one to the readers of the Magazine. What further remarks we may have to make on the future destinies of Arabia as alluded to in scripture, we must leave until we have considered the settlement of the other descendants of Shem who found a home in that Peninsula.

X. Y. Z.

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ARRICHION.

DURING the celebration of the Olympic games, Arrichion obliged his adversary to ask for quarter at the very moment he himself expired. Arrichion was crowned and proclaimed victor though dead.

'Tis mockery to bind that brow
With victory's proud wreath,
Oh, wherefore dim those shining leaves
With the cold dew of death?

Place not in that pale, nerveless hand
The triumph branch of palm,
Nor seek with loud applause to break
Sleep so profound, so calm.

Victor in death—Was it for this
With self-denying pain,
From pleasures in which ardent youth
Delights, thou didst refrain?

Was it for this that year by year
Unwearied thou didst strive?
Triumphant only in the hour
When thou hast ceased to live.

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Was it for *this*—Oh, vain reward,
Brave but unconscious dead,
What reck'st thou of the laurel crown
Placed proudly on thine head ?

Where is thy soul ?—There are who wave
The victor palm above,
But *they* strove only to excel
In faithfulness and love.

There are who wear the victor crown
Amid heaven's radiant host,
But not of earthly pomp or fame,
Could those redeemed ones boast.

Arrichion—heralds shout thy name
To an assembled throng,
And poets celebrate thy deeds
In words of lofty song.

But thou—what seek'st thou of a world
For ever left behind,
Canst thou on yon celestial shore
Congenial spirits find ?

They warred, but not with flesh and blood,
They conquered too in death,
But thou for earthly glory strove,
Their's was the fight of faith.

Victor in death—oh, can that name
Be meet for such as thee,
Hast thou not failed to win the prize
Of heaven's eternity ?

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Victor in death—alas, no voice
Told thee of that far goal,
To which the ebbing tide of life
Hath borne thy deathless soul.

None bid thee run a nobler race,
And win a nobler crown,
Than the Olympic's trodden course,
Olympic's vain renown.

Not yet in Athens' busy streets
The great Apostle trod,
Telling her listening citizens
Of the true living God.

Telling of One whose kingly brow
Was decked with many crowns,
Heaven in his gracious smile rejoiced,
Hell trembled at his frowns.

Yet laid He by his royal state
One other crown to gain,
And Maker, Ruler, King of all,
Spent years of want and pain.

Until at length—victor in death,
He took its sting away,
And rising from the conquered grave
Returned to endless day.

Wearing the mediatorial wreath
As Saviour of the lost,
Redeemer, Captain, Eldest-born,
Of an unnumbered host.

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Alas, Arrichion—mortal hands
  May twine a garland fair,
But only formed of fading flowers
  Meet for the dead to wear.

Celestial crowns—celestial palms,
  Are kept for them alone,
Who through a Saviour's might and power,
  Have hell and sin o'erthrown.

For them alone, who washed and cleansed
  In Jesus' precious blood,
Have conquered e'en amid the waves
  Of Jordan's surging flood.

Not *thy* reward, brave Greek, be ours,
  But *their's* who dwell on high,
Tuning the harps, robed with the light
  Of immortality.

J. T.

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TWO PICTURES OF LONDON.

'Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord;
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and Thy Word
Is, "Freely give;"
He only, who forgets to hoard,
Has learnt to live.'

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

'I long to see all the world employed in doing good to man.'—LIFE OF WILLIAM ALLEN.

A SUBJECT of the deepest interest was recently brought to my notice; and while perusing the affecting statements concerning it, set forth in a succession of eloquent and earnest speeches, my heart alternately burned and sunk within me, and the thought seemed ready to spring up in my mind, 'Can such a state of things really exist in the most enlightened age, and enlightened country in the world, and yet be so little known? Is it possible that a region of such awful darkness can border so closely on the precincts of light, and yet cast no shadow across the sunny landscape, to give token of its existence? Surely there are thousands of benevolent and Christian hearts in this great metropolis, from the small tradesman to the princely merchant; aye, and amidst the sons and daughters of rank and fashion also,—those who only see London in her holiday suit, and dream not of her concealed garments of rags and wretchedness,—who, if they could once know the depth of spiritual and phy-

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sical destitution existing so near their very homes, would eagerly press forward to assist in dispelling the worse than Egyptian darkness which enshrouds their unfortunate fellow-creatures, and would freely impart to them the light which shines so brightly in their own dwellings. 'Cannot *I* do something,' I mused, 'to bring this subject before them? Shall I wrap up the naked facts in a parable, or weave them with a fictitious tale? Nay; in *this* case, truth is sadder and stranger than any fiction, and needs but to be plainly set forth, to make its way to every feeling heart.' May God then guide my pen, so that it may be an effectual, though feeble instrument to this end; and may it incite many to seek for themselves and others that double blessing which descends on the givers and receivers of mercy! I would now bespeak the earnest attention of my readers, while I present to them two pictures of London.

It is a bright afternoon, towards the end of May. Let us walk down Regent-street, filled with its gay and busy crowds. Let us gaze on the magnificent shops which line each side; and admire the succession of brilliant equipages, which at this season are perpetually rolling over its broad thoroughfare. Let us pass on through St. James's-street, with its splendid club-houses, and try to reckon the numerous hotels which stretch their vast dimensions along the sides of the most frequented streets of the 'West End.' Wending our way through the Parks and Kensington Gardens, the stream of gay and brilliant beings seems ever increasing: on horseback, in fashionable vehicles of every description, or promenading through the green avenues. Business seems left behind in the smoke of the city, and pleasure alone appears to be the object of the bright throng.

Turning from this fair scene, and glancing rapidly as

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we pass, at the noble mansions, public buildings, royal palaces, and, last not least, at the venerable Abbey in our road, let us stand on the fine bridge which here spans the river. Let us gaze towards the east, on the crowd of vessels, which are continually arriving from afar, and bearing the rich productions of all quarters of the globe to this great mart. Observe them discharging their precious merchandize from the vast East and West Indian Docks, into the immense storehouses around, whence they are again distributed through the street-like shops of the city, and thence throughout England. Finally, let us visit in imagination that busy and exciting spot, where money is bought and sold in such stupendous sums, and conclude by a glimpse at that noble Exchange, where the merchant princes of the capital are wont to assemble, and where the grandest schemes of commercial speculation spring into birth, and are carried to perfection.

And now we have completed our rapid survey of this *first* picture of London, what shall we designate as the peculiar characteristics of this wonderful place? Surely *life* and *light* are the mighty principle of this busy scene. Active, ardent, energetic life; for *here* social, commercial, political, intellectual, nay, even *religious* life may be found flourishing, each as in its own congenial soil; warmed and invigorated by the mingled *light* of civilization and Christianity which shines around. Alas! that in this very hot-bed of life, the seeds of death should be so rapidly germinating! Alas! that shadows of such thick darkness should be even now impending over this bright scene! *Yet so it is;* and it is now time for us to look upon the *second* picture of London.

We must turn from the broad and handsome tho-

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roughfares through which we have been wandering, into one of the meaner streets which strike off from these 'great arteries,' (as they have well been called) thence we must thread the still narrower lanes which branch from them, till we reach some of those numerous close alleys, and gloomy *courts; (caves* would be a more appropriate name methinks for such holes). And now we must penetrate into the recesses of one of these dark spots; enter each dismal abode, and explore the several apartments, filled with human beings, who lie huddled together in a state of rags, filth, and wretchedness not to be described, and whose utter destitution, *physical, moral,* and *spiritual,* can scarcely be realized, excepting by those who have witnessed it. And are these indeed beings of the same nature as ourselves, and not as of the beasts that perish? Are we and they alike children of the same heavenly Father, "who hath made of one blood all the nations who dwell on the earth;" who wills not the misery of one of his creatures, but desires that all should be brought to the knowledge of His saving truth; who has straitly commanded us, as brethren, to "love one another;" and who has addressed to us all that touching enquiry, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, *how dwelleth the love of God in him;*" urging upon us the all-constraining motive for the highest efforts of self-denying love to others, that "*He so* loved us," as to give up His only-begotten Son to die for us!

I am aware that, to most of us, St. Peter's charitable excuse for the Jews may, in a great degree, be applied in this case;—"And now, brethren, I wot that *through ignorance* ye did it, (or rather, *we* may say, *left the duty undone;*) but *this* can no longer be urged; nor will

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there, I believe, be found one in this Christian land, who could find it in his heart to ask, in Cain's cruel and hardened spirit, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—Rather, since the life of the soul is so infinitely more precious than that of the body, and the death of the soul so inconceivably more dreadful than that of its fleshly companion, let us tremble, lest so awful a stain as that of our brethren's blood should fall on us; for verily, we should be guilty concerning them, should we, now we know the anguish of their souls, not hasten to pity and rescue them! And can *these* be *children!*—those bright little beings; so fresh, so full of mirth! those cheerers of our homes, who seem to shed sunshine around them from their own joyous natures within! Alas! in vain should we look for these characteristics of happy childhood, in the wretched little creatures who hover about these precincts of filth and misery; whose squalid forms bear evidence of their scanty and uncertain nourishment, and on whose pallid and gloomy countenances *care*, and too often *vice*, have prematurely set their mark.

The contemplation of a suffering and neglected childhood, must be ever a deeply painful object to every feeling heart; but when we reflect on the immortal souls connected with these frail bodies, *starved* and *stunted*, oh! how far more fearfully than they, for *lack of the bread of life;* who can but shudder at the prospect of that gulph of ruin to which they are inevitably hastening, if not arrested by pitying hands? Who can but feel impelled to cry out, 'What can we do to save them from this awful peril?' Blessed be God, an answer to this cry can be given! A *way* has been discovered! Christian piety and benevolence have devised a mode whereby these banished ones may be brought to share

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the rich blessings of a Father's home and love with their more favoured brethren. The experience of some years has now tested the efficacy of Ragged Schools for this glorious purpose. And for the parents of these poor little ones, and for those multitudes who have passed from their sad childhood into youth and middle age, untaught, except in the school of crime and ungodliness;—and for those unhappy aged beings, who are tottering on the brink of that grave for which they are so utterly unprepared—can nothing be done for these? Yes; with heartfelt thankfulness we are able to answer to this question also; "the way is opened; the work of mercy is begun!" The City Mission has now been established for several years for the purpose of sending the true light to these dwellers in darkness; and there are, at the present moment, upwards of two hundred pious and devoted men labouring in connection with this excellent Society, in carrying to these perishing thousands the glad tidings of peace on earth, and goodwill to man; to which blessed text their own example forms the most touching and convincing commentary, proving that they are the true disciples of a God of love, while they thus follow His footsteps, in "pleasing not themselves," but "going about doing good;"—and while they tenderly endeavour to remove many of the thorns which wound these children of sorrow in their rugged path, they offer them the only true balm to assuage the anguish of those which still remain, by pointing them to Him who "bore all our sicknesses, and carried our infirmities;" who once wore a crown of thorns for us; and who, "though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich." *

* If there should be any, amongst our readers, who might possibly scruple to assist any Society which is not *exclusively* worked by the

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And now, what remains, but that we should all up, and be stirring in this good work; each for himself according to his ability; and each in the sphere of his influence, (for, *be it remembered, we all possess some influence,*) to excite the interest of others in the cause. *This* is essentially the age, and ours peculiarly the country for energy and activity in all great undertakings. Is a railroad projected? Do we not see thousands speedily poured in, to enable the scheme to be carried into execution? In vain do hills and vales oppose its progress! Noble viaducts are thrown across the vallies, and the hills are pierced to their foundations to effect a passsage. Splendid docks, which were but wished for a year or two ago, are completed and opened for traffic as by magic. Suspension-bridges span straits, and unite islands to the mainland; and insignificant villages expand as in a moment into mighty towns through British energy and capital! Truly wonderful are the powers and capabilities granted to us as a nation. May we but use them aright.

To conclude, with an example and a warning:—We read, in the word of God, that, in the early ages of the world, there was a city, whose inhabitants formed the presumptuous scheme of building a tower, "whose top should reach unto heaven," that they might "make themselves a name." We well know the sequel of their proud folly. God confounded their language, and scattered them over the face of the earth, to accomplish the purposes of *His* will, instead of their own! '*A name*'

Church of England, we would mention that the 'Scripture Reader's Society' will prove an excellent medium for their benevolence in the same cause; it is conducted entirely by Churchmen, and employs many pious and self-denying agents to diffuse the pure light of the gospel, and to minister to the bodily and spiritual needs of the same wretched class, as that visited by the City missionaries.

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was indeed given to their unfinished work, but not such a one as they would have chosen. They sought their own glory ;—"*confusion*" and shame became their portion ! My friends, let us, the inhabitants of this great city, London, imitate in some sort their example, though from far different motives ! Let us unite, heart and hand, to build, not a *Tower*, but a *Temple*, "whose top shall reach unto heaven, to make ourselves a name in the earth"—the name of a *Christian nation indeed*. We need not, like the vain builders of Babel, spend our time and labour in procuring earthly and unhallowed 'bricks and mortar' for our work. *The materials lie ready to our hand*—rough and unshapen, it is true, but still capable of being fashioned, through God's help, into "living stones," and "polished corners of the temple." Let us then begin the work in God's name ; —in His strength let us carry it on ; and doubt we not that He, to whose glory we build it, will enable us to finish the same, and to "bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, grace, grace unto it."— This would be the noblest monument we could raise to immortalize our country, in the truest sense of the word ; for this spiritual temple will stand, when the high towers shall fall, and the everlasting hills shall be shaken ; when thrones totter, and empires crumble to dust ; for its foundation will be on the Rock of Ages, and the Lord Jesus himself shall be the chief corner-stone thereof !

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LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

STRANGE contrasts present themselves continually in this little planet of ours. The greatness and the littleness of man, his noble capacities, and his fearful degradation, appear in ever new combinations, at once mournful and sublime. Children of the dust, yet created after God's own image; a people of unclean lips, invited to high converse with their Maker; a race of sinners, but redeemed by the blood of the Son of God, we are a continual paradox and enigma to ourselves, and to those higher creatures, who gaze with wonder on the mystery of our redemption. It is true of our world, even more than of the fallen archangel, that it has not lost "all its original brightness," but gives a perpetual token of its dignity, as the nursery of immortal souls, who are training up for an eternity of happiness and glory. On the other hand, when we are ready to admire the noble capacities of the human mind, and extol its proud attainments, some dark contrast is sure, before long, to present itself, some form of moral corruption and iniquity, that makes us blush for our common nature, and teaches us, like the patriarch of old, to abhor ourselves, and to repent in dust and ashes.

One such contrast, very solemn and impressive, is before our eyes at the present moment. It is only the other day that an announcement was made in one of our leading Reviews, of new discoveries just made by the magnificent telescope of Lord Rosse, an Irish peer,

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who has devoted his time, talents, and fortune to the advancement of science. This noble instrument, constructed slowly, with immense cost and pains, possesses a magnifying and luminous power quite unrivalled, and was looked forward to, while preparing for use, with eager hope and intense interest by all astronomers. Its first results equalled their sanguine expectations. Many of the nebulous clusters were speedily resolved into stars; and the bold speculators in cosmogony were thus taught, that they were as far as ever from having entered into the secrets of the Almighty, or from solving, by imaginary fire-mists, that sublime work of Divine power, the creation of the starry universe. More recently, still further discoveries have been made. By the aid of this telescope, the eye of the observer has pierced, apparently, to the extremity of the milky way, and its minutest stars, the most remote of its immeasurable domains, have been distinctly separated from their haze of luminous obscurity, so that there is confidently announced to us, as now close at hand, "a new era of sidereal astronomy."

Who can listen to such an announcement without a thrill of wonder and admiration! A creature, hardly six feet high, and pinioned down, by gravity, to the surface of the earth, as closely as the felon by the irons that fasten him in his cell, can yet discover, in the very power that fetters him, the key to all the planetary motions, the secret harmony of the whole universe! By his own skill, he can enlarge his powers of vision, so as to pierce billions of miles beyond the farthest star that is visible to the naked eye. Standing on a little spot of earth, he can measure the circuit of the whole world in which he lives, and then ascend, by a sublime geometry, to the distance of the moon and the sun, then

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of all the planets seen by the naked eye, then to new planets, which only the telescope could detect, and even to another planet, which science detected even before the telescope itself; and last of all, to the distant stars without number, whose remoteness baffles the powers of imagination to conceive. He can discover the same universal law in ceaseless operation, at those inconceivable distances, by the systems of double stars, revolving in elliptic orbits around each other. In the dim, hazy light of the milky way, he can thus detect the effulgence of innumerable suns, belonging to one mighty system, and each of them almost rivalling, many of them probably exceeding our own, in their splendour. His eye, strengthened by the instruments he has invented, can pierce still further into the infinite depths of space. He can discover, in a thousand nebulous specks that escape his unaided vision, so many systems, resembling the one to which our own little universe belongs, but which their immense distance reduces to a cloudy atom of dim, confused light, almost imperceptible. And now, by the help of a more powerful instrument, further discoveries are made of the Creator's majesty, and the unsearchable magnificence of the starry universe. The nebulæ begin to resolve themselves, distinctly, into separate stars, clustered in groups of countless numbers, immense in their own extent, but still more inconceivably immense in the dreary void of darkness that separates them from each other. The galaxy, in which the countless suns of our own system blend their light together, is probed in its furthest depths; and science begins to obtain the necessary data, by which to span its dimensions, and calculate, with some faint approach to truth, the numbers, the arrangement, and possibly even the size and relative splendour, of its

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almost innumerable worlds. In the view of such discoveries, we may well take up the words of the Psalmist. What is man, the creature of the dust, that the Creator should gift him with such noble powers, that He should be so mindful of him, as to endue him with such wonderful faculties, place within the reach of his understanding such treasures of boundless wisdom, and visit him, in his low estate, with such sublime and overwhelming revelations of the grandeur of the Most High!

But we must turn our eyes from ranging amidst the celestial galaxy which the telescope unveils to us, and the sublime spectacle of

> Stars distant, that nigh hand seem other worlds,

to consider the affecting contrast, in the moral and social condition, of that very island where these discoveries are made. It is Ireland, where the secrets of the farthest heaven are at this moment being explored; and it is Ireland which attracts, at this moment, the pity, the fear, and the sorrow, of every benevolent and Christian mind. In that very spot of our earth, where the secrets of the heavens are being disclosed, it seems almost as if the mouth of hell had been opened upon us. Solemn judgments have come from the hand of God, and they have been followed by a new harvest of fearful crimes, and those crimes, as natural, by aggravated misery. The most hateful and hellish lies have been unblushingly uttered, the most bloody and murderous malice coolly and systematically aroused, in that green and lovely island, where Nature has showered her choicest gifts, and where Science, that very hour, was gaining her proudest triumphs, and revealing to astonished eyes the mysteries of the universe. Look on this picture, and on

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that, and what a contrast! Side by side, we have the noblest exhibition of man's natural powers, and his inherited stores of skill and natural wisdom; and on the other hand, the most awful proof of his moral ruin, while the bounty of God, and his heaviest scourge, seem alike to be in vain; and the experience of statesmen, the benevolence of the patriot, and the zeal of true Christians, seem all to be swallowed up and lost, in the whirlwind of fierce and untamed passions, evoked by Satanic malice amidst an ignorant and deluded people. The city, where Le Verrier, only two years ago, discovered the new planet, and gained for science, along with his brother discoverer, one of its most signal triumphs, has since witnessed three fierce rebellions, and been drenched with the blood of its own citizens, contending in bitter and deadly warfare. The island, where the bounds of our starry system have just been explored, has been boiling over, at the same moment, with some of the foulest passions that ever issued from the pit of hell. We must never forget, it is true, the large minority, in Ireland itself, who cry and sigh in secret for the abominations done in the land. We must beware of the gross injustice, which confounds virtue and vice, the most earnest Christian love, the brightest Christian holiness, and the most Antichristian iniquity, in one indiscriminate censure. But still the bright exceptions of Christian truth, love and holiness, among our Irish brethren and sisters, and the large body who grieve over the scenes passing around them, must not rob us of the solemn lesson which passing events convey. And the simple truth is, that the world has seldom witnessed a moral spectacle, on which angels might look with more detestation, and good men with deeper dismay, than has been seen in Ireland, among those who claim to

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be her best champions, and the faithful representatives of the popular will. What sin has been wanting, or what aggravation of sin, to the fearful catalogue? Insensibility and deadness of heart, under one of the severest judgments that was ever sent on any people; nay more, that desperate and hardened malice, worthy of Satan himself, which would pervert those judgments into materials for the most wicked calumnies, and incentives to the foulest crimes; ingratitude for the most signal efforts of self-denying benevolence; rebellion, joined with insult, against rulers, almost worn down with earnest efforts to relieve an unprecedented calamity; a mendacity as prodigious as infamous; coupled with a cool reliance on the deceivableness of an ignorant people, the name of God profaned, to sanction the most disgusting falsehoods, and those falsehoods made the excuse for provoking a whole people to every form of murderous violence; such have been the ingredients of Irish agitation up to the present moment, and such has been its daily and hourly character, ever since the scourge of famine was lightened from off that unhappy land. We might almost imagine that we saw the fiends of darkness, like the witches of Macbeth, exulting in the success of their infernal sorceries, and dancing round the cauldron of national woe and crime, while at every fresh incentive to rebellion uttered by their unhappy tools, they drop in another drug into their hell-broth of wickedness, and repeat their accursed song:

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble!

"O that our head were as waters, and our eyes as a fountain of tears" to weep over this amazing and mournful contrast, where the calm, pure starlight of the Creator's glory, revealed brightly in His works, seems only

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like the lightning flash, to discover the darkness and fury of the moral tempest that is raging on every side.

Is there no voice of instruction and warning, in these scenes which are now passing around us, in every civilized country of the world? Germany boasts of her profound learning, her deep and original philosophy. Her Hegelans can solve the immense problem of explaining a universe by laws of development, without the living God; and Germany is at this moment in such a state of anarchy and confusion, that her proprietors talk of emigrating in a body, to America, and her pious Christians, form vague dreams of retiring to Palestine and Carmel, as a more peaceful and quiet home for their worried spirits. Italy glories in her sculpture, her music, and her painting, her inherited supremacy in the fine arts, but alas! the sweetest harmony of political peace and social unity has quite forsaken her, and she is rocking from south to north, as with the shock of a Calabrian earthquake. France claims, boastfully, to be the leading power of the world, the centre of European thought, the main-spring of European policy, the vanguard in the proud march of human civilization. But France has renounced the word of the Lord, and what wisdom is in her! Her proclamations become like parodies and mockeries, and her loud boastings of liberty end in martial law, and a metropolis in a state of siege. Read for instance that curious document of last June.

'LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!'

'All citizens found helping to build barricades, will be subject to the same treatment as those who are taken with arms in their hands.

'By order of the Executive Government,

'CAVAIGNAC.'

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And what, after all, have been the results of this glorious march of liberty, where Christ and His word were ordered to the rear of the column, as too antiquated for this progressive and enlightened age? Death joined the march, on his pale horse, and hell followed after. It was a member, we believe, of the Provisional Government, who made the significant confession on the character of the last revolt, so near succeeding—"Au derrière de nous, c'est l'enfer."

From the continent we turn once more to unhappy Ireland. The contrast, between mere intellectual power, and moral advancement, has nowhere been exhibited in a more striking form. Science had woven, for her also, one of her choicest garlands; and the noble telescope of Lord Rosse has secured her the foremost prize in the highest walk of physical discovery. But, alas! the brow for which the wreath was destined, has been disfigured by the passions of maniac frenzy, like the visage of the tempter amidst the bowers of Paradise,

> Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair.

Her peasantry, sunk in superstition and idolatry, and ready to be the prey of the wildest delusions; her pretended leaders, raving infidels, vain, ambitious deceivers, who bend their tongue, like a bow, for lies; it may be said of too many of her children—God has smitten them in vain, they have received no correction: why should they be stricken any more? they revolt more and more; "the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." They promised liberty to others, and were themselves the slaves of corruption; and seemed bent on realizing, in the sight of the whole world, the apostolic description, "given over to a reprobate mind, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity;" "who, knowing the

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judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

Surely there is a deep and holy lesson to be learned from all these contrasts of intellectual power and moral corruption, presented side by side in the same countries. It is the revealed purpose of God, that he will utterly abolish all idols from the earth. The most subtle and dangerous idols, in our days, are not the stocks and stones of heathenism, nor even the relics and wafers of Popery, but the faculties, powers, and achievements of the mind of man. And these too must be abolished. It must be shown that neither pantheist theories of human perfectibility, nor democratical constitutions and the sovereignty of the people, nor the refined analysis that can detect unseen planets on the outer verge of our system, nor telescopes that pierce to the farthest bound of the starry firmament, can heal the sore disease of our fallen nature, or restore peace, happiness, and true liberty, to the troubled nations of the world. It is true alike of British statesmen, and of Irish demagogues, of those who lead the tumult of the populace, and of their deluded followers, that they who sow the wind, will reap only the whirlwind. If statesmen think to bribe Ireland into peace by a more liberal patronage rendered to a system of false worship, they reap their just reward, when their best actions are maligned with infamous calumnies, and the people from whom they have withdrawn the Bible in their national schools, repay their efforts to provide food for their famishing bodies, by railing on them as their murderers. They have provided for the Irish people the consolations of a false religion, and dishonoured God by the public offering of a false and forbidden worship; and they have reaped for

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themselves the consolation of a false allegiance, and have been dishonoured by the basest calumnies in return for their sincere and earnest labours to relieve the wants of a starving people. On the part of the demagogues and their followers, nothing can be more infamous; human ingratitude never assumed a more disgusting form. But when we look deeper into the laws of God's moral government, nothing can be more righteous than this retribution. To conciliate the priests, we must withdraw all support from schools where the Bible was taught; and to conciliate a superstitious and misled people, must bear the expense of perpetuating their delusions, and training up a constant succession of those who are bound to be teachers of a lie. And how have we fared with these choice expedients? Where only the honour and truth of God were involved, our statesmen did not scruple to make the inculcation of a lie an act of kindness and charity, and would provide, so far as they dared, that it might be done at the public expense, on a national scale. They have reaped as they have sown, and have now to coerce, instead of conciliating, the Irish people: and to contend with a system of political lying and falsehood, almost without a parallel for its impudence and apparent success; a whole people as unscrupulous in defaming the hand that has sought to nourish and sustain them in their affliction, as those rulers were unscrupulous in sacrificing the truth and the honour of God, to gain a deceitful reputation of kindness and goodwill by flattering that very people in their favourite superstitions.

May the people of Christ learn wisdom by all these solemn events of Divine Providence! May they be witnesses against all the vain glory of men in these last days, that salvation is only of the Lord, and that He

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who died for us on the cross is the only true source of the regeneration of mankind. May they be witnesses, against all the loose tampering with principle in high places, that the nations who publicly honour God he will honour, but that those who despise Him to flatter a popular delusion, shall be lightly esteemed even by those whose favour they endeavoured to secure. May all of us learn to return, with true repentance, to the Lord our God, and humble ourselves at his footstool of mercy, that He may spare us from the judgments that are gathering in the horizon, and hide us in the pavilion of His love, when He shall abolish the idols of the last days, and arise in His glory to shake terribly the earth.

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THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN THE INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS OF MAN.

How happy a principle is life in itself! even in its lowest sphere, as it animates the vegetable creation, how blessed is life. He were a man of melancholy mind, who could walk unmoved through the joy of the bursting spring, when every leaflet is claiming its heritage of life, and expanding in the atmosphere of love. And rising higher, who can look upon the lambs in their innocent gambols, or the fawn fleeting over the dewy grass, or the swallow revelling for very glee in the soft summer air: who can listen to the song of the aerial lark—

> That from heaven, or near it,
> Poureth her full heart
> In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

without confessing that life in itself is no mere negative principle, equally in its very nature suitable to suffering or bliss, but rather a choice gift, whose nature is for happiness, and exultation, and praise, though sin may have wrested it aside to misery and decay. Therefore in endowing men with the gift of animal life, God conferred no mean or questionable boon upon us. Nor would it be impossible to conceive of a world peopled with creatures only of animal instinct, wherein large scope would be afforded to the goodness of God, and large harvests of praise might be reaped to his glory. But with a love far deeper than this, on the last day of cre-

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ation, when a home of surpassing loveliness and purity had been prepared for him, "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Oh marvellous offspring of the combined wisdom of the ever blessed Trinity. Oh wondrous fulfilment of our Redeemer's anticipated delight! Oh blessed words of deepest significance, "in the image of God!" This, this is man's priceless possession. The breath of life was breathed on all; the image of God imprinted on him. This was no irrational enjoyment, like theirs who rejoiced, but knew not why,—his no transient being, like that of the beasts that perish. The image of God was upon him. Oh awful possession, stamping him at once as the lord of creation, the priest of nature, the representative of God himself, the heir of immortality, and the irreconcileable antagonist of hell. For was it not this that attracted the envy of the great apostate, Lucifer? He would have seen without concern the beauties of the natural creation, but that the image of God, whereof no traces remained on his accursed brow, should be stamped on a creature of inferior power and wisdom and glory, so filled him with insufferable envy, that by the immutable counsel and foreknowledge of God, he consulted and compassed the marring of that original and Godlike design. He marred it, but he could not unmake it. And if we found proofs, many and infinite, of the goodness of God, filling the natural creation, though it is groaning and travailing in pain together until now, is it not man's noblest privilege to trace the dimmed lineaments of his Maker's image, though they be but in fragmentary portions of exquisite design in his own mysterious being? May we not expect to find here deeper and diviner proofs of the inexhaustible goodness of God?

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What else but goodness is the power bestowed upon man of fulfilling the Divine command to "replenish the earth and subdue it?" The beasts of the field have not increased upon him; year by year have they been confined to narrower limits, and driven back to wilder fastnesses. Year by year has he learned to draw new treasures from nature's inexhaustible fields. Year by year has he gotten him new power over the elements, and discovered new assistances in the mysteries beneath and around him. Then how infinite the goodness that not only supplied him with means of safety and subsistence, and even manifold luxuries of comfort, but endowed him also with conscience and reason and understanding—the first whereby he might apprehend his obligations as a moral being, and with even a slight insight into his nature be assured he was created for eternal destinies—the second, that raised him above the distractions and vexing turmoil of life, at the voice of heavenly wisdom he might follow truth divine, moral, and intellectual, as that imperishable thing that should survive the wreck of death; and lastly, understanding, to be the servant of the other two, and the industrious handmaid of science. How holy a gift is conscience, to have one faithful friend within, amid so many traitorous passions, who shall warn us of the approach of danger, and bringing every occurrence to its judicial bar, judge silently, promptly, and leave its verdict on imperishable record. Again, how might man have been constituted, capable indeed of moral rectitude, and endued with sufficient understanding for self-preservation and the mutual intercourse of life, but without that thirsting spirit of enterprize and discovery, which has so unspeakably widened his range of knowledge, and been the sleepless pioneer in the march of scientific art. He

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might have walked the earth, as so many of his forefathers have done, and have known nothing of the geological history of its strata; he might have gazed, unheeding on the star-paved firmament, and have never dreamt of the laws which bind those silent spheres, nor thought himself the poorer for his ignorance. What goodness was that which, knowing the deep true enjoyment, such sciences would be to mankind, endowed us with capacities to apprehend, and earnest love of knowledge, to appreciate these hidden wonders of the universe. And further yet: the love, that devised the flowers of the field and the songs of the birds for the delight of eye and ear, left not our minds unadorned with faculties of equal beauty and gratification. Memory and hope transport from the present, and are to us sunny perspective glasses of the past and future. Fancy weaves us garlands of Elysian flowers. Imagination born of a higher region, and gathering up the shattered fragments of reality that lie among the unrealities of time, builds us many a glorious structure of heavenly material and imperishable truth. Fancy, born of a day, throws around us ten thousand illusive visions of sunniest brightness, cheating us the while of fretting cares. Imagination, child of eternity, in sorrow or in joy, traces eternal truth in all, and whispers here, 'Take this, muse on this, this is beautiful, for this is everlasting;' chastening while she deepens our exultation, consoling while she appreciates our anguish. Fancy sister-like, haunts our vacant moments of reverie, or with unintrusive footstep visits the slumbers of our couch. Imagination leaves us not in life's soberest duties, and beneath its most arduous stress. Fancy catching the half-heard echo of hope's fairy lute, whispers golden prospects of untold delight. Imagination,

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sitting evermore at the feet of Wisdom, as she touches the holy harp of prophecy, weaves the bright realities of her sure eternal future. Each in their province, how lovely, how amiable! What moments of glee and of rapture have they not given us? What feelings of gratitude, should they not awake in our innermost bosom?

There is another large class of natural endowments, that might seem to have claimed earlier notice, as owning a counterpart in a lower creation; I mean, our capacities for social happiness and domestic love: but, in truth, though the resemblance be real, the one is at so infinite a distance from the other, and every intellectual power with us is so intimately interwoven with our home feelings, that these last could not have been introduced, without anticipating the former. If we probe our tenderer feelings to the quick, and concentrate our finest perceptions on the work, could we devise a more exquisite arrangement for fostering and unfolding the flowers of human love, than the joyous hearth of home? The love of husband and wife, parent and child, how much of the sum of human happiness is contained in those few simple words. If they fell upon the ears of the most crowded assembly, would there be one present in whose breast they would not recal some of the most sacred joys of his pilgrimage? Or (what is a proof no less convincing of their intensity), should we not feel that the man, for whom they had lost all sacredness and worth, was the farthest gone in moral degradation, an outcast from the brotherhood of mankind? We cannot linger over this blessed theme: we only ask, where was the necessity for Him, who could create millions by the word of His power, to devise this ever-gushing well-spring of domestic life, so pure and holy a delight for His fallen creatures. If the severity

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of our brother's unbelief has not relaxed ere this, he surely here, in spite of himself, will answer, "it must be that He loved them."

Yes; that sacred key, "God is love," can alone unlock

The thousand wards of earthly mysteries.

But there is another subject to which the present stage of our inquiry scarcely permits us to allude: the capacity, I mean, which our merciful Father has given us of knowing and learning something of Himself. This, the highest that men or angels can aspire to, He has not withheld. Demanding the concentration of our every faculty, the highest exercise of reason, the implicit acquiescence of our conscience, the struggles of aspiration, imagination's sublimest effort, and affection's freest impulse; above all, sole ladder betwixt earth and heaven, celestial faith, not only have reason, conscience, aspiring hope, imagination, love, and faith, been given, but in such wise that we feel that then alone are these heavenly virtues in full and worthy employ, when we meditate on the glories of our Infinite Father, or fall low on our knees before His footstool.

E. H. B.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. V.

(*Continued from page* 128.)

It has been well said, that 'Fictions are not of necessity fictitious;' rather may they be called the picturesque and graphic arrangement of facts. Clothed in a gay and graceful garb, repulsive and appalling truths may be made to appear attractive and alluring, like

'The sword in myrtles drest,'

or, the helmet of Minerva, softened by wreaths of flowers, or the sterile rock, made smiling and verdant by the clustering ivy.

Fiction and poetry, thus consecrated, may become the avenue to the heart, and the highway to the judgment. True it is, that the Spirit of God can *alone* give perpetuity to virtue, and that all other inscriptions on the mental tablet will, sooner or later, be effaced, by potent and counteracting influences; but a happy experience has taught, that the Divine Artist has often deigned to use the 'well-told tale,' as an instrument with which to commence the engraving of the youthful character.

Impressed with this conviction, the present narrative is written. It is intended to vindicate the power of

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early training, and the subsequent influence of association ; to show that we have a strong tendency to assimilation, and that virtuous principles will be secretly undermined by collision with the vicious.

Surely then, no subject can be found more deeply impressive, or of wider import to society at large, and the smallest measure of success were worth a life-time of labour. The reader must not, therefore, summarily conclude, that the *family* history of Capt. Silvester is only an episode in the life of the erring Amy, but rather regard it as the fruitful root of all her matrimonial miseries. In it will be discovered a terrible example of the evil which may be effected, by a juvenile discipline, systematically unsympathetic ; making at length,

' Despair usurp the place of smiling hope.'

And perhaps, of all the woful conditions of humanity, the most wretched may be found, in a hard and repulsive *home*. Trials from without may be well endured, whilst there is peace within : the worn and weary traveller breasts manfully the midnight tempest, if he hasten through it to a warm and cheerful welcome at his own fireside ; but, if *there* no eye beam brightly at his approach, and no voice ring a joyous thanksgiving for his safe return—then is he indeed desolate!—his heart will soon be callous, and his temper fierce ; his affections get benumbed, and he become the very petrefaction of a man.

Augustus Silvester had realized this wretched destiny : none had ever found, or sought, the key to his doubly-locked heart. The memory of his boyhood was crowded with associations of fear, which made even the obdurate spirit of the man to shudder ; but his life was faithful to its first impulse, and the years of maturity

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found him an isolated being, to whom *self* was the centre, the circumference, and the whole. A genial home, with all its witcheries and generous impulses, he never knew: true, he was neither houseless or destitute, ignorant or poor, except in the wealth of warm affections, and noble deeds of sacrifice; and, in these, he was absolutely bankrupt. He had early snapped asunder the bonds of brotherhood, and disregarded the claims of kindred. Catholic sympathies he repudiated with contempt, and disinterested philanthrophy he regarded as an utopian fable, and listened to it with a smile of incredulity more expressive than loud vituperation. He was, in fact, a modern impersonation of the renowned monarch, whose odious motto was, "Apres moi, le deluge."

The seeds of selfishness and deceit, scattered in his babyhood, under the influence of paternal terror, had taken root, and brought forth fruit a hundred fold: they had been sown in his weakness, they had strengthened with his strength. Oppression had first made him a hypocrite, opportunity had transformed, or rather developed him, into a tyrant. The subtratum of his character had once been genial, for to his *nurse* he cherished feelings akin to love; but the *genius loci* of his infancy had nipped the tender bud, and it withered, never to shoot again. By organization, he seemed born to enjoy rather than to endure; but his infant brain was soon oppressed with the melancholy influences which damped the healthful ardour of all around him, and, step by step, simplicity and candour departed, leaving him a lilliputian Machiavel, living only to plot and feign. Simple folk called him too truly 'his father's son,' for he too was a hard and selfish man, and such fathers make bad sons. He was a living, moving

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thunder-cloud, hanging over his own demesne of Mossington, for by that soft name had the family estate been called from time immemorial, though ill-descriptive of its character at home, and its influence abroad.

'I never enjoy a visit to Mossington,' said Professor Mason, as he was driving a brother *savant* through the high, handsome, and elaborate gates, which guarded the mansion, and were the aversion of all the tribe of mendicants, and the admiration of every other class of travellers. 'The atmosphere within those gates seems always to portend a coming tempest; and I draw a deep breath when I leave them behind me, and feel like one escaped from peril, or out of prison, into the light and liberty of life. Every countenance wears such an expression of anxiety, not to say alarm, that I look from one to the other ready to ask, if they are expecting the advent of a ghost, or the entrance of a bailiff.'

'And yet Silvester is a giant in intellect,' said his companion, the talented and amiable Dr. Forbes (a sound Divine, and a profound philosopher). 'He is learned, energetic, eloquent, and brilliant. One who thinks independently and courageously, and never shrinks from promulgating his opinions.'

'True; and still in the midst of his vast attainments and high excitement, a profound melancholy seems ever brooding over his spirit, and gnawing at his heart: he looms upon me strangely and mysteriously. I seek to comprehend him, but in vain: he is lamentably deficient in simplicity and transparency.'

'His influence upon me too, is very singular,' said the Rev. Dr.: 'He oppresses me with an indescribable weariness, and, like a July sun, which makes all nature hang heavily, though basking beneath a bright and blazing atmosphere, so I seem to resemble the poor

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flowers, which droop their heads from faintness, or long to creep away, like the cattle, into the smallest shade. There is no freshness, no repose, no peace in his presence, but all is toil, and effort, and display: still, he is an astonishing and fascinating man.'

'There I must differ with you: he is majestic as a thunder-cloud, and as explosive and portentous,

'But on his brow of truth, there is no beam of grace,'

but all that is appalling instead of fascinating!'

'Well, there are agencies of many kinds, playing across the chords of differing spirits, and

'Waking up intelligence by thousand ways,'

said the good Doctor, in a tone which seemed apologetic, and anxious to terminate a conversation which threatened to become censorious.

'Yes; there are chords in *every* heart, which will send forth sweetest harmony, if touched with skill and gentleness, but these are qualities unknown to Silvester: he seeks to carry everything by storm, and lays siege to our judgment, as warriors do to a beleaguered city; and, if he be opposed, he is as calmly contumacious and self-complacent as Franklin.'

'His manners are despotic, but they are greatly the effect of habit: he cannot snap the links that bind him to them, and he feels besides, that he enunciates indubitable propositions, and naked truths, and he cannot endure that they shall be disputed: opposition mightily disturbs his spirit, and makes the blood run riot through his veins. Genius is ever sensitive, and claims indulgence at our hands,' said Dr. Forbes.

'But genius, which is said to be "all nerve," should have made him feel, that there is magic in a single kindly phrase, or fitting word, or mellow tone, which

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can throw sunshine on the intellectual landscape, where all before was spiritless and cloudy, and should have shown him, that his studied ornate sentences, so carefully constructed, and made up of alliterations and antitheses, can only weary, or astonish his hearers without instructing them.'

'At least he has succeeded in imparting learning to his son,' said Dr. Forbes. 'Augustus is a perfect prodigy; his attainments make him a rival to all the juvenile Titans immortalized in biography, who seem as if they must have entered the world clothed and armed *cap-à-pie*, and fit to run the gauntlet against all ordeals.'

'I forget the particulars of the edifying case,' said Mr. Mason, in a tone of pique; '*his* children are not interesting to me.' For he was conscious that the minds of his own boys had been allowed to lay nearly fallow, waiting for every stray seed to germinate at pleasure. 'I have no taste for these intellectual monstrosities, and have only a general impression that they were very marvellous—not to say incredible.'

'Allow me then to refresh your memory, and stimulate you to a partial emulation at least,' said Dr. Forbes, who was cognizant of the paternal indolence of his friend. 'Augustus was perfectly acquainted with his alphabet before he could articulate. At three years of age he could read with fluency and emphasis; at four, he could compose, and deliver little sermons; at eight he was master of Newton's *principia*,—studied with delight the works of the poets, orators, and philosophers of antiquity, and could descant upon their various merits.'*

'Ah! ah!' said the professor, 'and no doubt there

* The writer can authenticate these attainments, as they occurred in her family circle.

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are divers other apocryphal documents, multiplying these marvels, to an indefinite extent; but my patience is quite exhausted by this *catalogue raisonné*, so spare me any further infliction.'

'I know from indubitable authority,' said Dr. Forbes, 'that when Augustus made his debût at Eton, his astonished tutors inquired of his father what he had left for them to teach him.'

'And if he had spent half the time and trouble, to make him good and *practically* wise, as well as learned, he would not have had to exhibit such a specimen of pedantic conceit, and pragmatical cunning; he is positively odious in my eyes, a deadly blight seems to have fallen upon his moral nature, which will bear only stunted or bitter fruit in days to come. Silvester is laying up food for self-reproach. He is sacrificing his future peace to his present pride—he is "sowing the wind, and will reap the whirlwind." We live in a retributive economy, and his children will fearfully rebound, after the hard unnatural tension which now binds them, mind and body to slavery.'

'You speak as if moral deformity were the necessary consequence of mental cultivation,' replied the Doctor, in a tone of vexation, for he felt baffled in his desire to stimulate the Professor steadily to educate his four sons, who were at that moment running wild, like untamed colts, whilst their father was day by day luxuriating in his learned leisure; 'but it is my opinion, that a wicked heart is more usually allied to a weak and ignorant mind, than to a strong and cultured one. Silvester is right, in thinking with Lord Bacon, "that knowledge is power," but he is wrong, in disregarding the *more* valuable sentiment of a modern divine, "that to give a child knowledge, without straining every nerve

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to add godliness thereto, is to throw the momentum of the giant into the arm of the idiot." The mind cannot be too richly stored, if religion like the warm sunshine, fall upon the mental fruit, mellowing, and ripening them, into beauty and flavour. But this blessed influence is usually the result of holy example, and watchful care, and self-sacrificing affection, and the attractive sweetnesses of all the domestic charities thrown like links of love around the heart, and thus of human feelings there is entwined

'The garland that shall live.'

'And it is, at this point precisely that Silvester is signally defective, you must acknowledge,' said Mr. Mason. 'I am sorry that you do not approve my plans of educating, but it is quite true, that I have allowed my boys to roam fresh and free, like an Atlantic breeze. I have not sought to make them pedagogues in petticoats, but I have endeavoured to give them an insight into the veritable world they live in, to widen their views of life, and lead them to estimate correctly, the men and things, by which they are surrounded, though they know but little of dictionaries and catechisms, and grammars, and manuals. And pardon me for saying that you seem to confound learning with knowledge, and the great difference there is, between strengthening the mind, and storing it with information.'

'You do me injustice,' replied the Doctor.

'Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connexion—
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds.'

'Yet facts are the *first* step to wisdom; and the steady

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and systematic acquisition of them, furnishes a healthy and invigorating exercise to the mind, and so prefaces us for those *special duties* in which our lives are to be usefully employed. Discipline and continuous effort, *alone* can give the mental power, the habit of vigorous thought, of close attention, of nice discrimination, and of correct taste; these are not intuitive acquirements, and are not wafted on "an Atlantic breeze," and therefore I wish to point you to a happy *via media*, and hope that in avoiding the Scylla of our friend, you may not rush upon your own Charybdis.'

Let us now leave these literati to continue their discussion and their drive, while we shift the scene and place our readers at the supper table in the servants' hall at Mossington. We thus follow the course of life which is but a scene of dissolving views.

(*To be continued.*)

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Literary Notices.

THE SPIRIT OF HOLINESS. By the Rev. J. Evans, Minister of John Street Chapel. 4th edit. The circulation this little book has had, shows that the Christian public know how to appreciate its value. It reminds us of the works of Baxter; there is the same fulness of thought, the same earnestness of tone, the same searching warnings and exhortations. It is emphatically a book for the closet, for every page is calculated to awaken prayer and holy meditation. We cordially recommend it to those who know the value of such help in their hours of devotion.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. DUNCAN, OF RUTHWELL. By his Son, the Rev. G. Duncan. (*Hamilton.*) Dr. Duncan was celebrated as a philanthropist, and a man of science, as well as a holy and devoted minister of the Scotch church. His life is, therefore, one of varied interest. He was the originator of Savings' Banks; and, to his indefatigable and judicious labours, during a course of many years, much of the stability and present prosperity of those admirable institutions is to be attributed. The powers of his versatile and ingenious mind were continually on the stretch to devise means for improving the condition of the poor people, among whom he laboured for forty-

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seven years, and his example may well stimulate others to "go and do likewise." His long course of ministerial labour is like an epitome of the history of the Scotch church. When he first entered its ministry, thick darkness rested upon that church; nor had the subject of the present Memoir any idea of the spiritual responsibility which he was taking upon him. A life of active benevolence and literary leisure, were his inducements for relinquishing more lucrative mercantile prospects. Gradually it pleased the Lord to lead him into a more excellent way; and, as the truth was revealed to his own soul, he declared it with increasing fervour and simplicity to the people of his charge. In the mean while, light was spreading through the Church of Scotland at large: the Evangelical party grew stronger; the Moderates, as they were called, who opposed them, weaker. In the troubles which of late years have rent that church, Dr. Duncan took a lively interest, and at last he was a leading member of the great secession who established the Free Church. The description of the closing days of his life, gives a vivid picture of the trials to which these excellent men subjected themselves for conscience' sake, and of the cheerful spirit in which they were endured. He might truly be said to die at his post, for the fatal paralytic stroke seized him while conducting a prayer-meeting close to Ruthven; after this, he scarcely spoke, but died in perfect peace, leaning on the Saviour, whom he had so long served.

MATUTINA. By the Rev. G. Renaud. (*Longman.*) These are short reflections on passages of Scripture, partly original, partly selected from recent authors, for every day in the year. Each meditation has reference to some portion of the scripture appointed for the daily services of the church. The book has been compiled

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especially for the use of the young, and the selections made with much judgment. The stirring tone of active life pervades the whole; many extracts have been taken from sermons preached expressly to the young, and youthful temptations, as well as youthful duties, are largely dwelt upon.

THE MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH FRY. Vol. ii. (*Gilpin.*) The second volume of this most valuable biography does not disappoint those, whose interest was excited by the first. It is a very long memoir, but it is not a mere repetition of recurring feelings, as detailed with unavoidable sameness in the journal, it is the history of a mighty work, extending not only through England, but in many kingdoms of Europe. The great results achieved, the complete change introduced in many places in the whole system of prison discipline, the respect with which Elizabeth Fry was treated by the Princes of the earth, the fearless testimony she bore for her heavenly Master in their presence, contrast, in the most striking manner, with the sense of weakness, timidly shrinking from publicity, and at times the nervous depression of which her journals bear witness. Of her we may truly say, "out of weakness she was made strong." This makes her history so encouraging to those, who, while they do not aspire to so public a career as hers, would fain imitate her benevolence. Wherever she went, she left a blessing behind her, because it was the constant aim of her life, and object of her prayer, that she might do so. In this she is no gifted exception, but an example of duty to all her sex. Her closing scene is most touching. The Lord had highly honoured her as an instrument of doing his work, one more privilege awaited her, she was to be conformed to her Saviour in suffer-

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ing. The sorrows, the weakness, the humiliation of her closing years, were not what man would have expected, but God was glorified thereby. 'Pray for me,' she said, when dying, to her attendant, 'it is a strift, *but I am safe.*' Blessed security, joy unutterable was near, but even in the closing conflict, she leaned on her Lord and was safe.

HARMONY OF EDUCATION, DESIGNED TO ASSIST THOSE ENGAGED IN TEACHING. (*Low.*) A welcome assistance it will prove; it is written by one who loves and understands children. The object is to advocate a system of education, carried on with reference to the development of individual character, and the harmonious cultivation of conscience, reason, and imagination. Many interesting educational questions are discussed in a Christian and sensible manner. In a supplement some practical hints are given, as to the best modes of teaching geography, arithmetic, languages, and other branches of female education.

Notice.—To a Correspondent, inquiring to what we alluded in a notice on the third part of Mrs. Sherwood's 'Fairchild Family,' we beg to reply, that the fourth volume of Henry Milner was the work we had in view as containing doctrines not orthodox. We refer her to the testimony of our valued predecessor, Charlotte Elizabeth, Feb. 1842, p. 177. The repudiation she begs for, has not, that we are aware of, been granted. At the same time, the earlier works of Mrs. Sherwood are such treasures for little libraries, that we hope nothing we said may serve to deter our correspondent from circulating amongst her young friends such books as 'Fairchild Family,' vol i., the first volume of H. Milner, 'Little Henry and his Bearer,' 'The Little Momière', 'The Infant's Progress,' books for which many a parent has blessed God.

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THE PROTESTANT.

It is with a saddened spirit, and not without a feeling of responsibility, that we sit down to retrace the events of the past month, and look forward to the prospects of the future. God has been dealing graciously with us, his protection has been once more visibly extended over the land of Protestantism. Other kingdoms were shaken to their centre, tumult and bloodshed spread terror among the people, but of praying, of Protestant England, it seemed to be said, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him. No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. Thou Jacob art my servant, Israel whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham, my friend." Alas! how has England responded to the gracious declaration! Not in the words of Israel of old, when they cried, "The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God. Nay, but we will serve the Lord." No, it has been by an attempt to join hands with idolaters, to seek help from Egypt, to bind ourselves in fresh relations of amity with that Antichrist on whom God's heaviest judgments are denounced.

The passing of the Diplomatic Relations' Bill carries us back in thought to ages long preceding the Reformation, and to the constant conflict then carried on between English kings and the foreign courts of Rome; which, having entangled them in the chains of spiritual slavery, sought to wrest from them the lawful prerogatives of their temporal crown. The humiliations of

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our ancient monarchs crowd upon our minds: Henry the Second scourged at the Tomb of Thomas à Becket, John laying his crown at the foot of the papal legate. We remember after our kings had broken the chains of Rome, and the monarch was acknowledged to be the Supreme Head of the Church of England, how restless were the machinations of the Pope against the throne on which a vassal no longer sat. We remember all the treacherous attempts, in the reign of James the Second, to force popery by force or fraud on an unwilling people. We do not wonder that the nation, thus convinced by proofs to which they would not close their eyes, that popery and the freedom and peace of protestant Britain, were things in their own nature incompatible, should have defended the liberty so dear to them, by a clause in the act of Settlement, prohibiting reconcilement and intercourse with Rome. Among civilized nations the withdrawing or sending ambassadors is the pledge of peace and amity. It implies friendly intercourse and mutual courtesies between powers thus intimately related. If one power were to attempt a usurpation on the rights of the other, or to exercise power in his dominion, a cessation of diplomatic relations would ensue, and would at once be justified in the eyes of Europe. Recent events in the Spanish court show how extremely sensitive is the honour of nations in this respect, and how little they can brook the slightest interference. Now the Pope, be he a bigot or a liberal, is by virtue of his office, a pretender to unlawful power in the dominions of every Protestant monarch. He claims allegiance in temporal matters, if they affect the interests of the church (and this is a condition which it does not even require Jesuit ingenuity to extend very widely) superior to the allegiance rendered to the mo-

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narch. The States of the Church have been therefore the only European kingdom with which, in the very nature of things, it was impossible for the English court to exchange ambassadors. To the simple and clear minds of our ancestors, it did not occur to make two men out of the Pope, one a Bishop and the other a Prince; they thought the same brain regulated the affairs of the universal and usurping episcopate, and those of the states of the church, and a half man was a being who did not enter the sphere of their ideas.

Now let us consider what special reasons there are, in 1848, for throwing down the barriers against papal aggression which their wisdom suggested. They had fuller opportunities for judging of the political character of popery than we have, for they lived nearer to the age of its supreme domination, but we are not without materials for forming a judgment. To the shame of English supineness in days past, popery is still dominant in one part of our dominions. That portion is acknowledged by a Romish peer to be a burden to England and a disgrace to humanity. Its numerous chapel bells have been so often the signal of riots, that the present governor has been obliged to silence them. The priests have been the known fomenters of rebellious and anti-Saxon passions, until the moment when revolt was rife, and they thought it more their interest to turn round, and bid the people be quiet. As if the contrast between protestant Britain and papal Ireland, were not strong enough, one province of Ireland itself is protestant, and there the utmost loyalty and security of life and property prevails. There are now in all Ireland ten regiments of cavalry and thirty-eight of infantry, and of these only two are required in the province of Ulster. Such is the political character of

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popish Ireland. Now the argument founded upon it, is this: Having so large a body of papists, over whose consciences the Pope has almost unlimited power, if you can only make a compact with him, so as to avail yourself of his spiritual influence, the task of government will become much easier. Mr. Newdegate expressed it succinctly in the House of Commons, when in answer to Mr. Gladstone's speech, he said, 'that gentleman had distinctly, and avowedly, and he would say, manfully acknowledged, that he considered her Majesty incapable of governing Ireland.' Is it come to this pass? If it is, sending for papal help is very much the same as if General Cavaignac had sent for the leaders of the Socialists, to assist him to maintain the peace of Paris in the days of the barricades.

A Diplomatic Relations Bill with Rome is at the present moment a wanton insult to the protestant feeling of the country. Such is the present tumult and confusion in Rome, that it is uncertain whether there will be a settled government there, with whom it will be possible to hold relations, and if there should, the bill in its present state is one which the Pope has refused to accept with other powers. It is revived from its five months' slumber at the close of a long session, when most of the men whose Protestant pledges would have bound them to vote against it, have returned to the country. One of the most important changes in our constitution which the present age has witnessed is thus to be smuggled through, as if Popish measures and petty chicanery, went naturally hand in hand. And so one after another the stealthy concessions to Rome are made, and bye and bye sleeping Protestants will awake, and find the citadel was surrendered, while they were dreaming, and knew it not. It is not thus that Ro-

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manists watch the course of events; they observe their advantages, and rejoice over them. We entreat our readers to ponder over the following extract from a Dublin paper. The words are those of a Dr. Ennis, who styles himself envoy of the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Murray). He is expostulating with some of his Romish brethren, on their opposition to the national system of education.

'It is objected that the English government has a secret end in view, a concealed plan to demoralize and philosophize our youth; to make them Protestants, whilst they pretend to educate them Catholics.

'This objection gives occasion to a general view of the history of our governors of every party, for the last thirty years.

'It would be a loss of time and patience to trace back this history to the time of the persecutions, which have nothing to do with the present circumstances. In the entire above-mentioned period, we have sufficient data to establish the character and disposition of the English governments. Now these facts argue incontestably against the objection: *every session, of each successive Parliament, has produced laws favourable to the increase of Catholicity and decrease of Protestantism.* Passing over in silence the general emancipation, let us enumerate alone the religious abolitions, the very germs, the roots of the Protestant propaganda destroyed; for example, the Charter Schools and those of the Bible; the exclusive nursery of that religion is entirely destroyed; in fine, the last forts of the Propaganda, the Military and Naval schools, where the children of soldiers and sailors were all brought up in Protestantism, are changed, and now have their chapels and Roman Catholic chaplains, with support from the state. Certainly these are not the decrees of a Protestant Propaganda. It is not necessary that I should record the destruction of ten dioceses of Protestant bishops, the abolition of all the Municipal Corporations of Protestants, the refusal of every Government to assign and to allot any part of £100,000 for the education of the poor to the Protestants, who annually renew their petitions by means of their Bishops, in order to obtain the tenth part of that generous grant for religious or exclusively Protestant schools. With such facts as these, of which an entire catalogue could be formed, it is useless to speak of a concealed and secret Protestant Propaganda.

* * * * *

'The annual concession of £100,000 sterling, for the education of the poor is divided principally among the bishops of Ireland of every Catholic diocese, except one, and there exists no well founded reproach for constant abuse, to this day, with regard to that system. In opposition to these and similar objections, we bring a fact well worthy of praise.

'The law that emancipated the Catholics gave power to government to take an exact register, and that under severe penalties, of the age,

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residence, and number of every religious order in the three kingdoms, and gave the faculty of limiting their number, and of excluding religious strangers, that is, monks of any nation whatever.

'Twenty years have now elapsed, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the English majority of both Houses of Parliament, no measure, either official or governative, has been taken to bring that law into execution, and in fact it remains at present a dead letter.'

Can any Protestant read such boasts, such well founded boasts, without emotion? We know not. A strange apathy has seized the Protestant mind, and sometimes we are tempted to think the fatal word has gone forth, 'England is joined to idols, let her alone.' But no! we will not say thus, even though some of the Lord's own children set their seal to fatal measures of national apostasy. We will not despair of England, for despair is a lifeless, powerless thing, and the present is a crisis which calls for the utmost energy. It is the apathy of Protestants, which encourages every aggression. Those who propose these measures know well enough that they are exceedingly distasteful to one party in the empire, but they look upon it as a small party. What they build upon is the entire indifference of the great mass, who care for nothing that does not affect their ambition or their pockets, and to whom protestantism and popery are idle names that they heed not. Now every silent, inactive protestant, who does nothing in his own sphere, be it large or small, to oppose these insidious advances of popery, swells to all appearance the ranks of indifference; and must therefore, so far as he neglects opportunities of action, be accounted an abettor of national apostasy. He strengthens, by his very inaction, the hands of those who are consummating it. Would that we could impress this thought on the minds of careless protestants. If ever there was a time that called for collectedness, earnestness, seriousness of spirit, it is the present. God's judgments are

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hanging over us; the clouds which have darkened the harvest fields, this usually sunny month, seem emblems of deeper clouds of wrath impending over our land. It is with no common feelings Christians now join in the prayer, 'from plague, pestilence, and famine, from sedition and murder, good Lord deliver us!' But what is the use of praying against the divine wrath, if our actions be such as to call it down upon us. Oh let us wash our hands of any participation in national sins; and rather be found in the number of those who sigh and cry for the abominations of the land, and whose daily intercessions are rising to heaven, that God would still prolong the time he has granted to it for repentance.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1848.

THE LAST VIALS.

No. III.

THE GENERAL NATURE OF THE VISION.

THE visions of Daniel, the prophecy of our Lord on the Mount of Olives, and the repeated warnings of His apostles, alike reveal to us a season of marked trouble and change, which was to attend the dissolution of the divided kingdoms, which form the last stage of the Roman empire, and would indicate the fulfilment of the times of the Gentiles, and the near approach of the Lord's coming. The moral features of this time, as described in the Epistles, are selfishness and murmuring, and the ripening of a sore apostasy within the visible church of Christ. A spirit of lawless discontent would prevail, like that which led to the gainsaying of Korah, and the destruction of the Jewish murmurers in the wilderness by a miraculous judgment. The political features were to be distress and perplexity, the violence of popular passion, like the foaming waves of the sea, and the fear of an unknown and perilous future, looming darkly

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over the minds of thoughtful men. The later Epistles give us further outlines of this eventful period. St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Jude, alike announce to us the selfish and lawless spirit of the last days, the profaneness and disobedience, the scoffing and sensual lust, the railing against authorities, and murmuring against Providence, which form the temptation of those perilous times. In every case they follow their description by fixing our hopes on the coming of the Lord, whose appearing in majesty is to dissipate the clouds of sin and misery, and to arise, like a day-star of hope and joy, on the afflicted church, and the distracted and weary world.

In the book of Revelation, the only book of direct prophecy in the New Testament, we naturally look for a fuller description of this eventful period, of which so many scattered notices have been given before. These holy visions, given to St. John in Patmos, were expressly designed to show unto the churches of the Gentiles the things which should be hereafter. All Scripture analogy, and all common sense, conspire to prove that their object is to unveil the outlines of God's providence towards His own church, throughout the days of her pilgrimage, until faith shall be lost in sight, and the Lord himself shall conduct her into the possession of her final inheritance. The visions were revealed to St. John, after the complete overthrow of the Jewish polity, when he had left Palestine, and long taken up his settled abode at Ephesus, the very church where the mystery of the new economy of grace, in the call of the Gentiles, had been most fully proclaimed. They were given, during the persecution of Domitian, when the Roman power, the fourth wild beast of Daniel's visions, had begun to display its fierce hostility to the truth of

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the Gospel. They were addressed to the seven churches of Lydian Asia, called from among the idolatrous heathen, as if to indicate the special reference of the whole prophecy that follows, to the changing fortunes and chequered history of the Gentile church. They were communicated on the first day of the week, or the Lord's day, as if to furnish another mark that they belonged mainly to that Gentile dispensation, in which the Jewish sabbath was displaced by a still holier and more heavenly day of rest; and that the emblems of the tabernacle service and of the Jewish history are here to be transferred to their counterparts and antitypes under the new economy of the Gospel. To mark still more strongly the Gentile reference of the whole prophecy, the incommunicable name, Jehovah, is here translated, for the first time, into the language of the Gentiles, in the benediction "from Him who was, and is, and is to come;" while our Lord borrows a further title from the same language, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last, saith the Lord, which was, and which is, and which is to come, the Almighty." When we add to these various indications the express voice of the Spirit, which begins the visions with an address to the seven actual churches of Asia, and then announces a prophecy of the events which are to come "after these things," we have a proof, amounting to a moral demonstration, that the true scope of the Apocalypse is to give a connected outline of God's holy providence towards the Gentile Church, from the days of the Apostle onward to the end of time, and the full revelation of the kingdom of glory.

All the leading characters of the work agree with this view of its nature, and with this only. After the seven Epistles, it begins with a description of our Lord, under

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the symbol of the slain Lamb, enthroned on the seat of power in heaven, amidst the acclamations of the hosts of angels, and of the spirits of the just made perfect before the throne. A succession of emblematic imagery then follows, which, however mysterious and difficult to explain, proves by this very mystery that it belongs to the time of the Gentile dispensation; at the close of which, and not before, the mystery of God is finished, and the march of His holy providence becomes once more conspicuous, as in the days of Egypt, in manifest glory. It is natural and suitable that a prophecy should retain this peculiar character, when its object is a spiritual dispensation, and it records the dealings of the Most High, whose way is in the sea, and His path in the deep waters, until He shâll once more come out from his secret place, and make bare His holy arm in the sight of all the nations. The main adversary, also, described to us through the series of visions, is plainly the same with the last of the four beasts in Daniel's prophecies, only limited to the second stage of its history, when the power of the fourth empire is mainly distributed among ten confederate kings. The Babylon, joined in the visions with this wild beast, as the enemy of the church, is declared, almost in so many words, to be Rome, the city of the seven hills, and which actually had rule, in the time of the prophet, over the kings of the earth; while its final overthrow, with equal clearness, is reserved for the eve of that day, when Christ and his saints shall manifestly receive the kingdom, and the time of millennial blessedness and peace have begun. And hence the whole course of Providence, from our Lord's ascension and secret glory in heaven, until His manifestation in the last days as the King of kings and Lord of lords, is here presented to the church

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as one mighty and glorious drama, where "supernal grace" is seen "contending with sinfulness of men," and after long and bitter conflict, the overthrow of Satan, and the triumph of the Saviour, are complete.

This mighty warfare, between the exalted Son of God, and the powers of sin and darkness in our lower world, is first presented to us in the vision of the Seals. Seven silent stages of Divine Providence are there successively unfolded; seven seals and barriers are successively removed, that hindered the public manifestation of the Lamb, in his rightful character, as the King of kings. The secret warfare of Divine Providence, visible only to those who listen to the celestial invitation, and rise above the mists of an earthly age, till they can discern even in "sword, and pestilence, and famine," the weapons of God's controversy against evil, and in the martyrs' cry the shout of a triumphant army on the eve of perfect victory—that warfare is carried on to its final issue; when an "innumerable multitude, of every nation and kindred and tongue and people," celebrate their deliverance from all the perils of the wilderness, and hold the true and heavenly feast of tabernacles in the presence of the throne. Meanwhile seven angels, with their trumpets of judgment, are the agents and ministers of the same great controversy, in its more conspicuous and open forms. We have thus revealed to us that series of open chastisements of evil, conspicuous and audible to the eyes and ears of men, by which the enemies of the church, and the corruption of the gospel, have been visited and punished from the earliest to the last age. But before the last and heaviest woe sets in, and finally sweeps away the adversaries of Christ, there is a season of gracious forbearance, a partial restoration of the profaned and down-trodden ordinances

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of the spiritual temple, and a renewed proclamation of the everlasting gospel, contained in the open volume of the written word. The Reformation with all its blessed fruits for three hundred years, is a pause in the course of Divine judgments, until the season of forbearance is past, and the last vials complete the vengeance on iniquity, and usher in the brighter days of the Millennial glory. Once more the Spirit of God retraces the course of the great drama, and discloses more immediately the changeful aspect of the true church, her earnests of future triumph, her long concealment in the wilderness, the power of her great enemy, the renewed messages of mercy and peace, or the spiritual revivals of the latter times; and then the vintage of judgment that attends the appearance of the Righteous King, and His full triumph over the powers of evil.

The vision of the Seven Vials, it results from this brief view of the whole prophecy, has its place clearly defined in the great drama of Divine Providence. The Spirit announces them to us under the expressive title, "the seven last plagues, wherein is filled up the wrath of God." They refer to a period when the work of judgment on iniquity, already begun under the six first trumpets, and then suspended by a proclamation of grace, and warning of wrath, from the mighty Angel of the Covenant, once more resumes its course, and only ceases by the full triumph of the Lamb and His chosen people. Yet they belong, like the earlier visions, to the time when the mystery of God is fulfilling, and not yet completely fulfilled. The season of grace to the Gentiles has not expired, nor has Israel been fully restored to the Divine favour, until God's people are separated from Babylon, and the Alleluias of the ransomed Jewish people mingle once more with the Gentile song

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of praise. The smoke, the emblem of mysterious glory, does not roll away from the temple ; the triumph of truth and righteousness, the victory of Divine goodness over human guilt and perverseness, is not visibly complete ; until these plagues of the seven angels have been fulfilled. The whole description plainly denotes a time of moral transition, in which the previous judgments are completed, the adversaries of the gospel severely scourged and finally overthrown, the mystery of the Gentile dispensation brought finally to a close, and a glorious triumph, though amidst trial and suffering, secured for the true servants of God, and followers of the Lamb.

The imagery of the whole vision is borrowed from the plagues inflicted on Egypt, and the triumphant Exodus of the children of Israel. The harpers, who are seen by the prophet, standing on the hyaline, or glassy sea, with the harps of God, "sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." They celebrate a deliverance, the antitype of Pharaoh's overthrow in the Red Sea, when Moses and the Israelites uttered their song of praise by the sea-shore; but one gained under a more glorious Leader, whose praise they also celebrate, as the sole author of their victory. Their anthem is a mingled strain of mercy and judgment ; where the types of the law lend a deeper meaning to the antitypes of the gospel ; and the memory of redeeming grace, in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, is joined with solemn adoration, in the spectacle of His righteous anger against stubborn and rebellious transgressors.

When we turn from the emblems of the prophecy, to consider the events of the world's history, since the first preaching of the gospel, we can hardly fail to dis-

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cover the strong resemblance between the features of this vision, and the remarkable changes, which began their course about sixty years ago, and have continued their open or secret operation down to the present day. The French Revolution of last century, by the general admission of all thoughtful minds, opened a new era in the history of the world. The fountains of the great deep were opened, and the old forms and usages of society seemed to be suddenly torn away, that deeper influences, whether of good or evil, might reveal their mighty energy, and bring on a political and moral warfare of unparalleled intensity, and almost unequalled grandeur. Those twenty-five years, it has been said with truth, were equivalent, in the changes they witnessed, to the ordinary course of five centuries. When we reflect on the principles which led the way to that violent explosion of political strife, or trace its bloody course, through the reign of terror, and the wasting desolation of the wars that followed until the fall of Napoleon, we must indeed be blind if we do not recognize the special tokens of a Divine visitation, and feel that the Lord was executing vengeance on an ungodly age, and came forth from His secret place, to punish the inhabitants of the world for their iniquity. Babylon and Persia, the Macedonian kingdoms of Syria and Egypt, and the Eastern Empire of Rome, had successively undergone their probation, and received their judgment. But the Western nations of Europe, cradled in the lap of Christianity, and enriched with its highest privileges, had for long ages received the gospel, and corrupted it into superstition and idolatry, or turned its grace into licentiousness, and cast aside its promises with scorn and mockery. It was time that the King of heaven should interfere, to vindicate His despised

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authority, alike from the will-worship of Christian idolators, and the impious scoffs of an unbelieving generation. He has only to remove the secret restraints of His Spirit, who strives ever with the perverseness of mankind, and to give a free scope, for a little season, to their own ungodly passions; and the fairest scenes of nature, the seats of civilization, the high places of spiritual privilege and political greatness, are quickly turned into one wide Aceldema of bloodshed and murderous rage. O that men would adore the Lord for His holiness, while they praise Him for His goodness, and for His wonderful works of mercy and grace towards the children of men!

In the papers that follow it will be endeavoured to trace out more fully the lessons of the visions, as a key to interpret the moral changes and political revolutions of the last century, and of our own days. But when once its true application has been realized, even in its most vague and general outline, a wide field of holy meditation is opened before us. We live amidst the solemnities of God's continual Providence. His eye of unsleeping holiness is fixed upon all the nations of Europe in these latter days. He fashioneth all their hearts, and moulds their complicated plans and schemes, to fulfil His own eternal counsel, of grace to the returning prodigal, and vengeance on presumptuous iniquity. "He considereth all their works." "No king," not even a Napoleon with his victorious legions "can be saved by the multitude of his host," and neither the strength of the mighty, nor the wisdom of the wise, nor science with her proudest achievements, can rescue those from calamity, whose ungodliness has provoked the just anger of the Most High. The laws of God's moral government, its deep reality, its unfailing equity, have not ceased in

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our own days, and can never cease to the end of time. Let the moles and bats of an earth-born philosophy, worship, if they will, the omnipotence of second causes, and say in their hearts, amidst their learned manufacture of worlds out of atoms, and men out of electrified molecules—"All things continue as they were from the beginning of the world." The Christian who has once caught the echo of the song uttered by these heavenly harpers, will not be led away by the impious delusion. His faith in the Great First Cause will stand out in full relief above all the discoveries of worldly science. Amidst the confusion and darkness of worldly politics, and new-born theories of social happiness, he will look to those words, which usher in this glorious prophecy, as the true pole-star of all political wisdom, that Jesus Christ is the faithful witness, the first begotten from the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. He reigns, even now, on His invisible throne in heaven; and He must reign hereafter in visible glory, till all enemies are subdued under His feet. In vain do the nations of the world embody in their constitutions the sovereignty of the people. It is not they, but the Lamb of God, who is the true Sovereign. If they rebel against His merciful sceptre, and cast away His words from them, He has a thousand ways to vindicate His authority, and to punish their fatal crime. The judgment, suspended for a little moment, may then resume its solemn progress; until the smoke shall clear away from the temple of heaven, and men shall say, in deep contrition for their past blindness, and reverence for His manifested dominion—"Verily there is a reward for the righteous: doubtless there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

T. R. B.

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CHURCH MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

ADDRESS BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH, TO CHRISTIAN LADIES.

THE Editor of the *Christian Lady's Magazine* having requested me, as an old member of the Church Missionary Society, to address the Readers of the *Christian Lady's Magazine* on the interesting occasion of the Church Missionary Jubilee: I cannot refuse a request from one so dear to me, on a subject in which I have been occupied from my youth.

I had been led early in life to take an interest in Missions, from hearing several sermons of the Rev. H. Martyn, at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, previous to his going to India as Chaplain of the East India Company. I yet recollect the deep interest with which I heard his closing sermon at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, from Acts xx. 32, on July 7, 1805. This led me to read Brainerd's Life, and God gave me to see the duty of making efforts to advance his kingdom. I then joined the Church Missionary Society, and was privileged to help in the forming of the Norfolk and Norwich, one of the earliest of its Associations, in 1813, and at length, on the invitation of the Committee, to visit its African Missions, in 1816, and return to be its Secretary for fifteen years. The goodness of God in thus early drawing my heart to his cause, and the personal blessedness I have found in labouring to promote it, justly

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demand my grateful thanksgivings to the Father of all mercies, and furnish powerful reasons for my seeking to interest others, and especially the young, in so blessed a work.

I have seen the vast importance especially of interesting the mind and heart of females in this work. Their help is most scriptural. Our fall came through our first mother Eve; but it pleased God that, in the riches of his grace, our recovery should come in the same way, and the seed of the woman was to bruise the head of the serpent. The Virgin Mary, the honoured mother of our Lord, watched over his infancy, and the interest that the female mind has taken in the progress of the Gospel, has ever been very marked and delightful. It was Elizabeth who so joyfully welcomed the mother of our Lord before he was born. When he was presented in the temple, it was Anna, a widow of fourscore and four years, that gave thanks unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem. When our Lord went throughout every city and village preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom of God with the twelve, it was certain women, Mary, and Joanna the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, that ministered unto him of their substance. They were females who followed him to Calvary; who hung last about the cross, and were first at the tomb. While waiting for the promised gift of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, the women were assembled with all who continued with one accord in prayer and supplication. Though the direct ministry of the Gospel was given to men, yet it was mightily assisted by females. How the Apostle delights to notice this in the Epistle to the Romans. "Greet Priscilla my helper in Christ. Greet Mary who

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bestowed much labour upon us. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, who laboured much in the Lord." And so in that to the Philippians, he exhorts a fellow-labourer: "I entreat thee, true yokefellow, help those women which laboured with me in the Gospel."

As far as we know, the first convert to the preached Gospel in Europe was a female. The Apostle Paul was called by a remarkable vision to pass over from Asia into Europe, and his first meeting there was a prayer-meeting, to which women resorted, and his first convert was Lydia, and she welcomed him to her house, and received the brethren there, when he was released from prison.

Our own experience in the Church Missionary Society has shewn us the value of female help. From the first we had female subscribers; but for twelve or fourteen years we little thought of the efficient aid we might gain through them. Just before India was opened to British Missions, in Jan. 1813, the sagacious and provident mind of my beloved friend and fellow-labourer, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, struck with the great things done by the regular weekly collections of the Wesleyans, suggested the plan of weekly and monthly collections for the Church Missionary Society, and invited such ladies as might be inclined to assist in the designs of the Society, to unite in the plan. This was one great means of raising the missionary income through the land. The income of 1812-13 was £3046; the income of 1813-14 was £10,792, and it has since grown steadily to its present amount. I well remember how much we were indebted to ladies in the Norwich Ladies Association, when they raised, in 1813, thirty-five years ago, above £70 by their weekly collections. I well re-

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member in my journies for fifteen years, as Secretary of the Society to all parts of the United Kingdom, how much of the success of its operations everywhere we owed to the zealous interest and indefatigable labours of Christian females.

Let us now proceed to consider the circumstances which make it desirable to use the present season, the fiftieth year of the Society, for a review of its labours, in order to extend its operations.

Religious Societies have availed themselves, with much advantage to their great objects, of the Divine institution of the Jubilee under the Jewish Law, by adopting after a similar period of years, plans to make their cause and God's blessing upon it more widely known.

The Jubilee Year was opened on the great day of atonement by the sound of a trumpet. It is thus described: "And thou shalt number seven sabbaths of years unto thee, seven times seven years, and the space of seven sabbaths of years shall be unto thee forty and nine years. Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound, on the tenth day of the seventh month: in the day of atonement, shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a Jubilee unto you: and ye shall return every man unto his family."

It was a striking type of the blessings of redemption, liberty, and salvation, flowing from the atoning death of our Divine Redeemer; blessings that shall ultimately gladden not one land, but all lands.

When then we have arrived at the fiftieth year of a great design which God has largely prospered, as a means

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of communicating those blessings through the world, we may well avail ourselves of a season so marked out in the word of God, to review the course which we have been led, and to see if we cannot make fresh efforts "to turn the Gentiles from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith which is in Jesus." If we know the precious ransom price paid for man, and the redemption of our forfeited heavenly inheritance by the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, how glad shall we be of every occasion that may help to proclaim more widely, the Gospel's joyful sound of "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound!"

How wonderful has been the course which the Lord has led the Society in the last fifty years! It was the fruit of that Evangelical revival in the Established Church, which began in much feebleness in the middle of the 18th century, and which has now so largely blessed our country and the whole world.

The Society was formed by a meeting of twenty-five Christians of the Established Church, on April 12, 1799. God raised up men of deep and earnest devotion, of plain strong sense and of lively faith, like Simeon, Scott, and Venn, Admiral Gambier, Wilberforce, and Grant, to lay the foundations of the Society and patiently persevere amid multiplied discouragements. Its first seven preachers were Scott, Simeon, Cecil, Biddulph, Venn, Burn, and Woodd. It sent out its missionaries, Renner and Hartwig, *Lutheran* clergymen, in 1804, in which year they arrived in the colony of Sierra Leone. Thus five years were passed before missionaries could be obtained to enter the heathen world.

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Soon after I joined the Society, nearly forty years since, I remember being at a meeting to send out missionaries, held in an upper room, at the New London Tavern, in Cheapside, where, perhaps, there might be a hundred or more members present. One of the founders of the Society said, they had hardly expected to see so many persons present to manifest interest in their missions. How has it since grown, and what hopes this should give us!

The first *English* missionaries sent out were Messrs. Norton and Greenwood, who left England for India in May 1815. Thus about sixteen years were passed, before the English Church had been sufficiently awakened to send forth English missionaries to the heathen. But the eye of God was ever upon those engaged in this work, giving them faith, patience, and perseverance, and gradually removing obstacles and opening doors before them. The abolition of the Slave Trade in 1807, the opening of India to British missionaries in the renewal of the East India Company's charter in 1813, the extension of our empire in India, and of our colonies in Austral Asia, the establishment of episcopacy in our colonies in 1814, the general peace in 1815, the multiplication of our associations through the country, the erection and opening of our Church Missionary Institution at Islington in 1825, the abolition of slavery in 1833, the facilities for intercourse by steam-vessels and railways, and the progress of arts and science in general, have furnished advantages and facilities in the work of missions which have already been, and will be hereafter, of vast importance in aiding the progress of the kingdom of Christ. These advantages cannot be better described than in the beautiful language of prophecy. The Society entered on the work by obeying the command, "Prepare

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ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God." And he has so wonderfully removed difficulties, that we have hitherto found it true; "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." And we doubt not in his own time "the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Blessed be God, there are also many other Societies, some as large as the Church Missionary Society, that have been long engaged in this work. The Gospel Propagation Society has existed a century and a half; the United Brethren's labours began in 1732; the London Missionary, the Wesleyan Missionary, the Baptist Missionary, the Scottish Missionary Societies, the Netherlands, the Berlin, the Basle, the Rhenish, the French Protestant, the American Board of Foreign Missions and other American Societies, have laboured in the same blessed cause. Along with these must be counted the Christian Knowledge, the British and Foreign Bible, the Religious Tract, the Colonial Church, and other Societies. By such auxiliaries many in the Protestant Churches are making vigorous efforts to diffuse the light of Divine truth through the world. Their efforts have been greatly aided also by several inestimable Societies for doing spiritual good at home, which are thus multiplying the fountains which replenish the missionary stream.

The mere list of the present 102 stations of the Church Missionary Society would shew to how wide a sphere of labour God has led it. The following summary of its missions will give a general view of them.

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MISSIONS.	STATIONS.	TEACHERS.								COMMUNICANTS.	SCHOOLS including SEMINARIES.	SCHOLARS AND SEMINARISTS.
		EUROPEANS.										
		Clergy.										
		English.	Lutheran.	Laymen.	Fem. Teachers.	Clergymen.	Laymen.	Fem. Teachers.	TOTAL.			
West Africa	14	14	..	3	1	1	47	9	75	2047	59	5032
Abbeokouta	2	4	..	..	..	1	5	..	10	52	4	188
Mediterranean	3	4	..	3	..	..	10	6	23	28	9	771
East Africa	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	5
Western India	4	6	..	1	..	..	29	1	37	20	23	1169
North India	21	26	4	5	1	1	137	16	190	1035	75	4683
South India	18	24	1	3	2	9	474	67	582	3521	292	8233
Ceylon	6	10	..	1	..	3	110	21	144	322	76	2535
China	1	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	....
New Zealand	23	18	..	13	3	..	315	49	396	4826	No Returns.	
West Indies	3	2	.	..	2	..	..	..	5	624	7	631
North-West America	6	5	..	4	5	..	4	..	13	535	171	718
	102	118	6	33	14	15	1131	168	1481	13,010	567	23,965

But against this delightful progress must be set the still remaining darkness of the heathen world on the one hand, and the vast capabilities of Britain on the other, and it will then be seen how great a work is yet to be accomplished.

The Bible Society has distributed thirty-four millions of copies of the Scriptures, but only about one million of these copies have yet been circulated among the heathen. Christian lands have needed the thirty-three millions.

The population of the heathen world is variously estimated at from six hundred millions to seven hundred and fifty millions, and missionaries have gone forth to most of their known and accessible kingdoms, but it may be questioned whether twenty millions of the heathen have yet heard the Gospel from Protestant

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missionaries, or whether two millions of these twenty have yet embraced it. China has three hundred and sixty millions, and there is hardly a Protestant missionary to every ten millions. The interior of Africa is unpenetrated and unknown. The vast regions of Tartary and Siberia, Persia and Affghanistian, and the vast islands of Borneo and Japan, are yet in Mahomedan darkness.

Now what are the capabilities of our country when we are really in earnest? We were really in earnest in the war with Bonaparte.

In the year 1814, we spent for the Navy....	£21,961,568
for the Ordnance	4,480,729
for the Army....	33,785,536
Loans to other Countries	10,024,623
	£70,252,456

Thus in one year seventy millions of money was spent in defending our country from a dangerous foe. Our wealth is supposed since the peace to have increased in capital, of personal property and improved real property, two hundred millions.

We had 72,000 soldiers in the battle of Waterloo. Thus mighty were the efforts for self-preservation.

But if we look at the cost of our army and navy now in a time of peace, it will shew us still something of our expenditure for the same object.

For our Army....	£6,699,699
Navy.....	7,802,464
Ordnance	2,264,339
	£16,766,502

The duties on foreign articles of luxury, such as fruits and silk, shew that more is spent yearly in these two articles than in all our religious societies. The duties on tobacco and snuff amount to more than £4,336,000. The duties on foreign spirits to £2,426,438.

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Without questioning the importance, use or necessity of these things, look at them only as manifesting the capability of Britain very greatly to increase its missionary expenditure, and see what room there is for enlarged missionary contribution. With a national income of a hundred and seventy-five millions of money, in incomes above £150 a year, what might not Great Britain do, were we really as a nation interested in the diffusion of the Gospel of Christ.

The unspeakable advantages and blessedness which adequate exertions would give to our own land, no tongue could tell. If the high title of Christ himself is "a light to lighten the Gentiles;" what a blessing it must be to any country to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world! This is the brightest character of our Christian or any Christian country. The question then put I suppose by my female readers to be this, What can I do to help to bring my country to this happy state, to be a larger blessing to the world?

And here it must be first acknowledged, how great has been the debt which the Society already owes to ladies. No one can look at the large proportion which they ever form in our public meetings: no one can see how the very important office of collectors, from which so large a part of our funds have flowed, has been chiefly sustained by females: no one can have witnessed the steadiness with which, when they have once undertaken to aid, they have persevered amidst all difficulties, without seeing that females have ever been the fastest and firmest friends of Christian missions. It is now as it was in the beginning; for when our Lord Christ preached the glad tidings of the kingdom of God, the women were the first to minister unto him of their substance.

The past exertions of Christian females then leads us

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to the assurance that we do not plead in vain for fresh exertions suited to the present exigency.

What is specially wanted is, 1st, a wider diffusion of missionary information; and 2nd, a fresh canvass, if possible, of every house in every parish in our land, accessible to the Missionary Collector for missionary contributions. A vast work like this can only be done by all the friends of the Society through the land, acting together, and prayerfully, and patiently, with wisdom and perseverance, giving time and labour, at much self-sacrifice, to renewed applications to all around them; and by the Society itself furnishing such friends with a plentiful supply of the suitable publications, which have been prepared for the occasion.

I would earnestly recommend then to my female readers, to give first a little time to retirement and reflection, for considering how they can best promote this vast cause. Let them bring it before our God in their private prayers, and ask him to give them wisdom, courage, and perseverance to take really efficient measures for its advancement. Thus strengthened, let their local Associations meet and devise plans for a more thorough visiting of Parishes and Districts, and for a more extensive practical circulation of the Jubilee Tracts, and then for answering the objections and meeting the difficulties which every truly good work is sure to encounter.*

* The following very interesting Objects have been selected by the Society as of chief importance to be accomplished by the Special Jubilee Fund, which they hope may this year be raised in addition to enlarged ordinary subscriptions, and they are such as may well call forth the liberal love of Christians.—"1. The augmentation of the Fund for Disabled Missionaries, and for the widows and orphans of deceased Missionaries. 2. The providing a Boarding-school as a home for the maintenance and education of the children of those Missionaries, who are devoting their time and strength to Missionary work abroad. 3. The establishment of

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The motives to engage in such a work are weighty and sufficient. It is blessed to ourselves and to those we gain over to the cause; to our country and to the heathen world.

It is very blessed to ourselves. The Lord richly repays all exertions in his cause. Your labour will be fruitful in blessings to your own soul. "He that watereth shall himself be watered." Persevere amid the difficulties you meet with, and it will increase your knowledge of divine truth, strengthen your faith, brighten your evidence of your interest in the Gospel, enliven your hope, and inflame your love. You will have fresh subjects of prayer and praise, and be brought to enjoy more close communion with God, and more enlarged love to your fellow men. You will be drawn to the excellent of the earth, who take an interest in the same work, and have innumerable social enjoyments as fellow-labourers in one blessed work.

It is very blessed *to those we gain over to this cause.* We assist them in rising out of the mere selfishness of a contracted and dependant situation, to be the benefactors of our fellow creatures. We bring them to the joy of doing the widest good and of the highest kind. Never shall I forget what one who has for more than thirty years been a devoted friend of every good work, told me; 'Oh how thankful I am you ever put that first Church Missionary Paper I saw into my hands. It led me to think about my own soul, to attend the Missionary sermons and meetings, to know those who love the Saviour; it was a blessing in my own family,

a moderate Fund to be employed in assisting Native Churches to support their own Native Ministers and Institutions. And, 4. The erection in the Missions abroad, of buildings of a permanent character for Missionary purposes, and more especially for the education of young men for the office of the Ministry."

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and was the beginning of all I have done since.' May you, my Christian reader, have, from many a friend you thus gain to the Missionary cause, similar testimony of the benefit of your labours.

The increase of the Missionary spirit *is a blessing to our own country*. We have seen wonderful events since the first French Revolution. The capitals of all the great kingdoms of Europe were one after another in the possession of their enemies, and those kingdoms subject to the horrors of war. But to our own favoured country, the Protestant faith had been entrusted, and the Missionary spirit was given and spread, and this became our shield and bulwark; for the nation that did most for the kingdom of Christ was spared, and honoured, and exalted. The nations of the earth are again shaken. Our own has hitherto been threatened. It has been mercifully spared. Whether it will continue so may be deeply connected with real national humiliation for our sins, and real national zeal for the truth and the kingdom of Christ. We love our country. It is very dear to us. We long for its welfare. Let us be among its best patriots, by promoting the spread of pure and undefiled religion at home and abroad. Israel was prosperous when the country and the monarch honoured God and were zealous for his service. Britain will be prosperous as we are nationally zealous for Christ and his kingdom.

And with these blessings think of THE SURE AND FINAL ISSUE; God's name hallowed through the world, his kingdom come in every land; his will done on earth as it is in heaven. For this his people have been praying from the beginning. This is the sure issue of all that his servants have done, are doing, and will do. One of their richest joys hereafter will be, that their Lord

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called them to have a share in advancing this blessed kingdom, and the unspeakably happy reward of even our feeble gifts and efforts, of even a cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, will gladden us in the realms of bliss and glory, and in that happy kingdom where we shall reign with Christ for ever and ever.

The Lord grant that these few thoughts may quicken many a Christian sister to enlarged efforts, if they have previously aided in this work, and stir up others to partake with us of the privilege of advancing that kingdom which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

In closing this address, I would add one farther thought, which has for many years quickened my own mind, and I believe that of others, though some of my beloved brethren see not with me in it, and I long laboured for missions, without perceiving this farther quickening motive. It is the growing conviction of my own mind and of many patient students of the word of prophecy, that the period in which *the Christian Church* can labour in their blessed seed-time is very short: that not only are *our lives short*, but the vast privilege to the whole Church of acknowledging an absent Saviour, and confessing him, and shining amidst a crooked and perverse generation, as lights holding forth the word of life, is very short. We believe that our Lord Jesus Christ, in his visible glory, is coming; that He himself is near at hand, to own our labours, to receive us to his glory, and to complete that work of righteousness and salvation, which shall issue in the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousnsss. What a comfort this is amidst all difficulties! What a reason for stedfast perseverance. (1 Cor. xv. 51—58.) What

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a quickening impulse it furnishes to diligence! (2 Pet. iii. 14.) What a bright glory it presents to those who labour to turn many to righteousness! (Dan. xii. 3.) What a motive to the utmost exertions to save men from perishing! Who could read unmoved the affecting narrative of the burning of the Ocean Monarch, after leaving Liverpool a few hours before in peace and prosperity? Who could but delight in the efforts made by four different vessels to save the endangered emigrants and the crew? Who could but rejoice that thus above 218 out of 396 were rescued from the flames and the sea? Who could but admire the conduct of the French princes, and of that sailor, Frederick Jerome, who by his unequalled exertions saved fifteen from perishing? Christian ladies, we have a yet more important work to accomplish—to save immortal souls from a more terrific fire, which will one day be kindled for the wicked, and which when kindled, leaves no way of escape! O how joyful will it be to have saved immortal souls! what a glory and joy they will be at the Lord's coming! (1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.) The nearness of that more fearful danger and that more full joy should then rouse us! let us be more animated by knowing that "he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins," and each converted soul is our hope and joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming.

Watton Rectory, Herts,
Sept. 1, 1848.

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THE SERAPHIM, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

AUTHOR OF A TRANSLATION OF THE PROMETHEUS BOUND, &c.

THIS was the first appearance of Miss Barrett's original poetry, her previous production being a translation from the Greek of Æschylus. She has since produced other poems: but we now confine our remarks to this one. She struck the poetic harp ten years ago, and yet the poetic world does not resound with her name. Perhaps the obscure grandeur of her style of expression, and the loftiness of her thoughts have raised this original writer above the reach of popular appreciation.

It may be that she has 'fit audience found, though few:' yet surely she deserves to be better known and more beloved by her Christian countrywomen, by those who love poetry when its theme is Love Divine; when it serves as a ministering spirit to religion, looking upward for guidance "as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress."

They who delight in hallowed minstrelsy should be acquainted with Elizabeth Barrett. Some of her strains are like 'an angel's song that makes the heavens be mute.' An angel might pause in his celestial harpings, to hear a sister spirit on earth sing so well.

What was said of Caroline Wilson may with equal justice be applied to this gifted lady. "She manifests in her writings, the philosophic strength of 'spirits mas-

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culine,' combined with feminine grace and tenderness; a union of grace and strength which forms what we deem *angelic* excellence." In her melodious verse, there is indeed both strength and tenderness, like honey in the stony rock. We agree with the opinion that "Mrs. Hemans was a Poetess, but Elizabeth Barrett is a Poet."

Her translation of the Prometheus Bound has won for her name a niche in the temple of classical learning. She is a scholar among scholars, and a poet among poets. Æschylus himself might smile complacently on the gentle Englishwoman who has so well interpreted his dead language in a living voice, and transfused the spirit of his Titanic thought into modern English verse. From her acquaintance with the old masters of the Grecian lyre, she has acquired much of their statuesque grace of thought and style. Some of her compound words are fine specimens of the composite-order of phrase distinguishing the language of ancient Greece. In that school of the Antique, she has gained strength without sternness, and an impassioned power of speech without morbid sentimentalism of feeling. In mental constitution, our English minstrel is more a Greek than Sappho herself, the Poetess of the Grecian Isles. Sappho sang of earthly love; but Miss Barrett's favourite theme is Love Divine; this is the key-note of her sweetest music; it is the subject of her 'Seraphim;'—worthy of "the Seraphim who love most.' And so her enraptured strain soars far above the highest note of Sappho: "as the heaven is high above the earth;" as the effulgence of light ineffable outshines the phosphorescent halo of decay and death.

The purity of sculpture without its coldness, its dignity without its deadness, is the character of her noble

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mind. Like the statue of Memnon, with its musical response to the morning sunbeams,—she seems to sing for joy, because the Sun of righteousness has illumined her inmost soul, and kindled all its harp-strings into a burst of praise.

"There is no greater fiction than that poetry is fiction," says this true Poetess, who 'wrote not because there is a public, but because these poems were *thought* and *felt*.' Poetry is a form of truth with the loftiest aspect, and the sweetest voice. The lark pouring out its minstrelsy at heaven's gate, is as true to nature as the parrot repeating prose in a cage. Music or Poetry, whether written, or spoken, or sung, is but an expression of some inner harmony; and the purest moral harmony is the combination of truth, justice and mercy into a three-fold chord of praise. Such is the deep harmony of scriptural poetry, as it resounds from the harp of Miriam or Moses, of David or Isaiah, of Hannah or Mary. Their voices are heard no more on the mountains of Israel; yet the Church is still vocal with those notes of praise, whose echo will never cease to vibrate through all eternity. The most ancient Ode on record is the joyous anthem of the Church triumphant, on the shores of the Red Sea. And again, in the solitude of Patmos, (Rev. xv. 13.) St. John heard with prophetic ear the prolonged chorus of that pealing hymn resounding from 'numbers without number infinite, sweet as blest voices uttering joy.'

The Jubilant chaunt of Hannah is as a far-off prelude to the more enraptured strain of Mary, the most blessed Virgin mother. And that Magnificat is repeated every Sabbath day, and so it will endure until the dawn of a better rest, when the Lord of the Sabbath shall appear to complete the redemption of every one who is

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to Him as His mother, His sister, or His brother; then He will rest in His love, and rejoice over them with singing.

We trust that Elizabeth Barrett will appear as a white-robed chorister in that choir of the true high Church whose foundations are on the holy hills. She seems now to belong to the free Church of spiritual worshippers 'whose temple is all space, whose altar,—earth, sea, skies;'—who find 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing.' To such an illumined heart and mind, all nature is revealed in a new aspect of light and life, as glowing with hues of love reflected from the Saviour's rainbow-girdled throne. Such a one will understand the quaint language of another Poet:—

. . . "Each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air
Makes Sabbaths in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes whose crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most Catholic and solemn
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps, the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the wind and waves,—its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky."

There is a healthy fresh air of piety in Miss Barrett's poetry: an undertone of hope in her saddest dirge;—as there is a softening tendency in her gayest melody. After a dreamy excursion of thought, called the 'Soul's Travelling,' thus she returns to the safe resting-place.

. . . "Yea very vain
The greatest speed of all these souls of men,
Unless they travel upward to Thy throne,
Where sittest Thou, the satisfying One
With blood for sins, and holy perfectings
For all requirements."

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And again, in 'the Island,' which is a piece of picturesque day-dreams,—a sudden gleam from the excellent glory, seems to recal her roving mind from its wandering visions—as though the Lord looked upon her with 'those deep pathetic eyes' of love, saying to her heart; "Wilt thou also go away?" And this is the sweet response, in melodious verse;—

"Shall I go backward to the world,
When Thou art very nigh?
And pay the price I promised her
For vision passed by.
What time Thy covenant's controul
Would break all others from my soul.—

Nay, I endure; but not because
The world imposeth woe;
But rather that Thine hands perform
The thing appointed so!
Those kindly wounding hands did brave,
Themselves, a deeper wound—to save."

Here is the principle of Christian resignation; not the erect pride of stoicism which scorns to feel;—but chastened sorrow, weeping like Mary at the Saviour's feet—at the feet of Him who answered with sympathetic tears, who is still touched with the feeling of our infirmities; who can turn the shadow of death into a cloudless morning.

In the Preface to this volume of poems, the author discourses most eloquently in words of wisdom and of power. "Had Æschylus lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual, yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublime meekness of the Taster of death for every man. . . . . He would have turned

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from the scenery of the Prometheus, to the rent rocks and darkened scene—rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through *nature*, but leaving *man's* heart untouched, to the multitudes whose victim was their Saviour—to the victim whose sustaining thought beneath an unexampled agony, was not the Titanic 'I can revenge,' but the celestial, 'I can forgive!' We know *love* in that He laid down His life for us. By this we know love—*love* in its intense meaning. Has not love a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power? I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often quoted words, "God is Love," to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him who is infinite."

The subject of 'the Seraphim' is the Crucifixion at Jerusalem, and the personages are some of the angelic host, gazing with dread amazement on that most awful sacrifice. The intent of this sublime Poem is thus explained in the Preface. "My desire was to gather some vision of the supreme spectacle under a less usual aspect,—to glance at it as dilated in seraphic eyes, and darkened and deepened by the near association with blessedness and heaven. Are we not too apt to measure the depth of the Saviour's humiliation from the common estate of man, instead of from His own peculiar and primæval one? To avoid which error I have endeavoured to count some steps of the ladder of Bethel,—a very few steps, and as seen between the clouds." Let us pause on a step of this etherial ladder to overhear some sad notes of angelic sorrow, of glorious sympathy with the setting Sun of Righteousness. It is a dialogue between Ador and Zerah, two of the celestial host:—

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ZERAH. "Thus! do I find Thee thus? My Lord, my Lord,
* * * *
A man, and not a God—
A worm, and not a man,—
Yea, no worm—but a curse?
. . . . . Thou
Grief-bearer for Thy world, with unhinged brow—
I have an angel-tongue—I know but *praise!*

ADOR. Hereafter shall the blood-bought captives raise
The Passion-song of blood!

ZERAH. And *we*, extend
Our holy vacant hands towards the Throne,
Crying, 'We have no music!'

ADOR. Rather blend
Our musics into one!
The sanctities and sanctified above
Shall each to each, with lifted looks serene
Their shining faces lean,
And mix th' adoring breath,
And breathe the sweet thanksgiving!

ZERAH. But the love—
The love, mine Ador!

ADOR. Do *we* love not?

ZERAH. Yea!
But *not as man shall:* not with life for death,
New-throbbing through the startled being! not
With strange astonished smiles, that ever may
Gush passionate like tears, and fill their place!
Oh! not with this blood on us—and this face,—
Still, haply, pale with sorrow that it bore
In our behalf, and tender evermore
With nature all our own,—towards us gazing!—
Nor yet with those forgiving hands upraising
Their unreproachful wounds, alone to bless!
Alas, Creator! shall we love Thee less
Than mortals shall?

ADOR. Amen! so let it be!
We love in our proportion—to the bound
Thine infinite, our finite set around,
And that is finitely,—Thou, infinite
And worthy infinite love! And our delight
Is watching the dear love poured out to Thee,

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From every fuller chalice. Blessed they,
Who love Thee more than we do! blessed we,
Beholding that out-loving lovingness,
And winning in the sight a double bliss,
For all so lost in love's supremacy!
The bliss is better! Love him more, O man
Than sinless seraphs can.

ZERAH. Yea! love Him more.
VOICES OF THE ANGELIC MULTITUDE. Yea! more."

Here is the sweet burden of this Seraphic song. Alas! how heavily does it reverberate from the stony heart of ungrateful man—'Love Him more!'

"Teach us, Lord, to love Thee more."

The other poems in this volume abound with lovely thoughts and pleasant words, 'fresh as the morn, and varied as the year;'—and there are some beautiful hymns towards the end, especially one to the 'Weeping Saviour.'

"When Jesus' friend had ceased to be,
Still Jesus' heart its friendship kept—
"Where have ye laid him?"—"Come and see!"
But ere His eyes could see, they wept.

Lord! not in sepulchres alone,
Corruption's worm is rank and free;
The shrouds of death our bosoms own—
The shades of sorrow! Come and see!

Come, Lord! God's image cannot shine
Where sin's funereal darkness lowers—
Come! turn these weeping eyes of Thine
Upon these sinning souls of ours!

And let those eyes, with shepherd care,
Their moving watch above us keep;
Till love the strength of sorrow wear,
And as Thou weepedst, *we* may weep!

For surely we may weep to know,
So dark and deep our spirit's stain;
That had Thy blood refused to flow,
Thy very tears had flowed in vain."

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The stanzas on 'Cowper's Grave' have the free flow of a sighing and yet smiling stream, whose waters are overshadowed by the tree of life, with its leaves of balm and blessedness.

"It is a place where poets crowned
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—

Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was poured the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!

O men! this man, in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory,—

And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;

Nor ever shall he be in praise,
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!"

Is not this good poetry?—good for the head and heart?—such as Christian ladies would do well to read; with thankfulness to the Giver of every good gift for His grace to this gifted woman. He who teaches the

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birds to soar and sing in the sunshine, has attuned her poetic soul to the harmonies of heaven. Let us re-iterate our aspiration, that, when all earthly sounds have died away in eternity, her heart may still make melody to the Lord, while her voice swells on into a deeper tone of joy as it blends with the celestial choir, who 'sing Hallelujah, as the sound of seas.' May our glory also sing praise and not be silent, through all the long ages of that undying day—that so

> "We may all be poets there,
> Gazing on the chiefest Fair!"

E. E.

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MISSIONARY HEROISM.

"Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold," was the warning given by our blessed Lord to his disciples, when describing the dangers of the last days. He does not say that abounding iniquity would extinguish the love of his church, but that with many of them it would cause that love to wax cold. We are so prone to measure ourselves by the standard of those around us; and, in a world which wholly neglects our Saviour's cause, the small sacrifices we make for it seem large: measuring ourselves by ourselves, comparing ourselves among ourselves, we commend ourselves, and are not wise. To arouse us from this self-satisfied lethargy, we need only turn our eyes from the low standard of man's opinion, to the high yet reasonable requirements of the word of God, to withdraw from the chilling influence of surrounding worldliness and apathy, to consider the example of our blessed Lord, and those of his servants, who, having imbibed his spirit, can, like the Apostle of old, call on their brethren to be followers of them as they have been of Christ.

At this time appeals are being extensively made to the members of the Church of England to celebrate a Missionary Jubilee, and testify their gratitude to the Lord for the mercies which have attended fifty years of Missionary labour, by making sacrifices to raise a Jubilee Fund to set the Society more at liberty to pur-

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sue its all-important work. Let us then, stir up our minds to some sense of what the word 'sacrifice' really means, by considering some few instances of Missionary heroism which the history of the church within the last century furnishes, and then contrast these sufferings, these self-denying efforts, with the small pecuniary sacrifices we are asked to make. The lesson will be humbling, but it may prove profitable and stimulating.

We will first visit in thought the lonely hut on the river Corantyn, in British Guiana, where Mr. Daehne, the Moravian missionary, dwelt long in perfect solitude, without a fellow-creature to tend him in sickness, or protect him from the wild beasts of that tropical region. The following account of his labours is given in Bernau's British Guiana :—

'This enterprizing missionary had commenced a new settlement on the river Corantyn, in the year 1757. The Indians who accompanied him there soon left him, except one, with whom he lived a very solitary life. After some time, his only companion was taken ill, and the Indian doctors, who passed by, told him he he would never recover if he continued to live with the white man, who was under the power of the devil, and would likewise soon turn sick. Influenced by these representations, the poor fellow, as soon as he got a little better, forsook his teacher, and returned to his own countrymen. But though Daehne was left alone, without either friend or companion, even in this solitude he was content and happy: "Our Saviour," says he, was always with me, and comforted me with his gracious presence, so that I can truly say, I spent my time in happiness and peace."

'The Indians, at first, entertained strong suspicions against him, and even formed the design of putting him

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to death. He was informed of his danger, but his mind was kept in perfect peace. One day, however, as he sat at his frugal meal, about fifty of the Carabeese landed from their canoes, and surrounded his cottage with a view of carrying their threats into execution. Some of them were armed with swords, others with tomahawks. This was truly an alarming sight, nevertheless he went out, and bade them welcome. They then asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land? To this he replied, "The Governor." They next inquired, what design he had in coming thither? to which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great waters, who having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you." The chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," replied Daehne; "but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the chief replied, "Yes; I have heard so: they say you are a different sort of Christian from the white people in general." The missionary then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you come to kill me?" "We have done wrong," answered the chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The chief, however, remained behind, behaving in a very friendly manner, and left him a supply of cassava. Thus the missionary, by his magnanimous, yet temperate conduct, warded off the blow which threatened his life, and converted his enemies into his friends.

'During his stay in this solitary situation, Daehne

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was frequently in want of the common necessaries of life. Besides these various trials, he now and then suffered from fever, and was often in no small danger from wild beasts and other venomous creatures. Thus a tiger, for a long time, kept watch near his hut, seeking an opportunity, no doubt, to seize the poor solitary inhabitant. Every night it roared most dreadfully; and, though he regularly kindled a large fire in the neighbourhood before he went to bed, yet, as it often went out by the morning, it would have proved but a miserable defence, had not the Lord preserved him. The following circumstance is still more remarkable, and illustrates, in a singular manner, the care of God over his servants. Being one evening attacked with a paroxysm of fever, he resolved to go into his hut, and lie down in his hammock. Just, however, as he entered the door, he beheld a serpent descending from the roof upon him. In the scuffle which ensued, the creature bit him in three different places; and pursuing him closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck as tightly as possible. Expecting now to be bitten or strangled to death, and being afraid lest his brethren should suspect the Indians had murdered him, he, with singular presence of mind, wrote with chalk on the table, "A serpent has killed me." Suddenly, however, that promise of the Saviour darted into his mind, "They shall take up serpents, and shall not be hurt." Encouraged by this declaration, he seized the creature with great force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down in his hammock in tranquillity and peace. This was most probably a boa constrictor, whose bite, though painful, is not venomous; and which destroys its prey by crushing it to death and gorging it whole.

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'Daehne growing, after many years labour, old and infirm, returned to Europe. Others succeeded him, and reaped the fruit of the seed he had sown. It is stated, that many Indians departed this life rejoicing in the Saviour, and in the sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life.'

The devotion of other Moravian missionaries, who, finding themselves refused admission to preach to the slaves in the West Indies, voluntarily offered to be sold as slaves, that so they might be brought in direct contact with the negroes, is a well-known proof of missionary sacrifice. The Church Missionary Society's West African Mission has also its many tales of self-devotion to tell. True, the missionary had at Sierra Leone the advantage of the protection of an English colony, but this could not protect them from the deadly influence of the climate. In a period of about twenty years, no less than fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives have died at Sierra Leone. They went there, knowing the early death that probably awaited them; for, in one instance, out of seven who landed from one ship, in the year 1823, at the end of six months only two remained alive. They went there voluntarily, for the Society, on account of the extreme danger of the post at that time, felt it right to wave the rule which does not permit any missionary candidate to select his own sphere of labour, and in regard to the African mission, sent none there without their own free consent; yet God has raised men and women willing cheerfully to incur the risk, and lay down their lives in obeying their Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

The journey of Mr. Krapf, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, in Abyssinia, from Ankobar to

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Massowah on the shores of the Red Sea, is another striking instance of the hardships to which the faithful missionary is exposed, and the cheerful spirit with which they are borne. Being obliged to return for a short time to Europe, he chose this dangerous and unfrequented route, because it afforded him opportunity for serving the cause of the mission. His feelings on starting are thus expressed: 'Knowing that I was going to countries never before resorted to by Europeans, and thinking that unusual dangers and hardships would be connected with such a journey, I threw myself into the hands of Almighty God, who alone could bring my journey to a happy issue, although I was provided with every human means requisite for such a hazardous undertaking.' He little knew when writing thus, that all these human means were to be taken from him, that he was to be left defenceless and destitute, to prove on this perilous journey, that the Lord himself was a sufficient shield and protection for his people. The first part of his journey was rendered distressing by the disturbed state of the country: he was in constant apprehension of being attacked by robbers, and, as a messenger of peace, the idea of making use of his weapons and taking the life of a fellow-creature, even in self-defence, was most repugnant to him. 'I therefore,' he says, 'begged the Lord not to lead me into temptation, for the sake of his holy name. You can scarcely conceive how precarious my situation was. I shall never forget the dark and painful feelings with which I travelled to-day through the territory of Sadetanka. What would our friends at home feel if they could know for a moment the dangers, difficulties, sorrows and privations, in which a missionary abroad is sometimes placed! They would certainly be more

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earnest in prayer for the mission cause. But the comforts at home make them too easily forget the distressing situation of their friends travelling in a savage country.'

Just before he reached Daunt in the province of Belissen, his progress was stopped in consequence of the country having been thrown into a state of confusion, by hostilities between two of the chiefs of that part of Abyssinia. Hence he was obliged to retrace his steps to Gatira, the capital of a chief named Adara Bille. This man on Mr. Krapf's advance had treated him with kindness, and gained his confidence. He now however determined to plunder him. By a series of artful proceedings he effected his purpose, and stripped Mr. Krapf of his property. His life itself was seriously endangered. After three days' imprisonment he and his servants were sent, robbed of their beasts, their property, and their weapons, with an escort of six soldiers, who were to conduct them beyond the territory of Adara Bille. These men treated them in the most arbitrary manner, repeatedly saying, 'Are you not our cattle, with which we can do as we please.' The party were to be conducted to a wood-like wilderness, where they would have been probably plundered of the rest of their clothes and left to perish. God however rescued them; appealing, according to an Abyssinian custom, which they providentially learnt from a merchant who passed them on the road, to the chief in whose territory they then were; they were delivered from the soldiers and restored to their liberty. The mind of Mr. Krapf was at this time graciously supported, and the interests of the missions were still foremost in his thoughts. 'I was quite indifferent,' he writes, 'regarding the way, as I could not lose any thing more;

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and indeed I could only profit from being conducted to a road hitherto untrodden by Europeans. I was so strengthened and consoled in my mind by the word given to Abraham (Gen. xii. 1,) that I could dismiss all my apprehensions of the unknown road, its dangers and hardships. I went on with a mind as cheerful and comforted as if no serious matter had happened.'

A long journey of nearly a month, before he reached the shores of the Red Sea, was now before him, during which he and his people had to beg both food and lodging in the often inhospitable villages through which they passed. They endured hunger and thirst, and excessive fatigue; they were exposed to perils of the wilderness and perils of robbers, often when exhausted at night with the fatigue of the day, they were unable to find any shelter but a stable or miserable room infested with vermin, and even this was granted with unkind and grudging words. In the midst of all these sorrows, the missionary's trust in God and love for souls never forsook him. 'I could compare myself,' he says, 'with the birds of the wilderness, which, without any choice or knowledge, fly to the branch of a tree they happen to reach, and generally find on the ground below what is requisite for them. In the same manner I went into the next house, and accepted with thanksgiving whatever was presented to me for my bodily wants; and wherever the Lord gave me an open door and an open heart to deliver the message of his word, I spoke freely of his infinite grace and love to sinners revealed in Christ, without asking whether the people of the house were Mahometans or Christians.'

Some of these interesting conversations are related in his journal. One with a monk whom he considered more than usually hopeful, shows how many trials

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attended even this missionary labour. 'This monk was much respected by all whom I saw around him, and I think he is an exception to the generality of monks. He was accessible to scriptural explanations. O that I might have once the infinite pleasure of finding one, only one real and enlightened Christian in Abyssinia! Many are not far from the kingdom of heaven: but what is the use of their drawing near the door, if they will not go in? However, I will not get tired with Abyssinia, till the Lord in his infinite mercy gives the increase to our planting and watering.'

He did not grow weary of Abyssinia, the Lord brought him safely through his perilous journey, not suffering him, from day to day, to want what was absolutely necessary, though, as he observes, when he strove to beg more than enough for the day he was repulsed. His difficulties had not discouraged him with the missionary life, he returned with Mrs. Krapf, and some fellow-labourers, to attempt to resume his work in Abyssinia, but it pleased the Lord at that time entirely to close the door in that country. He has since been laboring amidst bodily weakness, but with untiring zeal, amongst the heathen tribes of East Africa.

Leaving now the burning continent of Africa, let us turn to the beautiful isles of the great Pacific. With these isles the word 'Missionary Enterprize' is specially connected, and the first name that occurs to us as we think of them is, that of the martyr of Erromanga. But it is not to the cruel death of Mr. Williams that we desire to turn the attention of our readers, though the possibility of being thus called on to lay down his life in his Master's cause, must have frequently occurred to him during his adventurous course, and tested his missionary heroism. The domestic trials of a mission-

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ary's family in new stations, even amidst almost unprecedented success, and their powerlessness to quench the ardour of his zeal, are simply brought out without note or comment in his memoir. His eldest son was born shortly after his arrival at the missionary station. Christian parents, who know what emotions such an event has raised in their own hearts, and how earnestly they have desired to shield their little ones from every breath of evil, will sympathize with the missionary who thus announces the child's birth to his mother. 'You can participate with us, dear mother, in our new feelings. You know what anxious cares these dear little treasures bring with them, cares such as none but parents can know. But you are not aware of the temptations to which they are exposed here, wickedness which makes our hearts shrink and tremble. We earnestly entreat your prayers, that we may have guidance and strength to train up our little one in the fear of the Lord.'

After this, Mr. Williams removed to Raiatea, which had been selected as his sphere of labour. Here he speedily gained a complete ascendancy over the natives, whom he civilized as well as instructed, but while most of them recognized their obligations to him, the enmity of others was raised. Two plots were formed to murder him, of which he writes thus: 'Their hand was holden and their counsel brought to nothing, by that gracious Providence whose eye is upon the righteous. Do not let these dangers make you anxious on our account. We must expect that the strong man armed will not yield up his ancient possessions without a struggle; and such occurrences only supply additional proof that his territories are in danger, and his strongholds nearly overthrown.'

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While Mr. Williams could speak with such joyful faith of the dangers he had escaped, his wife had naturally been much alarmed,—a premature confinement ensued with the loss of her infant on the following day. It was the first of three whom she consigned as newborn babes to the tomb. Before the birth of the third, she had spent some months with Mr. Williams at Raratonga, a larger island, where she had been deprived of European provisions for a long period, at a time when her delicate health required the greatest care, and severe and protracted illness was the result of the privations she had undergone. Yet the only words of complaint which reach England are when the movements of the directors restrain Mr. Williams from launching on fresh scenes of danger and enterprize.

From the scattered groups of the Pacific, we turn to New Zealand, now one of the brightest jewels of the Church Missionary Society: that colony won to the British crown by missionary exertions, and we think of the heroism of the little band who went out to a country of which they knew nothing, but that it was inhabited by ferocious cannibals, and yet that these cannibals were fellow-creatures for whom Jesus died. We think of the trials they endured during those long years when they had no farther proof of success than that they were enabled to stand their ground, when they were tried by perils of false brethren among themselves, when ignorant of the local superstitions they were in continual danger of affronting the fierce natives among whom they dwelt, when they were exposed to see two or three hundred naked savages rushing upon them with spears pointed, clubs brandished, muskets loaded; and in their rush assuming the most terrific postures, and uttering the most fiendish yells, while

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they felt that their persons and property, together with the persons of their family, were subject to the violent passions of those whose tender mercies are cruel! The health of some was considerably shaken, but the mission was not relinquished, and a harvest of peculiar richness now crowns the soil that was tilled with such painful labour.*

It would be easy from the abundant stores of missionary literature, to multiply details like those we have given, but let us rather pause and apply to our own hearts, the lessons taught us by these holy examples.

* Yate's New Zealand, p. 170.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. VI.

(*Continued from page* 227.)

Our attention is to be directed to the Servants' Hall at Mossington. We will not tarry to describe the well-spread board, but let us rather listen attentively to their talk, nor despise criticisms and comparisons, which often display an acute perception, and a shrewd discrimination: but remember, it is well sometimes to study mind in an undress.

At the head of the table is seated a portly personage, in whom are united the important functions of cook and housekeeper; her dignity is prodigious, her temper irritable, and her real knowledge confined to roasts and stews, the fricasees and fricandeaux, which fill her brain; and still she can be very scornful and opiniated on other subjects. The next seat of honour, at the other extremity, is filled by the fat and florid footman; he is supported on the left hand by a smart pert lad, who has recently been imported, as his assistant, from the family of Professor Mason. At the top seat on the same side, is a small, gentle, woman, who must have numbered nearly sixty summers, but whose life should have been measured by its usefulness, rather than its

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duration. She is Mrs. Bland, 'the dear goody nurse,' as the children always call her. Her hair is soft as untwisted silk, and white as the unstained snow,—her sweet countenance full of tenderness, and her voice speaking at once, to the ear and to the heart. She is a blessed being! and has long unconsciously bound together the heterogenous elements, which make up the family at Mossington. She might be thought tame, but for the rich lustre of that large hazel eye, which bespeaks a thoughtful and beneficent goodness. Exactly opposite to her is placed a pretty woman, fair-faced, and arch, with a piquant nose, and a laughing blue eye, but with a lip a little curling, and contemptuous, and with a general air of complete self-satisfaction. She too is nurse, and has the entire management of the children of Mrs. Beauville, who is visiting at Mossington, and who 'leaves every thing to her, as she cannot bear the trouble of *brats*, they are too much for her nerves.' These are the occupants of the principal seats, the intermediate spaces are filled by subordinates.

'Indeed, Mrs. Bland,' said the *visitor nurse*, 'I thought I never should have got down to supper. What a dance *my* Miss Laura has been leading me, to be sure!'

'I am very sorry,' said Mrs. Bland, quietly, 'but we have not waited long, I assure you.'

'Oh, it's not for *that* I speak,' said she, with a little toss, but she's quite worn *me* out, with her tantrums', (placing peculiar emphasis on the personal pronoun), 'and what is worse, she has conquered me at last. No,—she would *not* say her prayers, do what I would. I coaxed, and scolded, and at last slapped her face, but she would'nt give in, and as I knew that it was supper time I gave it up.'

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'Why did she object?' enquired Mrs. Bland, anxiously.

'Why, when I said,' 'now Miss Laura be quick, and say your prayers,' she perked up her head, and said, 'I don't mean to say *my* prayers to-night.'

'And why not, I should like to know?'

'Never you mind, nurse, only I shan't.'

'You will though, I can tell you, and that pretty quickly, so begin.'—But not she, indeed! So I said quite solemn like, 'you're a very naughty girl, and will never go to heaven.'

'I don't want to go to heaven neither,—that's just it—for mamma says Mr. Silvester will go to heaven, and I don't want to go there too, he is so cross and unkind.'

'What's that to you?' said I—'but how is he cross?'

'Oh he beat Frank on Sunday, and sent Gustus to bed, at tea to-night, I can't bear him—and made Fanny and Emmy cry, because they did not stand up when he came into the breakfast-room.'

'That's all true enough,' shouted out the pert lad. 'Oh my! did'nt he make Master Frank's teeth rattle again, on Sunday evening, because he did'nt move off to bed in quick time—and . . . . .

'We are all one family here, Sir,' said Mrs. Bland, very firmly, 'We harbour no rebels, and no traitors,—with one mind and heart, we can get on very well, and from their birth, our dear young people have been taught to obey God, and to honour their parents.'

'I sees, and hears all, and says nothing,' ejaculated the fat footman.

'And therein you shew your good sense, and knowledge of your duty,' said Mrs. Bland, encouragingly.

'But *I* shall speak my mind though,' said the pert

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page. At the Professor's *every-one* had liberty to speak their mind, and I don't mean to give up my privileges here.'

'You will find it your privilege then, to be watchful and diligent, humble and submissive,' said Mrs. Bland, 'those are the duties becoming our situation in life, and not passing censures on our superiors.'

All eyes were turned upon the discomfited boy, expressing in various degrees, the sentiment,—'you've had your answer.'

But nothing daunted, he returned with increased irritation, to the assault.

'Well, I heard Master invite the Professor to bring his sons to dine here with him on Wednesday next—and if they come they'll put Augustus and Frank up to better plans—though I *did* hear Augustus tell his brother to-day, after Master had been raining blows upon his shoulders as thick as hail-stones—'Well, Frank,' said he, 'you may do as you please, but I don't mean to stand this treatment much longer,'—and they'll advise him not to do so, I'm sure, for I never see such slavery before in all my life.'

Poor Mrs. Bland! her heart was sad at this last piece of intelligence—it confirmed the fears she had long felt, that Augustus could but ill brook his father's discipline. But true to her allegiance she replied.—

'Our Master loves his children; and therefore thinks it his duty to discipline them with decision, for he remembers the enquiry, "What son is he, whom the father chasteneth not?" hitherto they have been kept obedient—well-ordered in conduct, and united in affection—and as long as a religious principle sustains their souls, and a strict morality regulates their lives, this will continue. For we should all regard our Master,

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as God's representative in this house—and I trust none will enter it, who do not hold fast to this opinion.'

'It is all very well, Mrs Bland,' said the presiding cook, 'but you'll never make me believe, that children are contented to give up pies, and cakes, and custards, and creams, and all the nice things they are nat'rally so fond of, and sit only looking on at table, whilst Master is devouring them furiously.' She should have said voraciously, had she expressed herself correctly, unless indeed her mind were by nature philosophically moulded, and so she felt intuitively, that to eat voraciously, was in itself, a species of ferocity.

'Ah to be sure!' said the pert boy, impatiently. 'You should have seen the Professor's sons—why, they used to pick out all the *best* bits for themselves, and say, 'Now governor, give me that identical piece, and no other,'—and then their father would laugh, and say, 'Your'e a sharp fellow!—you'll make your way in the world, or, you'll know how to take good care of number-one,'—and then gave it to them directly.'

'It shews what good order and discipline can effect then,' said Mrs. Bland, 'for I *hope* our dear young people are superior to these mean indulgences.'

Poor Mrs. Bland, she began to feel quite discomfited —even *she* considered it impossible to justify all the proceedings of her master, and therefore, like many wiser folk, she took refuge from her difficulties in generalities, and said; 'Every one sins against God, who does not act according to his conscience, and no doubt master is convinced that his plans are right, and if *we* would but spend our time in complaining of our own evil hearts, instead of what we think to be other's evil ways, we should do better, and feel happier I am sure.'

This was a truism which could not be controverted,

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and produced a momentary silence—but cook, whose duty appreciated all the fascinations of her culinary art, felt constrained to continue the discussion—she replied, 'Well after all, I can't think it right or proper, to debar the poor *creeturs*—and even to forbid them fruit too! why it only makes them sly and greedy; I often see them creeping like mice into the kitchen garden, but I would not tell of them for all the world. Poor things! I says to myself, let 'em eat as much as they can, now they *can* get it, for it is not often, and after all it's a mere trifle, and will never be missed.'

'Not such a trifle, cook,' said Mrs. Bland, who now felt she had decidedly the advantage. 'Deliberate disobedience is no trifle. "Do *not* touch that apple," was the *first* command which was violated in our world—and you know the unhappy consequences.'

The visiting nurse was not pleased at the turn these discussions had taken, and therefore she varied the attack.

'Well, Mrs. Bland, and do *you* think it reasonable, to send young folks to bed at such early hours, making them appear quite ridiculous, and a laughing-stock to their friends?'

'No *friends* would make them a laughing-stock; but I always tell them, that children would never *seek* repose, unless there were invariable rules observed to compel them—their blood is young, and makes them restless, but I try to shew them how kind a God we serve, who allows us time for sleep, and furnishes us with conveniences for it, and makes it refreshing and reviving to us,' said Mrs. Bland.

'And do you think they believe you?—why *I* can tell you, that they hide their dolls and books within their beds, but when any one enters the room, they pre-

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tend to be fast asleep—such plans only make them hypocrites, I'm quite convinced; they are very quiet and tractable *apparently*, but I would rather have to do with *our* young ladies, with all their wilfulness.' This remark was made with much energy, for she was infected with the *esprit de corps*, felt by most of the domestics in careless and irregular families, who mistake laxity for liberality in their employers.

Mrs. Bland did not appear disposed to reply, and therefore the visiting nurse was piqued into further complaints.

'Then too, I'm sure the *dress* of the young people is quite ridiculous. I saw tears in Miss Fanny's eyes when she looked at Miss Laura's white net frock, and pink sash and bouquet.'

'And *I* thought how much more simple and agreeable our young ladies were,' said Mrs. Bland. 'I do not like to see children dressed up like little women.'

'But you know, Mrs. Bland, that you *would* like to see our young ladies better dressed,' said the under nurse, 'you know you did tie on some broad white sashes to-day, ready for the party, until master tore them off, and wisped them up like dirty rags.'

A reproving look from Mrs. Bland prevented any further revelations, and with tears in her soft eyes, she meekly replied:

'Our master *may* have infirmities of temper, and perversities of nature, but I believe he mourns over them before God, and the sin which humbles us, will never ruin us. I think we have all finished supper, and I fear we have given an example of the hypocritical hospitality which characterizes ordinary life, and certainly we have forgotten the maxim, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."'

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This little ebullition of feeling produced no good effect, but elicited only dissent from all the party; and, with stupid composure, and dogged conceit, they all, with one consent, repudiated the "unmerited accusation of Mrs. Bland." And so the banquet ended.

The intelligent reader cannot fail to have observed, that no mention was made of Mrs. Silvester, during this lengthened colloquy. And, in fact, Mrs. Silvester was nearly a nonentity in her own house. She was not naturally defective in intellect, or deficient in energy; but, being a woman of great amiability and much tact, she had discovered very early in her married life, that she must be content to sacrifice her individuality, and become simply the organ for giving expression to her husband's high behests. Her sentences were usually constructed upon one model, and ran thus:—

'Nurse, your master does not approve of the new pelisses, they must not be worn again. Cook, your master was much dissatisfied with his dinner, and desires you to take much more pains. Gardener, your master will not have any fruits gathered. Children, your father will be home soon, therefore do get out of his way, that you may not vex him; or,—there now your papa *has* come home, do run away, I beseech you —you know he does not like to see you about.'

Mr. Silvester called her 'a good and obedient wife,—a perfect pattern,'—others may take the liberty of differing with him in opinion—we will not enter on the controversy, but endeavour to give a succinct and compressed account of the remaining history of our hero, Augustus Silvester.

The eventful Wednesday soon arrived, and with the dinner hour, came the Professor and his sons. The pert page was in high good-humour, chuckled, rubbed

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his hands, whistled his loudest tunes, and seemed exuberant in his joy, at the prospective visit—for, truth to tell, the all-pervasive discipline at Mossington, was most uncongenial to his taste. Mrs. Bland on the contrary thought on it, with a presentiment of coming woes, which was unhappily prophetic. These were the first visitors 'her dear boys' had ever received, for their father had almost incarcerated them within the verdant walks of his small demesne; and she dreaded the effects of a companionship, which must unfold more fully to them, the unusual restraints in which they lived. From her chamber-window she watched for the arrival, and witnessed the introduction on the lawn. And her heart beat painfully, whilst large tears stood in her kind eyes, as she saw the supercilious glances which the young Master Masons cast upon the uncouth garments of their new acquaintance. She certainly thought that they looked unusually unbecoming, when compared with the spotless white trowsers, well-cut jackets, and sky-blue ties of the new comers, and she retired discomfited and distressed.

'I will have the pleasure of taking wine with you, Mrs. Silvester,' said George Mason, a lad two years the junior of Augustus.

Mrs. Silvester looked aghast—and glanced towards her husband for direction in this dilemma.

'My sons have never tasted wine,' said Mr. Silvester sternly, and looking hard at Augustus, who coloured crimson with mortification up to the very roots of his hair.

'I desire that you both,' he continued, 'pursue our usual plans, other people do what they like.'

There was a lengthened silence, for every one felt awkward, and uncertain how to act. The meal was

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soon dispatched, and the boys retired to the pleasure-grounds and shrubberies, where they held long and confidential communion.

Now, their heads were all gathered to one focus, as if listening to the most interesting secrets—then, peals of laughter would burst from the young Masons, until their countenances were nearly convulsed, and the Silvesters stood gazing at them, with looks that betokened a sense of former injury, and future resistance—then, clenched fists and nods of defiance shewed that the plans of opposition were matured—and hearty pats upon the shoulders, and congratulatory shakings of the hand, demonstrated that the teachers were quite satisfied with the progress and spirit of their new pupils. The evening came, and the guests departed. But the resolution of Augustus was taken to snap at once, and for ever, the chains that long had galled him.

From this moment there was everywhere in the family, murmuring, though no uproar—a stir, but no tumult; the turbid mass of discontent, which had long lain stagnant beneath the surface, was disturbed, never to settle more—and the semblance of peace had fled. Augustus assumed a haughty and impassible demeanour, which frightfully irritated his despotic father, who wished to rule his children like a pacha, though still he loved them.

A sort of savage terseness was now established in the family, and the time arrived, that Augustus was to take his departure for Eton; his father offered him his fore-finger, in bidding him adieu. Augustus slightly held it for an instant, and then wiped his hand carefully, as though anxious to remove the slightest effect of contact. With equal nonchalance he made his farewell to each member of the family, until as he approached the

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weeping Mrs. Bland, his voice slightly quivered, and holding out his wide-spread hand, he said—

'God bless you, goody nurse, I shall never forget *your* kindness.'

And thus he left his father's house.

His life at Eton was novel, interesting, and exciting. He formed friendships, or rather intimacies, which afforded him amusement and pecuniary profit, for his own resources were very very small. He could not with his habits avoid incurring debts which he dreaded to think upon or confess. At this period too, his intimacy commenced with the younger brother of Mr. Burton Bentley. He was his appointed 'fag,' and acquitted himself to admiration. He was invited to pass a part of his holidays with his young patron at Eardly Howe, where his talent and wit made him universally acceptable. His friendships were not ethereal, but convenient, and he would have made any sacrifice to avoid a return to Mossington. In this respect he was not unique—for we have few modern instances of the lovely and disinterested attachment which once characterized a David and a Jonathan.

At length he made a reluctant pilgrimage to the home of his infancy, he did not disguise his intense disgust, and his ardent anticipations of escape, when the school re-assembled. He lived in a state of sublime dissatisfaction, and a deep care for *money* was rooted in his heart, which soon threw out its fibres, and entwined itself around every object within its reach. Worth, character, virtue, were worthless in his eyes, unless these gems were set in gold. His father would not 'tip-up.' His mother was solicited, entreated, dunned—but she was compelled to turn a deaf ear to his importunity. Foiled in all his attempts to procure the needful resources, he grew desperate. Words of anger, and re-

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proach, and threatening were fiercely bandied between the father and the son. The father was implacable, the son desperate. Despair is a bad reformer; and when for the second time, he departed, apparently for Eton, it was *really* to enlist himself in a marching regiment, who were under orders to sail immediately for India.

The pride of Mr. Silvester made him anxious to conceal the cause of his son's absence, and his course and destiny were wrapped in mystery—but from this period he hurried on most rapidly in his downward course. Oh! who could read the miseries that often rent the hearts of this hapless family, who, under a wise and holy discipline, might have enjoyed the choicest sweets of domestic happiness! At length a commission was reluctantly purchased by the offended father for his reckless son, and a fatal necessity extorted from him supplies to meet his extravagance.

The early bug-bear was transformed into the dupe, and every artifice was used to obtain the needful gold—until each became to the other, incarnations of animosity, although each was too proud and sensitive to reveal to the world his secret sufferings.

In this position of affairs Mr. Burton Bentley had encountered Captain Silvester, at an adjoining ploughing-match, and had renewed his intimacy in utter ignorance of his erratic life. The consequences are already known to our readers. The moral is obvious, but we prefer to convey it in the inspired words of the Apostle, who warns us equally against the perverseness of childhood and the abuse of parental authority, when he says, "Children, *obey* your parents in the Lord, *for this is right. Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath*, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

MADAM,

YOUR correspondent, X. Y. Z, has opened to your readers a very interesting train of thought, in her papers on 'Scripture Geography.' Her purpose, I conceive, was not so much to give decisions, which they were to receive implicitly, as to quicken their inquiries, while giving them the result of her own; and she has laid them, I think, under a real obligation, by favouring them with the fruits of such a careful and extensive research. Some of the topics on which she has touched have given rise to much variety of opinion among the most learned students, and it is not easy for any one, in treating of them, to avoid falling into partial error. It will be in complete harmony, I trust, with the real design of her interesting papers, if I venture to differ from several statements in the last of them, which appear to me either positively erroneous, or advanced with a tone of confident decision, by no means suited to the actual strength of the evidence for her own view. The first of these relates to the second Cainan, and the second, to the age of the patriarch Job, and the probable scene of his affecting history.

Of Cainan, X. Y. Z. remarks, in a decisive tone—'how his name came to be left out in Genesis we cannot understand.' This is too rapid a way of settling a disputed question, where three fourths of the first authorities are ranged on the other side. For what are the simple facts?

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This name is absent in the Samaritan Pentateuch, the Hebrew books of Genesis and of Chronicles, in every existing copy; in Josephus, Theophilus, Clemens, Africanus, who all followed the Septuagint chronology; in the Chaldee Targum of Onkelos, of the first century; in the Syriac version, not much later; in Origen's Hexaplar copy of the Septuagint, and in the Vatican copy also, one of the very highest authorities for the text of that version. There is in his favour only one early chronologer, Demetrius, and the Alexandrine copy or recension of the Septuagint. To decide for his genuineness, in the face of such an immense preponderance of evidence, seems a plain contradiction to every rule of sound judgment.

But X. Y. Z. remarks, on the other hand, that 'certainly the ten generations from Noah to Abraham, mentioned by Berosus and Eupolemus, cannot be made out, except Cainan be introduced.' It is hard to understand how she could commit such an oversight. The fact is just the reverse, and their testimony also is decisive for his exclusion. First, taking her own statement; if he is inserted, the generations from Noah to Abraham are *eleven* complete, and *twelve* current; which would prove that they omitted, and not that they added, one to the Hebrew series. But since their real statement is that Abraham was the tenth generation from the flood, we must begin the reckoning with Shem, not with Noah; and Abraham will be the tenth in our present text, but the eleventh, if Cainan be inserted. The parallel cases, of Enoch the seventh from Adam, and Christ, the fourteenth from Jechonias, as well as the grammatical force of the words, prove that this, and this only, is the true mode of reckoning; and thus Berosus and Eupolemus are added to the witnesses for the accuracy

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of the usual text. Philo is another witness, who also confirms the meaning of their evidence. He says that Noah was the tenth from Adam, Abraham the tenth from Shem, and Moses the seventh from Abraham. This is strictly true, when Cainan is excluded; and there is no room whatever for doubt as to the mode of reckoning.

The genealogy of St. Luke is thus the only argument, of any real weight, on the other side. Here X. Y. Z, who has just assumed that seven or eight different writers, and four or five different copies or recensions, have omitted a whole verse from the genealogy, very strangely assumes it as self-evident that the copyists of the gospel cannot have interpolated a single word, in a brief succession of more than seventy names. There is no place where an alteration would be more easy to make, without attracting notice, and none which could be slighter in its amount. There is a very strong presumption that two other names, at least, have been thus inserted; for Salathiel and Zerubbabel clearly belong to the line of David by Solomon, and not by Nathan. Irenæus and Augustine both recognize fewer names in St. Luke's genealogy than are found in it at present. The number, in Irenæus, is seventy-two, in our present copies, seventy-seven. The omission of Salathiel and Zerubbabel, of a duplicate Matthat and Levi, and of the second Cainan, would thus, it is probable, only restore the text of St. Luke to its original form. When the Alexandrine copies of the Septuagint were commonly received in the Eastern Churches, it would be very easy and natural for transcribers to insert this spurious generation. The numbers assigned to this patriarch, are a further proof of his spuriousness; since they are borrowed without change from those of Salah in

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the same text. And thus, on the whole, it may safely be affirmed that the evidence for his rejection, is nearly ten-fold, in real weight, compared with all that can be adduced in his favour. Even of those critics and chronologers, who prefer the numbers of the Septuagint, the greater part abandon this generation as clearly untenable. And indeed a still further proof of his spuriousness may be derived from Gen. x, and the history of the dispersion.

The decision of X. Y. Z, on the age of Job, and his identity with the youngest son of Joktan, seems to me equally erroneous, for several strong and plain reasons. I am rather surprised that, having made such good use elsewhere of Mr. Forster's admirable work on Arabia, she has here forsaken him, where his researches appear most convincing, and his main conclusion established by a full induction of evidence. He identifies Job with Jobab the son of Zerah, and supposes Thauba, in the north east of Arabia, to have been his residence.

That the true age of Job was between the descent of Jacob into Egypt and the Exodus, appears to result from two or three very plain arguments. One of his friends was Eliphaz, the Temanite. Now Eliphaz was the name of a son of Esau, and Teman of his grandson; and the friend of Job, it is almost self-evident, was a descendant in the same line. There is no earlier Eliphaz or Teman in the sacred history. Hence the reference must certainly be to Teman, the grandson of Esau, who would be forty or fifty years old, when Jacob went down into Egypt. The history of Job may therefore, on this ground alone, be placed rather later, and within the first hundred years from that time.

The second friend was Bildad the Shuhite. Now Shuah was the youngest son of Abraham by Keturah,

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and probably only a few years older than Esau. Hence this mark of time equally forbids us to place the history of Job before the time of Joseph.

Elihu, again, was the son of Barachel, the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. Now in Gen. xxii. 21, we have Buz named as the second son of Nahor, the brother of Abraham; and the next son was Kemuel, the father of Aram, whose name seems to have become more famous than that of his brethren (Num. xxiii. 7). Hence there can be no reasonable doubt that Elihu was descended from this nephew of Abraham; and the history of Job, it appears a third time, cannot be placed earlier than the age of Jacob and Esau. It might plainly be a few generations later, so far as these genealogies are a guide.

We have, further, the direct evidence of the usual tradition, in the time of the Septuagint and Arabic versions, where we find this addition at the close of the book. "He dwelt in the land Ausitis, on the borders of Idumea and Arabia, and his first name was Jobab; and he took an Arabian wife, who bore him a son called Ennon. His own father was Zerah, a son of one of the sons of Esau, and his mother Bosorcha, so that he was the fifth from Abraham. And these were the kings that reigned in Edom, of which country he also was king; first Balak the son of Beor, and the name of his city was Dinhabah; and after Balak, Jobab, who is called Job. And the friends who came to him were Eliphaz, king of the Temanites, of the sons of Esau, Bildad, king of the Sauchites, and Zophar, king of the Minæans." We have thus no slight confirmation of the view of his age, derived immediately from the titles of his friends. On this view, Job would be born, at the earliest, fifty years before, at the latest, about ten years after, the descent into Egypt; and the events of the

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history would occur within one or two generations from that event, while the death of Job would probably be a few years after the birth of Moses. It is plain that this view serves to explain the transmission of the narrative, on merely historical grounds, far better than the earlier date.

Let us now examine the reasons alleged for a contrary view. Your correspondent supposes Job to be the same with Jobab, the son of Joktan. But a decisive objection meets us at the first glance. For this Jobab was one of the seventy heads of families in the dispersion of mankind. But the sons of Job all perished, before the drama begins, and hence we should be compelled to fix the whole history before the dispersion; a view totally inconsistent with every page of the whole narrative.

The age of Job at his death is the first reason offered for an earlier date. "Job lived one hundred and forty years after his trials; and, as he had sons and daughters grown up and established in life before his afflictions began, his age, at the lowest computation, must have extended to two hundred years; while, if we take the Septuagint numbers, it would have been double that period. The shortest period would, however, place Job between the days of Peleg and those of Abraham; for Peleg and his son lived 239 years each."

The remark about the Septuagint is plainly a mere oversight; since it expressly states his age at death to be, not 400, but 240 years. The lowest computation would be, not 200, but less than 190 years; for if Job were only fifty years old, his elder children might very well have houses of their own. But the great fault of the argument is, that it assumes that the age of the patriarch was only the average of his contemporaries; when it is so plainly mentioned as a peculiar mark

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of God's restored favour, that it was protracted to an unusual length. But though unusual, it was not unnatural; since Isaac died at the age 180 years, Jacob at the age of 147, and Levi and Amram, probably contemporaries with Job, at the age of 137 years. In fact, the history implies that Job's restoration was a figurative resurrection; and hence we may infer that the surplus of his days answered nearly to the usual ripe old age of his contemporaries. This will be exactly true with the date already proposed.

On the other hand, this very number yields another decisive argument against the hypothesis of the Annals, adopted by X. Y. Z., that Job was the son of Joktan, and that the Septuagint numbers are also to be preferred. For these 140 years of Job, we are told, were equal to four generations, an average of 35 years. But in the time of Jobab, or of Reu his contemporary, the length of a generation, according to the Septuagint, was still 130 years. No contradiction could be more full and complete. We must either abandon the Septuagint numbers, or renounce, on this one ground alone, every attempt to identify the patriarch with the son of Joktan.

The next argument seems more imposing, as it professes to be borrowed from astronomical science. 'Chima and Chesil, the stars mentioned Job ix. 9, or Taurus and Scorpio, were the cardinal constellations of spring and autumn in 2338, the date which, from astronomical considerations, Dr. Hales has assigned to Job."

Every part of this reasoning is most unsound, though it has the sanction of some learned men, as Dr. Hales, who ought to have understood the nature of evidence better. And first, the more general interpretation refers the words Chesil and Chima to Orion and the Pleiades, which lie close together, and not to Taurus and Scorpio, which are diametrically opposite to each other. Thus

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Dr. Lee, in his Lexicon, under Chesil, explains it to mean 'the name of a certain constellation, apparently Orion.' And under Chimah, without any hint of ambiguity, 'the constellation of the Pleiades.' Chesil, by the Septuagint, is translated Hesperus, or the evening star. It is most probable that the Great Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades, are the three constellations intended. But whichever they are, they are just as plainly mentioned, Job ix. 9. for their brightness, and conspicuous appearance as stars; and not for any fancied connexion with the two opposite colures, to which there is no allusion. And even if Chesil denoted the Scorpion, and not Orion, it must be a perfectly vain attempt to fix the age of Job by any such criterion. A difference of a thousand years would only alter the place of the equinox, as referred to the stars, one fortnight; and hence the Pleiades and the bright star of Scorpio, for nearly double that period of time, might serve to introduce the summer and winter seasons of the year, in a popular and poetical statement. Even in the Roman Calendar, fifteen hundred years after the lowest date of Job, the setting of the Pleiades is referred to April 2, and the rising of the star of Scorpio to Nov. 8, which would serve quite as well as a month earlier, to indicate the approach of the sweet influences of spring, and the frosty bands of winter.

The third argument is drawn from the resemblance of the names, Job and Jobab, and enforced by a quotation from the Septuagint. But this is to make use of evidence very strangely, since the Septuagint expressly identifies the patriarch with Jobab, the great grandson of Esau, and not with the son of Joktan. The whole force of the testimony, then, lies on the other side.

A fourth reason is found in the prevalence of idolatry before the time of Moses, while Sabeism, or the worship

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of the heavenly bodies, is the only kind of false religion alluded to by Job and his friends. It may be observed, in reply, that gross idolatry never prevailed in Arabia so much as in Mesopotamia, and that Sabeism was there the favourite corruption, even to a much later age. And besides, Job and his friends, in the view which results most naturally from their names, were all descendants of Abraham, among whom the pure worship of Jehovah would naturally continue for several generations. In fact, both the habits of life, and the very scenery of the Arabian desert, seem always to have favoured the maintenance of a purer Theism among their inhabitants, than was found in the fertile and civilized plains of Syria and Chaldea.

The last reason adduced for the earlier age of the patriarch, seems to have no real bearing on the question whatever. The situation of Uz, however, is much more distinctly determined by Mr. Forster, and on evidence that seems quite decisive. He places it in lat. 30°, and W. long, about 42½°, rather more than half-way from Petra eastward, towards the head of the Persian gulf. This exactly explains the double calamity, from the Chaldeans and the Sabeans; and agrees with the position which Ptolemy assigns to the Ausitæ, the same as Ausitis in the Septuagint, and to the Agubeni, the Greek form of Beni Ayub, or the sons of Job. That this neighbourhood was the true residence of Job, and not the country directly south of Palestine, results from the description, that he was the greatest of all the men of the East; and there seems hardly any reason whatever for doubting a fact, which agrees with all the indications of ancient geography, and of the sacred history. The collateral proofs which Forster has given, to confirm this view, are very interesting, but it would detain your readers too long to introduce them. I will content

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myself with referring them to the work itself, which will amply repay them for a careful perusal.

On the whole, then, I am compelled to dissent entirely on this point, from the opinion of your valuable correspondent, whose papers have afforded me so much pleasure. It appears to me quite certain, that the history of Job was during the earlier part of the sojourn in Egypt, that his residence was in the north-east of Arabia, where Ptolemy has placed the land of Ausitis, and that his death was not very distant in time from the birth of Moses; by whom the book was probably written, or at least a knowledge of the traditionary history acquired, during his forty years' exile in the land of Midian. It is also probable that he was the very same with Jobab, the son of Zerah, and great grandson of Esau, in which case his afflictions would occur very soon after the descent of Israel into Egypt. His city, it is not unlikely, was Dinhabàh, the Thauba of Ptolemy, which lies in the same part of Arabia; while Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, came to visit him from Teman to the south of Palestine, and Shoa, a district on the borders of Chaldea (Ezra xxiii. 23), perhaps at nearly an equal distance in opposite directions. By this view, all the indications of the history are simply harmonized together, and a simple and full explanation is given, how the narrative should be transmitted to Moses, almost in its actual form. Our faith in the inspiration of Scripture should never lead us to strain the laws of historical evidence; but, if Moses was a contemporary, and resided forty years in a part of Arabia, not more than five hundred miles distant from the dwelling of Job, and still nearer to the home of Eliphaz, a clear light is thrown on the preservation to the church of this choice relic of patriarchal history.

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A FEW LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF THOUGHT.—No. II.

THE UNCHANGING ONE.

To one who has ever loved, that feeling is a familiar one, which causes us to dwell with something more than delight, upon the unchanging characteristics of the friend of our heart; to think upon the days when we first knew him, and he became endeared to us, and then to find him, as years go by, still the same as he was then, as loving, as true, as good. In human friendships this feeling has at times been indulged in, there have been, and there ever will be, found, a few friends scattered here and there, who can look one another in the face, recal their earliest, freshest feelings, as regarded each the other, and be able to say, "Well, in you at least I have not been disappointed, you are all that you ever were, when first I loved you.' If this be true of some earthly friend, how much more is it of our heavenly One, of that friend whose name is Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! In dwelling upon this blessed truth, it struck me as most interesting, to trace like features in His character as displayed to the children of men, when He appeared to them of old, as the angel of the Lord, when He assumed for the time being the appearance of man, and at the period when He took human nature into union with His own, and dwelt upon this earth as the Immanuel.

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I turned to the history of that day when Abraham sat at his tent-door in the plains of Mamre, and lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo three men stood before him. One of those three tarried behind his companions to hold converse with Abraham, and this One was no other than the Lord himself; the same who said to Abraham's descendants hundreds of years after, "Before Abraham was, I am." Well, what was his language then to him whom Scripture designates as, "the friend of God?" He says, "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?" Here we find the heart of God's everlasting Son yearning, as it were, to tell all his purposes to him whom he called to be his friend; and as the reason for this desire, he adds, "For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment." Have we not a correspondency to this in the last conversation Jesus the Son of God held with his disciples, as recorded in John's Gospel, chapter xv.? There we read, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." What is this but the echo of the words that were addressed to Abraham on the eve of the destruction of Sodom! So that we find the Son of God dealing then with him he called his friends, even as he dealt with those he called his friends hundreds of years after on the eve of his own crucifixion, and as he is the same to-day as he was yesterday, it is his language still to those whom he now calls friends, even those who do his commandments—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

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Let us turn to another record of the appearing of the angel of the covenant; in the book of Judges we read of an angel of the Lord, who, in the course of the narrative, we perceive to be none other than the Lord himself, appearing to Gideon, the son of Joash. After assuring him again and again, that he would deliver Israel from the Midianites by his hand, that he had sent him, and that he would strengthen him, he yields to Gideon's wish to shew him a sign, in order that no doubt might rest upon his mind as to who it was who spake with him; and when this sign was given, and when the wondering Gideon, on beholding the flesh and the unleavened cakes, which he had presented to Him, consumed by fire out of the rock, cried out affrighted, "Alas! O Lord God, for I have seen an angel of the Lord face to face," what is the language of the Lord?—"Peace be unto thee, fear not, thou shalt not die." Oh! how like to this are his words to Peter when, filled with astonishment at the miraculous draught of fishes, overpowered by the feeling that he was in the presence of the Son of God, he exclaimed, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." What was the reply of Jesus then? it was also, "Fear not." Again, when on his way to the house of Jairus, he proved his omniscience by asking who it was that touched him; so that she who had been healed, when she saw she was not hid, came trembling, and falling down before him declared what was done,—his words are, "Daughter, be of good comfort: depart in peace."

Once again, he spake the same words, "Fear not," to his servant Daniel, when he appeared to him in glory and majesty on the banks of the river Hiddekel. So glorious was the vision that Daniel tells us the effect on him was, "there remained no strength in me, for

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my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." Then an hand touched him, and a voice spake to him, "O Daniel, a man greatly beloved, fear not." Still Daniel trembled, and no strength was left in him; and again one came and touched him, and strengthened him, and a second time were the words addressed to him, "O man greatly beloved, fear not, peace be unto thee; be strong, yea, be strong." Need I turn to the correspondency between this vision, and that which appeared to the disciple greatly beloved, of the New Testament, even John? The Alpha and the Omega appeared to him in the isle of Patmos in the same glorious majesty, as he had to Daniel on the banks of the Hiddekel; and the effect of this wondrous vision on John was also the same. He tells us, "When I saw Him I fell at his feet as dead." And he too is touched—the Alpha and the Omega laid his right hand on him: he too is spoken to, and the words he hears are, "Fear not." Oh! surely Jesus *is* "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," whether, as the angel of the covenant, he sits beneath the oak of Ophrah, and works wondrously in the eyes of Gideon; whether as the man of sorrows he walks upon the earth, and by his miracle fills Peter's heart with amazement; or whether he reveals himself in dazzling glory to the eyes of his greatly beloved servants Daniel and John, still his language, "because his heart changeth not," is ever the same, "Fear not, peace be unto thee." His servants of every age need not be disquieted, for Jesus is the same for ever, and so those words are ever breaking upon the ear of faith, "Fear not, peace be unto thee."

Once more let us trace the unchangeableness of the character of Jehovah Jesus; let us turn to the history

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of his appearing to his servant Joshua. How did he then manifest himself, but as the captain of the Lord's host; by thus revealing himself under this peculiar character, did he strengthen Israel's leader in his conflict with the Canaanitish armies. Was this character then assumed by our Lord for that special occasion only? Let us turn to the scene of his conflict in the wilderness with Satan his arch-enemy and ours, and do we not behold him there also as the Captain of the Lord's host overcoming the wicked one by the sword of the Spirit? Paul speaks of him also as the Captain of our salvation: he it is who now, as well as in the days of Joshua, goes forth at the head of his people in all their conflicts against his and their enemies: he it is who fights for them and with them, who nerves their arm and strengthens them for the warfare; and it is as the Captain of the Lord's host he is revealed to us as coming again, for in the day when the Anti-Christian faction shall encompass Jerusalem, heaven shall be opened, and the Captain of our salvation shall come forth; he shall then gird his sword upon his thigh, and at the head of the armies in heaven shall go forth conquering and to conquer. Surely then in whatever aspect we behold Jehovah Jesus, we are constrained to say of Him that, "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," so that in dwelling upon him who was set up from everlasting, we can feel undoubtingly assured, that all that he has been to his people in times past, he will be to them in times to come, and this certainty we cannot have as regarding our best, our truest, earthly friend, he possibly *may* change, but Jesus will not, *cannot*, for the strength of God, who cannot lie, has said, "I am the Lord, I change not."

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER VIII.

Miss Fenton was somewhat lonely when Lucy was gone. She missed the constant interest she had been to her for years, and she did not like to realize that now the sea separated them. Lucy's letters were very happy. Miss Orpwood had received her like a daughter. She constantly talked to her of 'Aunt Caroline;' the children were sources of increasing delight; and the new scenes she witnessed in a foreign land were full of interest. Miss Fenton also received happy letters from Alice. In the quiet discharge of home duties and active exertions for the good of others, she had for the past year been deriving peace and comfort; and, though certain days and scenes were fraught with sad recollections, she strove to praise God for His dealings with her, and found *rest* in Him.

The winter passed quietly away, but Miss Fenton felt the feebleness of years creeping on. Her step had not lost its lightness, but she could not walk either so fast or so far as formerly. She oftener stopped to rest at the vicarage, where she was dearly loved. She would say to Louisa and Margaret, now promising girls of fourteen and fifteen, 'You are rising to take my place, my loves: Margaret shall have my school-days, and Louisa my district, and clothing, and book-societies;

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and, when I have given up these pleasant duties, I shall have nothing to do, but quietly to await my summons into the eternal world.'

'Oh, no, dear Aunt, we cannot spare you yet,' was the reply. 'You must stay to direct us how to do your work, and wait till we are a great deal older. The poor people will not like to see us in your stead, unless we can give them kind messages from you, and tell them that you are at home, praying for them and us.'

'Well, dears; when God pleases. His time is the best.' And the dear old lady knew truly that there were many warm hearts, to whom she was dear, and who wished to keep her, and that she should be missed when she was sent for; and she sometimes sat for hours 'counting up her mercies,' till her very countenance shone with the reflection of the love which was poured upon her.

Early in the spring she was surprised by a visit from Mr. Orpwood, as Lucy had not mentioned his return to England. She was rather alarmed till he assured her of Lucy's health and apparent happiness; and added, that she was the greatest possible comfort to Miss Orpwood, and a blessing to his children. He seemed at a loss how to proceed. At length he said, 'Do you remember the question you asked me about forgiveness, on that day when you so kindly came to visit me at Collingsby?'

'Yes,' said Miss Fenton; 'I do.'

'My answer was not satisfactory to you?'

'I cannot say it was.'

'That question constantly haunted me. I placed my wife under the care of a kind and clever physician. The trial to her of parting with her children was great; and, indeed, I believe she deeply felt my departure:

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but the sort of restraint which I had been compelled to exercise, in order to prevent the sin of which I told you, had certainly lessened her love for me: besides, she felt she had injured me, and we rarely love those whom we have injured. I believe I was quite right in placing her where I did, as the influence she had begun to exercise over the children was decidedly injurious; and, with all my care, she would at times elude my vigilance, and procure the means of gratifying her sad propensity. But my feeling towards her was wrong. I could not forgive her; and I excused myself by recalling her repeated provocations after endless promises and frequent forgiveness on my part. Your question disturbed my self-esteem. I never forgot the lesson you gave little Mary on the readiness of our heavenly Father *to forgive*. Still I could not believe myself altogether wrong. When my dear sister was settled with us at Pau, she commenced a regular course of Scripture readings with the little girls. Miss Vaughan was always present, and assisted much by her remarks. I usually sat a little apart, but without their being aware of my profound attention, I never lost a word. By degrees I learnt a painful but salutary lesson; that, with all my morality and regard to upright and honourable conduct, I was a sinner in the sight of God; and that I had to crave pardon for innumerable sins. The parable of the unforgiving servant, came home to me, and when I saw that I owed ten thousand talents, could I refuse to forgive the debt of an hundred pence? Then came letters, giving an indifferent account of my wife's health, and I returned to England, intending to take her back to France to try what change of air would do: but she was too ill to undertake the journey. Her joy at seeing me was great, and seemed to restore her for a

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time, but her constitution had been ruined by her habits. Her thankfulness for what she called my unmerited kindness was extreme, and I am not without hope that she was humbled before God for her offences, and sought for pardon through her Saviour's prevailing merits. I am thankful in her case for a hope, and very thankful am I that I was enabled to render the last weeks of her life happier. She was buried yesterday, and I return in a few days to my children.'

Miss Fenton listened to this recital with deep interest. The change in Mr. Orpwood's whole demeanour was extraordinary. His high and somewhat haughty manner had disappeared. She felt that great indeed must have been the grace that enabled him not only to see, but to own to her, how long he had been wrong. He guessed what was passing in her mind, and said,

'"Be ye clothed with humility;" you are thinking that this was a hard lesson for *me* to learn. I am but a learner yet; and, oh! may God forgive my years of abominable pride.'

When Mr. Orpwood had left her, Miss Fenton pondered over the past, and wonderful indeed seemed God's dealings. She praised Him for the share He had permitted her to take in this His own work; and felt that this was a large added mercy to the many she had already received. Her heart overflowed with thankfulness, and it was with tears of joy that she took up her Bible, and read the 103rd Psalm, and added, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise.'

But she had again to witness sorrow and woe. In this world any short account of a person's life must seem full of Death. What year elapses without the loss of some friends? and the number increases as we advance in years. A hot and unhealthy summer

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brought disease into the parish. The excellent clergyman of S——, Dr. Griffiths, the faithful pastor, the warm friend, the affectionate husband, and tender father, was laid upon a sick bed. Long and painful were his sufferings. Many and fervent were the prayers for his recovery; but the sands of his life were run out. Miss Fenton was constantly in the sick room during the whole of his illness; and sharing with Mrs. Griffiths the melancholy pleasure of nursing the beloved invalid. Her presence was ever like a sunbeam. Her spirits never gave way. When the poor wife was obliged to retire from the sick bed to give vent to her uncontrollable grief, her friend was soon at her side to soothe and pray with her, and point to the only source of consolation. She regulated the orderly household, so that no family cares disturbed Mrs. Griffiths. She watched over the health of the dear girls, and prevented their confining themselves to the house, making excuses to send them to fetch various little luxuries, which she caused her own cook to prepare for the invalid, and to carry tidings of his health to the friends who constantly desired to hear what progress he was making, as they hoped, towards recovery: and there were many fluctuations in his complaint, which often raised hopes, which were as speedily destined to be disappointed. As the hour of his departure drew near, Miss Fenton never left the house. With a perfectly clear mind, he lay hovering, as it were, between life and death, calmly, yea joyfully looking for his entrance into the mansion prepared and purchased for him by the Saviour, whose rod and staff were sustaining him through the valley of the shadow of death. 'Then you do not find the valley dark?' asked his watchful wife. 'Dark!' he replied; 'it is the brightest spot the poor pilgrim ever put his foot into.' And then, without a cloud over his clear

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and unwavering faith, he departed, and she, who had lost her dearest earthly happiness, felt that it would be sinful to grieve over such a death. 'Not lost, but gone before.' Marked with few trials had been their path through life, and the widow desired to dwell more on the years they had passed together, than on those which might yet separate them. Even when the home of such happiness had to be deserted, she did not faint or fail. 'I shall ever think of it with grateful love,' said she. 'What am I that I should have enjoyed it so long? I thank God who has "stirred up my nest." I shall now realize what I have been in danger of forgetting, that I am a pilgrim upon earth.' Her dear girls restrained their grief for their mother's sake, and strove to imitate her example of grateful submission to the will of their heavenly Father. They all left S—— for a time, as Mrs. Griffiths required sea-air after all the fatigue she had undergone; but, as a small house near Miss Fenton's happened to be vacant, they resolved to take up their residence there for the winter, feeling it a privilege to remain in the parish where the dear departed one had been so useful and so beloved, and where every heart beat warmly towards the widow and the orphans. From the character of the patron of the vicarage, they were sure that a suitable successor would be appointed, and that they should enjoy a ministry which would be really profitable.

Miss Fenton was glad to be alone after their departure from the vicarage. Her late exertions told upon her strength, and she rejoiced in retiring into herself: and in communing with her God, found refreshment both for mind and body.

Alice had promised to spend the ensuing spring with her, and she looked forward with great delight to the society of this beloved niece.

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PRAY ON! PRAY ON!

Though ev'ry source of comfort fail,
When light, and life, and love seem gone;
Though feelings cold thou must bewail,
Still, fainting soul—pray on! pray on!

If when this earthly heart rebels
Thou striv'st to say, "Thy will be done,"
But striv'st in vain; yet faith still tells
The anxious soul—pray on! pray on!

Though Satan's legions faith assail,
And ev'ry ray of hope is gone,
Though all thy strength and courage fail,
Still, weary soul—pray on! pray on!

Nor dare to say,—I pray in vain,
Though unbelief cry, There is none
To answer thee. Yet once again,
Oh, faithless soul!—pray on! pray on!

As earthly life depends on breath,
So do our prayers' scarce utter'd tone,
Proclaim we live the life of faith;
Then, fearing soul—pray on! pray on!

The Lord hath *sworn*—*His* word is past,
"Whate'er in faith you ask, is done;"
Then e'en in fear thy hope hold fast,
Still, O, my soul!—pray on! pray on!

MADELINE ELIZABETH.

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Literary Notices.

ORIGINAL THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE. By the Rev. R. Cecil. Edited by Catherine Cecil. (*Seeley.*) There is a special interest attached to these fragments now for the first time given to the public. They are recovered from short hand notes of Cecil's sermons taken down at the time by his attached hearers; they seem therefore to transport us fifty years backwards. We mingle with the congregation of this honoured man, sympathise with the eagerness with which they treasured up his words of power and wisdom, and are thus enabled to appropriate to ourselves what was dispensed as food for a past generation. The reporters must have been diligent and skilful, or sermons thus preserved would have been far more broken and disjointed. As it is, they are worthy of the master mind of Cecil, and a precious gift at the present moment. A strong and realising faith was his distinguishing characteristic. It was not an untried faith, for he tells us himself that all the arguments he had met with in infidel publications were weak compared to the artful suggestions with which his own mind had been assaulted; but his faith stood the contest, and in it acquired such firmness and confidence, that its fearless testimony is eminently calculated to support

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his weak and tempted brethren. He was also a man who had seen affliction in the day of God's wrath, therefore he speaks with peculiar power and tenderness to the afflicted. The sermons range from the date 1791 to 1808, an eventful period of European history, to the great events of which the preacher sometimes alludes, whilst he himself was engaged in far nobler conquests than any of the renowned generals of the age could boast.

SABBATH SCRIPTURE READINGS; By Dr. Chalmers, Vol. I. (*Hamilton.*) This work possesses a much deeper interest than the Daily Scripture readings. On the Sabbath morning all thoughts of criticism or mere intellectual study of the divine world seem to have been laid aside. The man of God approaches it with humble reverence and child-like simplicity, to draw from it spiritual lessons for his own profit. He regards it as the sword of the Spirit, piercing to the dividing asunder of bones and marrow, discerning the thoughts and interests of the heart, and willingly lays open his own frailty; that, comparing it with the perfect law of God, he may stir up his soul to press forward to the mark. The following extract from Matt. iv. will serve as a specimen of this simple, heart-searching style of scripture meditation. Dwelling on our Lord's temptation to cast himself headlong from the pinnacle of the temple, he thus applies it to himself. "The law of gravitation kept the Omnipotent Saviour from casting Himself headlong, and so incurring the uncalled-for expense of a miracle that the temerity might be rectified. And this very delusion wherewith Satan plied the mind of the Son of God, he still practises on us—in myself, I know, by one of the most destructive and deep-laid of his spells. I have no right to

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look for miracles of grace in behalf of my children—if myself I will not put into busy operation the means of grace. I can pray for their regeneration; yet I do not labour and testify and teach for their regeneration. I am stricken with silence, and restrained from making utterance on the subject of their souls. The presence of one visitor will chill me, not into indifference for the eternity of those around me, but will set a seal on all my powers of expression, and wholly paralyze me through the operation of a spiritual cowardice. And yet though I will not dare one word on the topic in society, I can in secret pour forth my supplications to God for the influence of His Spirit on the souls of those who are near and dear to me. Now is not this a tempting of God? Is it not a presumptuous expectation that He, at my request too, will make up for my neglect of the solemn duties which belong to me both as a master and as a parent?—My God, I pray not for exemption from these duties, but for boldness and faithfulness and energy to acquit myself thereof. Give me to feel more and more, O God, that religion is a reality; and put to flight the wretched scarecrows which have frightened me heretofore out of all principle and propriety."

GLIMPSES OF MESSIAH'S GLORY. THE BLOOMSBURY LECTURES, 1848. By TWELVE CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. (*Nisbet.*) The time when these lectures were delivered was a remarkable one, it was when earthly kingdoms on every side were shaking, when confusion was poured on their glory, that the watchman strove to turn the eyes of Christians to these Glimpses of Messiah's glory, and lead them earnestly to look forward to the kingdom that cannot be moved. The increased attention every-

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where awakened to the doctrine of the Saviour's advent, is a sign of the times worthy our attention. "All Scripture is profitable for our instruction in righteousness;" if we wilfully neglect any portion we must suffer loss, but there are special truths specially needed at particular periods of the Church's history; and the Spirit of God, the ever-living Teacher, turns the mind of God's people to these truths; to despise a truth thus specially brought forward is attended with more than common loss. An interesting analogy is drawn, in the preface to these sermons written by the Rev. A. Dallas, between the state of believers before our Lord's first coming and that of Christians now. Many minute details were given of the circumstances of his humiliation, his grave with the wicked, with the rich in his death, his raiment divided, lots cast for his vesture, &c. &c. About these, it was very possible *before the event* to entertain a diversity of opinion; but had they been carefully studied when fulfilled, the accomplishment would have brought light and conviction, the disciples would not have merited the charge—"O fools, and slow of heart to believe!" Many details are given of events preceding our Saviour's second coming, great diversity of opinion prevails respecting them, but this should not deter Christians from the study. Let them make themselves familiar with these details in every aspect; then as they are fulfilled before their eyes, they will recognise them, and faith and expectation will be awakened. Otherwise the very events predicted may be passing before their eyes, and yet Christians may know it not, and God's warning be wholly lost upon them. To those to whom Messiah's glory is a welcome theme, this volume cannot fail to afford holy pleasure, and those who have been wont to consider prophetical studies as unpractical in their tendency, may learn how greatly they have been mistaken.

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CHAPTERS ON MISSIONS IN SOUTH INDIA. By the Rev. H. W. Fox. (*Seeleys.*) An interesting view of the actual state of the natives of India, their social habits, their superstition, their philosophy, their morality, with a description of the details of a Missionary's work among them, and a view of the progress of female education amongst them. The work concludes with an earnest appeal to English clergymen to devote themselves personally to the missionary work, with an answer to objections against so doing.

CONGRATULATIONS AND COUNSELS. A Book for Birthdays. By John Cox. (*Ward.*) Just the book an affectionate friend would wish to put into the hands of a young person on these interesting occasions. The many lessons taught by the returning birthday are here enforced in language simple and earnest. The perfect pattern of Jesus, who though the "Ancient of days," condescended to number his years on earth by human birthdays, is set before us, and we are exhorted to prepare for that great birthday which must usher in eternity toe very soul amongst us. May the desire of the author be granted, that God may honour these meditations by making them the means of bringing many to know a new and heavenly birthday, a day which shall be gratefully remembered in time, and looked back upon with holy wonder, millions of years hence.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. Educational Series. (*Tract Society.*) The educational series now commenced by the Tract Society promises to be a very valuable one. The History of Rome has been compiled by an able hand. It gives in short compass the substance of the recent researches of Niebuhr, Arnold, &c. Its style is clear and simple, as that of an abridgment

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ought to be ; the events are recorded in few words, but are not so crowded as to create confusion. As a manual for an older student, or as a class book to be enlarged on by an intelligent teacher, it will prove very valuable ; but it is hardly a work which young pupils would study with interest alone. The discarded legends will be far more fascinating to them. If we must indeed relinquish these, and divest Camillus and Coriolanus of the heroic halo which has so long surrounded them, it becomes doubly necessary to trace the true romance of Roman history, in the wonder-working providence of God which gave to the once obscure hamlet on the mouth of the Tiber, the dominion over the known world, fulfilled by means of its people, decreed events revealed ages before to the Hebrew prophets, and then suffered the proud empire to be laid waste by tribes even more barbarous than their own ancestors.

HEART RELIGION. By the Rev. E. Dalton. (*Dalton.*) A valuable sermon on Prov. iv. 23. We give the following extract : ' Keep thine heart with all diligence ? As if God who made the heart had said to us, the heart is the fortress, the very citadel of your whole soul, if that is taken all is lost, therefore keep it with all diligence ; it is the banking-house in which are deposited all the treasures of the soul ; if that be taken, you are beggared for eternity, therefore keep it with all diligence ; it is the palace of the soul, in which is the throne of the Great King ; the throne of your affections is that on which Jesus your King sits and reigns, therefore keep it with all diligence.' . . . ' Alas, what is man ? Into how deplorable a state has the fall plunged his heart ! Surrounded by cunning enemies, full of treacherous smiles and cunning stratagems, and yet itself corrupted, easily led astray, fondly

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trusting as friends its very deadliest foes, eager to drink as nectar every poisoned bowl presented to its lips. More readily inflamed than tinder, and yet exposed every moment to a shower of fiery darts from the devil's quiver. Its tendrils throwing themselves out to entwine the first object that presents itself, and yet surrounded by ten thousand thorns and briars to entangle and destroy them. Surely with such a heart we may well be diligent in our watchful care. Surely we should exercise a godly jealousy over it, and keep it for our life.'

THE CHRISTIAN MASTER'S PRESENT TO HIS HOUSEHOLD. Fifth Edition. (*Edwards and Hughes.*) This work deserves the circulation it appears to have had. It is a simple but most full compendium of scripture truth and Christian duty for the use of servants. It deserves a place in every kitchen library, and is a most suitable present for a deserving servant.

FEMALE EXAMPLES, FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. (*Hatchard.*) There is not much originality of thought in this little book, but the simplicity with which the lessons of scripture history are enforced will make it useful for the village library. One error we must point out;—Esther was not the ancestress of Christ, except as the whole Jewish nation might be so called.

SHORT MEDITATIONS ON ELISHA. (*Nisbet.*) Short, but full of striking and original thoughts; Elisha is considered as a type of our blessed Saviour in his love and power, and we are taught in his history to trace many features of Him whose glory is the subject of the Old as well as the New Testament.

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THE PROTESTANT.

THE unusually long and fatiguing session of Parliament having at length closed, politicians are occupying themselves, in this interval of leisure, in discussing the relative position of parties, the actual strength of the ministry, and the chances of its continuance. We have, in the Protestant, little reason to take much interest in such debates; both Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell have shown themselves only too ready to make advances towards Rome, if any imaginary political advantage was to be obtained in that direction; and the events of the last few years have been calculated to teach British Christians to put their trust not in any political leader, but in the eternal strength of those principles of truth for which they contend. Statesmen may deny them, or where they do not deny, they may disregard them; but finally they must and will prevail; then happy will they be, who, through the long conflict, have, amidst all discouragements, stood firmly by them.

Leaving then all discussion of party politics, we would this month strive to direct the attention of our readers to the position of Britain among the nations, and the consequent duties which rest upon her. It is a subject which will harmonize well with the approach of the Missionary Jubilee; and, before its vastness, the petty differences which distract the minds of men will assume their due proportions.

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In ancient times, when darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, God chose out one privileged nation to be his peculiar people. The wisest sages of Greece and Rome perplexed themselves in vain to discover truths which were lisped by the babes of Israel upon their mother's knee; other nations dwelt as orphans in a world where they knew no Father, and believed themselves subject to cruel fates and the blind powers of nature. Israel dwelt under the visible protection of their Heavenly King, and when needful, the most invariable course of nature was changed for them; the sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the vale of Ajalon. When Israel remained true to their allegiance, a glory from the Lord rested on them; they were made great among the nations, and the mountain of Zion was high and lifted up. Had they continued thus, they would have been a beacon-light to a darkened world: the Gentiles would have come to their light, and kings to the brightness of their rising, and there would have been at least an earnest of the predicted promise, that "out of Zion should go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." But Israel soon fell into idolatry; the people whom God had "formed for himself, that they might show forth his praise," forsook the rock of their salvation; and, instead of being the first among the nations, became a scorn and a reproach to all people. It behoves us well to study their history, not that we may exult in privileges transferred to us, "but that we may learn not to be high-minded, but fear.

Darkness still covers a great part of the earth, and there is still a nation which God has blessed with the purest light of heaven. Britain, this chosen nation, was not greater or better than other nations, a barba-

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rous tribe dwelling in a small island, almost shut out from the rest of mankind. But God dealt wonderfully with this people: he has raised them gradually to the height of power. Now, look at the position of England; there is no part of the world in which it has not possessions. Gibraltar, Malta, the Ionian Isles, Heligoland, seem to encircle Europe, while it can employ the influence of a powerful state in cabinet negotiations with the other European kingdoms. If each of these European possessions were Protestant outposts—if English influence were wisely and steadily used, as it has been in former times, to check the violence of persecution, and protect the adherents of truth, what a great work lies open before England even in nominally Christian Europe. England is looked up to with admiring envy as the land of freedom, security, and order; would that it were more eminently an example of a land of truth and holiness.

Leaving Europe, and sailing round the coast of Africa, you might touch constantly at British stations. On the West Coast, the Gambia, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle, Fernando Po, besides Ascension Isle, St. Helena: at the South the Cape of Good Hope, with a population of 150,000; in the Indian Ocean the Mauritius and Scychelles, and the recently-acquired position of Aden at the mouth of the Red Sea. In Asia there is the vast Indian empire, and Ceylon, Malacca, Singapore, and newly-won settlements in Borneo and China. Australasia, itself a rising empire, is an English possession: even the distant islands of New Zealand at our antipodes are subject to British sway.

Again, if we cross the Atlantic to America: in North America, England possesses Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland; it has large and most

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valuable colonies in the West Indies; in South America it has British Guiana with its great undeveloped resources; and as if no part of the world were to be without a British station, at the extreme south of the continent, we lay claim to the Falkland Isles.

The whole population of the British colonial empire is 100,708,323, its area in square miles 2,119,708, its geographical position, as we have seen, such as to give Britons access to every part of the known world; whilst its varied produce, and the immense commerce it maintains, have made England the wealthiest of the nations of the world.

At home, we have all the blessings of a government sufficiently strong to punish crime, and secure order; while it is so free as to ensure the fullest personal liberty, and hold out the greatest encouragement to individual enterprize. The character of our people is eminently energetic and bold, practical and persevering. We have all the increased powers that the latest improvements in arts and science have given, and education is widely spread amongst our people. Lastly, God has made England the stronghold of Protestant truth. England is the land of Bibles, and her scriptural church bears witness in her obscurest parishes to the glorious truths of the gospel. No ordinances of separation, no partition-walls restrain her, as they did Israel of old, from intercourse with other nations; to her the command is given, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." If the glory of the truths which Israel possessed was a strong reason why, amidst surrounding darkness, they should remain faithful to their testimony, how much more truly may this be said of us! We have not the mystic teachings of the ceremonial law, with its dim shadowing of atonement, but

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the full clear light that shines from the cross of Calvary. We have news to tell that would speed the flight of angels, were they allowed to be its winged messengers.

Let us for a moment indulge the dream that England had risen to the high post God has offered her. First how great a change must have taken place at home. More wealth there need not be; we scarcely need desire more energy; but how different would be their direction. Those, who are now toiling with feverish anxiety to rise to a higher position than that they at present occupy in society, would rest contented in their post. Their spare time, talents, and energy would find delightful and ample occupation in seeking the benefit of those around them. The vast sums of wealth expended in foolish luxury, would feed all the schemes of benevolence, now languishing for lack of means; fewer labourers would not be employed, but they would be employed for what is essential rather than what is needless. The gloomy recesses of our great towns would be thoroughly searched out; and though it is not in human power to eradicate vice, those hot-beds which man's avarice has contrived to force its growth, would be indignantly destroyed. Abundant employment would be found for many who now seek it in vain, as teachers, readers, and missionaries. There would be no longer so harsh a line marking off the various grades of society. The universal passion that now exists to rise in society, that we may look down on those below, would be changed for a desire to condescend in order to raise others higher. The nation would feel that its soldiers and sailors were the pioneers of civilization and Christianity through the world: it would not be content with securing that they should be brave and skilful; no cost or effort would be spared to render them moral and well-in-

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structed. British ships would then be the blessing of every shore, when now they are too often only bearers of moral pestilence. The Church of England would then be, as she ought to be, the light of the world. Holiness and earnestness would, even more than learning, be counted the necessary qualifications of her clergy and bishops. No vain questions of ritual would engross time, so precious when souls are perishing, nor would it be possible for a Romanist, traitorously, as has just been the case at Leeds, to continue above a year in the ranks of her ministers. Her statesmen would then take the Word of God as their standard,—the moral benefit of their subjects would seem to them of greater importance than their social well-being,—vice would be seen to be the crying evil and the greatest peril of the nation, religion its greatest blessing. Then when they saw that the arm of the Lord was the true shield of Britain, they would not dare to call down his anger by holding any fellowship with idolatry; much less would they think of involving themselves in all the responsibility of its guilt by paying its teachers, from motives of mere political expediency.

If this was the state of England at home, then would the ways of God indeed be justified in the vast colonial empire he has committed to her sway. As Abraham raised an altar to the Lord in every place where he pitched his tent, so would Britons raise a Christian church in every distant colony. The little bands of emigrants would no longer be deprived of Christian teaching; it would be regarded as not less necessary than food and shelter for an infant colony: each colony, as it increased, would spread increasing light around it. Not the destruction, but the conversion of the Aborigines, would be the anticipated result of British settle-

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ments on barbarous shores. Missionary enterprise would engross some of the energy now devoted to commercial schemes. The cry, "Come over and help us," would not sound so often in vain from our missionaries, nor would the statistic returns of our colonial population long present such facts as this :—

Christians	2,955,312
Mahommedans . . .	26,752,155
Hindoos, Pagans, &c. .	70,998,036*

We should not then see that, out of a population of 100 millions, only 2,476,330 were under instruction in public schools.

We should feel, that this vast empire was committed to us, not that we might be supplied with gems and silks, tea and spices; but that we might supply it with what is more precious than all the gems, more fragrant than all the spices of the East, even the knowledge of our God and Saviour.

The mere thought of Britain as it ought to be, as it might be,—as God would have it to be,—is enough to awaken deep contrition and earnest desire in the heart of the Christian; contrasting the picture with Britain as it is, he can feel little sympathy with the tone of confident exultation in which a Rev. Doctor spoke not long ago from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey.† The

* These numbers are taken from Martin's British Colonies, and represent their state in 1836.

† "We are for the most part each in our respective stations ready and anxious, and zealous to perform our duty, and are honestly fulfilling our obligations to our country, our neighbours, and ourselves. The duties of property are not less recognized than the right of property through the land. With a few painful exceptions, which public opinion holds up to general condemnation and public scorn—with these few exceptions, our higher, and middle, and lower classes are all performing well their relative duties, mutually assisting, and mutually respecting one another: the rich affording protection, employment, and honest occupation, to relieve the necessities of the poor—and the poor respecting and co-

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humble confession of assembled Israel under Nehemiah, will better express his feelings. "We have done wickedly: neither have our kings, our princes, our priests, nor our fathers, kept thy law, nor hearkened unto thy commandments and thy testimonies, wherewith thou didst testify against them. For they have not served thee in their kingdom, and in thy great goodness that thou gavest them, and in the large and fat land which thou gavest before them, neither turned they from their wicked works."

But this will prove to the Christian a stimulating as well as a humbling subject. We are too apt to think of the nation as something distinct from ourselves, and to forget that we form a part of it. Our neglect of duty swells the amount of national neglect, our performance of it raises our country somewhat nearer to its true position. Let the high standard of British duty be then ever before us. If the British nation will not even aim at it; at least, let not the British Church be found unfaithful to her privileges; let all minor differences be forgotten; let frivolous pursuits be thrown into the shade, while we are pressing to fulfil those duties which our country owes to the position in which God has placed it.

operating with, and advancing the interests of their employers, for mutual and general good. Each and every link in the moral chain of adamantine strength that binds our multifarious classes together is firm, and has been well forged, and tested, and proved sound by centuries of religious and political struggle, from which the steady good sense and sterling virtue of the Anglo-Saxon race has constructed that one supremely great and well-proportioned and nicely-adjusted body politic (duly divided in powers and privileges) which forms the stupendous fabric of the British Constitution."

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

THE LAST VIALS.

No. IV.

THE CORRUPTION OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.

It has been the fashion, with many recent writers, to excuse the crimes of the French Revolution under the plea of fatality. They profess to see, in its general principles, the orient dawn of human regeneration, the perfection of wisdom and virtue. Some of them venture to assert that Christianity was then first realized in its social form; and the acts of the Constituent Assembly, if we are to believe the poet-historian of the Girondists, evinced an almost continual inspiration. But when they descend from these airy heights of philosophy, and abstract theories of human progress, to the facts themselves, so many horrors meet their view, that infinite pains are needed to divorce the Revolution from its own history. In this perplexity, Destiny is their scape-goat, which is to bear away all its crimes and blasphemies into the land of oblivion. The Revolution, having received, as they profanely style it, its

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baptism of blood, is henceforward to be held pure from all these stains, which would otherwise obscure and defile its celestial beauty. Even Carlyle, the most graphic of our English writers, goes too far in this track of the French historians. In his code of historical morality, hero-worship seems almost to serve as a proxy for the whole decalogue. Intellectual energy is accepted as a palliative for the foulest crimes; and the profligate Mirabeau, or the fierce and brutal Danton, are dressed up into objects of public admiration.

To learn the true moral of the Revolution, we must clear away from our minds these deceptive hues of sickly sentiment, or false philosophy, in which many writers have arrayed it. Once let us try it by the word of God, and it will stand out before our view in truer and sterner colours. Immorality and ungodliness were blazoned on its forehead, in every step of its solemn and disastrous history. Born amidst the haunts of profligacy and sensual corruption, it was cradled in blasphemies, and nursed in wickedness. The Destiny to be really traced in its records, is that awful Nemesis of Divine justice, which turns the folly of men into the punishment of their crimes; and, when a scourge is needed for abounding iniquity, needs only to loose the dark passions that are ever slumbering, like volcanic fires, in the hearts of ungodly men.

Nearly three hundred years had passed since the revival of learning, and the renewed proclamation of the glorious gospel to the nations of Europe, in its native purity. And what, after all, was their actual state in that century, which gave birth to the Revolution? The greater part of Christendom, after clinging with obstinate zeal to its old idolatries, was now fast asleep in the arms of a lifeless superstition. The countries which

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had seemed to welcome the gospel, had well nigh frittered it away in metaphysical abstractions or sectarian disputes, and were fast sinking into total indifference and irreligion. The French court was become a sink of immorality. The chief trace of religious faith which still survived, was to be seen only in the persevering persecution of the Protestants and Jansenists. A Jesuit confessor shared the royal favour with mistresses and courtezans, and a seraglio of infamous debaucheries stood side by side with the convent. Meanwhile, under the name of reason and philosophy, a secret conspiracy was actively at work, to crush the religion of Christ, and establish on its ruins the universal reign of atheism and anarchy. Kings and priests themselves were accomplices in this impious crusade. Religious faith, and even natural conscience, were undermined with a hateful assiduity, and a vast and mighty treason against the God of heaven was rapidly maturing in the heart of the Christian nations. They had sown the wind, and who can wonder that they should reap the whirlwind ?

Had the gospel been retained in its first purity, and the Scriptures of truth held in due honour, Infidelity could never have made these fearful ravages. But the Church of Rome, by its gross corruptions, had prepared a fearful re-action. The word of life, in Papal countries, had long been sealed from the eyes of the people. Three hundred years had been given to that idolatrous church, to repent of her sins, and she repented not, and the bed of Divine justice was now almost ready for herself and her children. None of her superstitions were abandoned, none of her proud, intolerant pretensions abated and withdrawn. Her only effort was to consolidate into a formal system the abuses of past ages, and

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to extinguish, along with the Port Royal, the last remnants of spiritual vitality and gospel truth. The signs of decay were written on her forehead; the harbingers of the coming storm were to be seen on every side; and still she went on frowardly in the way of her own heart, repeating the song of pride, that was to prove the dirge of her funeral. "I sit as a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."

The oppression, indeed, of the French Protestants, after the recal of the Edict of Nantz, was marked by every refinement of ingenious cruelty. Their ministers were put to death, their temples closed, their meetings forbidden; and still death was their own sentence, if they strove to find refuge from their persecutors in some foreign land. The most pious among them escaped into Britain and Holland; while the effect, on most who remained, was to kindle a sullen, smouldering spirit of revenge, concealed by a thin veil of conformity, which proved one main cause of the triumphs of irreligion in the next generation. The fatal issue to the Gallican church has been described, with equal truth and eloquence, in these words: 'Amidst the gloom and solitude she had created around her, she drew the curtain, and retired to rest. The slight increase of numbers she obtained was like the momentary extension of the body in the hour of death. The breath of life was gone; and she lay a noisome carcase, filling the air with putrid exhalations.'

The victory of the Jesuits over the Port Royal, through the favour of the court, was another sign of this religious decay, and helped to undermine all Christian faith in the great body of the people. The wound inflicted on that ambitious order by the Provincial Letters, could never be healed. The shaft was barbed by the keenest

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ridicule, and sent home with the deep earnestness of true faith and Christian eloquence, and festered and rankled still, amidst their seeming triumph. Their cause, from that time, was associated in almost every French mind, with absurdity, immorality, and deception. When, after this irreparable exposure, they were still adopted by the Church as its best champions, and crowned with court favour, the odium was inevitably transferred to the altar and the throne. After a seeming triumph of fifty years, they sank under the fatal blow, which the Provincial had aimed against them, and which their own later intrigues rendered more incurable; but they dragged after them, in their fall, that apostate church, and that frivolous and licentious court, which had been leagued with them in the hour of apparent victory.

The suicidal conduct of the Romish church, in this eventful crisis of her history, has been well pourtrayed by Quinet, in his work on the Revolution. However unsafe as a general guide, his remarks on this subject are fully warranted by the facts of history.

'If we would see,' he observes, 'how the old form of society was undermined long before the French Revolution, it is enough to consider the first monument of the Holy See in the eighteenth century. We shall then perceive that this society has received a blow on the head. The Papacy is seized with dizziness.

'In truth, its danger was now fully seen by it for the first time. Jansenism, driven in the path of the Reformers, tended, like them, to diminish the authority of the priests, in resigning all to God. The peril was real for the ancient church: in spite of all oaths of obedience, no one could say where he would stop, when once entered on this path. The fallen Port Royal was built

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up anew in the souls of men. The church was menaced by the spectre of the Reformation, even within the sanctuary. And what followed? The most surprising of all events. To put an end to these spiritual weapons, which its adversaries borrowed from the Scriptures, the Papacy sought to blot out at a stroke, and in a solemn manner, both the spirit and the letter of the gospel.

'In 1712 the Holy See published its bull Unigenitus, an incredible record in the annals of Christianity. A real stupor seized on the most fervent believers. France was torn by it for half a century; and, when I read the bull over and over, I partake in their wonder, and can scarcely believe my own eyes.

'The Papacy, after affirming for eighteen hundred years, denies everything in one day, except its own power, and fastens this universal negation on the front of the century at its birth. These incredible interdictions will speak for themselves.

'Anathema on the maxim, God is not, religion is not, where there is no charity. Whence it follows that God and religion will both go on without any charity.

'Anathema on this also: There is no good work without the love of God. Which means that, after dispensing with charity towards men, we may dispense also with love towards God. After this, what is left? The Pope.

'Malediction on these words: Faith justifies when it acts, but acts only by charity. This points to St. Paul: the excommunication lights on him from the height of the Vatican.

'A curse on these words:—One is separated from the elect people, of whom the Jewish people were the figure, and Jesus Christ is the head, by not living after the gospel, or by not believing in the gospel. Whence

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it follows that, to remain with the elect, there is no need to live according to the gospel, nor to believe in it. What has Voltaire said more ?

'Anathema and a curse on the maxim : There is nothing more vast than the church of God, because the elect and just of all ages compose it. Another anathema on the maxim :—The Lord's day ought to be hallowed by reading pious books, and especially the Holy Scriptures: it is hence a sin to divert a Christian from such reading.

' Only conceive, in this fashion, the plainest texts of St. Paul, sometimes even the words of Jesus Christ, the maxims of saints, martyrs and fathers, the gospel and traditions, for the greater safety of the church, denounced, anathematized pell-mell, and at hazard, as so many blasphemies. It was needful that the dictatorship should reach this point, and blind itself with its own lightnings.

' To say the truth, in this bull Unigenitus, the Pope, to get rid of heresies, not only stabs Christianity, but even the very idea of religion and of God. And observe the eagerness of these old powers to destroy themselves with their own hands. The monarchy of Louis XIV seeks to exalt itself, destroys its own principle, and nothing is left but the king. The Pope, to have no rival, blots out the gospel, and there remains only the priest. So that, on the one side, you see a king without a people, and on the other, a priest without a gospel ; on all sides, a State without an ideal, a catholicism without Christianity, a world without a foundation. Can you be astonished that it crumbles even before it has felt a blow ?

'The eighteenth century, then, opens with more solemnity than is commonly supposed. In its first years, a Pope, from the balcony of the Vatican, in the name of

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the old church, in all the majesty of his infallible authority, flings the gospel into the abyss. That he may leave his adversaries no other refuge than himself, he places Christ under an interdict. Such is the first day of the eighteenth century.

'This bull is in itself the mark of a new era. This relic of glory belonged to the ancient spiritual sovereign, that he gave, himself, the first signal for the overthrow of the old religious and social world. Neither Voltaire nor Rousseau had authority sufficient to introduce it. Before the world tried any thing new, it was needful that the priest himself should close the ancient book, and the avowal proceed from the lips of the church herself, that all was finished. Such was this decree of the Papacy, the last whose sound was felt through the earth. Amidst the fêtes of the Regency, this echo sounded, like the blows of the hammer upon the nails of the cross; a signal for the earth to quake, and for the ancient veil to be rent asunder. Cursing, interdicting, anathematizing the mystical foundations of the old society, the Pope justified beforehand all the efforts the world was ready to make, to establish others upon reason alone. The Pope overthrew the church of the spirit; the revolution, when it came, found nothing but a church of stone.

'There are also mutual accusations, as in all great causes when they are lost, Jesuitism against Jansenism, the Ultramontanes against the Gallicans; civil war has entered into the unity. The old church stings itself to death; and that a celestial irony may mingle with its fall, the Papacy gives a chief worthy of it to this French church of the eighteenth century. It goes so far as to discover in the dregs of society, in some unknown orgies of the Regency, the man of that time

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the most notoriously polluted, the most universally dishonoured; and of this profligate it makes a cardinal. On the shoulders of this apostle of rakes she places her purple symbol of the blood of martyrs, and the pious Massillon solemnizes this parody on Christian antiquity.

'Hasten, then, thou holy anger of heaven! Angels and archangels, who heal diseases by fire, if ye are not a mere illusion of the just, descend from your clouds! the church herself calls for her own chastisement. Bring, if it be needful, the chalice of cruel years, and the saints will welcome it to remove the stains of such unutterable pollution!'

Such is the language of a nominally Roman Catholic writer, and an ardent admirer of the Revolution, in which he describes the moral harbingers of its appearing. It was no morning star of hope, dawning sweetly upon the weary nations; but a time when iniquity was ripening upon earth, and the storm was gathering in the darkened firmament. It was an hour when, not merely to the eye of Christian faith, but even to the dimmer vision of natural conscience, the holy angels might almost be seen, in the heavenly sanctuary, looking down with wonder on the corruptions of an apostate church and an unbelieving world, while they received, with a welcome of holy joy, those fiery vials, which they were soon to pour out in judgment on the workers of iniquity.

T. R. B.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF HEATHENDOM;

HOW FAR IT APPREHENDED

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

"Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."—Acts xiv. 17.

THE words of Holy Writ, which we have ventured to prefix as our motto, seem not only a warrant, that we shall find the heathen nations of antiquity acknowledging that their life, upon the whole, and in its essential nature, was one of happiness, victorious over misery, so as in itself to be esteemed an inestimable blessing; but further, that this perception should be to them a witness, witnessing that the Author of their being and of the universe around them was Goodness, Light, Love. Of the first, accordingly, we have ample proof, and in such sort as not to be explained away, as only the natural shrinking from death, and plunging into the awful Unknown. On the other hand, how strong a disposition of our nature is it, when in misery to imagine our case is at the worst, and that every change must be for the better. We must rather seek for its full explanation here; that man ever since that fatal day on which he reaped the curse of the fall, viewed death as his deadliest foe, robbing him of his own

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glad heritage of life, and claiming him as his rightful prey. And not until He came, who led captivity captive, was there any emancipation from the gloominess of death; nor could the stoutest-hearted then look that king of terrors in the face, and confidently ask, "O death, where is thy sting: O grave, where is thy victory?" Life therefore was viewed as man's native privilege; that precious thing with which his unknown Maker had endowed him: that gift which drew a thousand others in its train: associated with happiest recollections of the past, and golden hopes for the future; nay, itself the dim pledge of a mystic immortality; that boon of parental love that made him lift his eye to heaven, and exclaim with one of his own poets

τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν.*

Nor was this all; but gathering up the scattered joys and hopes, whose sum made life so desirable and godlike a thing, seeing how man seemed naturally formed for happiness, though oftentimes sunk in woe, and listening to the yet unstifled voice of God within; they, or at least the more thankful spirits among them, recognized in this preponderance of joy over sorrow, blessed tokens of the goodness of their felt but unknown Creator. Amid all the dreaminess of superstition, there was a heaven-lit altar-flame in their hearts, revealing to them that they were not isolated beings, but objects of some mysterious superintendent care; creatures over whom hung, and with whom were connected, eternal destinies. What else was it made Juvenal, that kingly man, whose moral dignity burns as a pure lucid lamp amid the brooding damps of corruption, close his noblest satire with such thoughts as these?

* "For we are also his offspring."

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Si consilium vis,
Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris:
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Di
*Carior est illis homo quam sibi.**

'Man dearer to the gods than to himself.' Oh! who does not feel that here is a sentiment worthy of Christian philosophy? What confirmation this, that to those who felt after him, God left not himself without witness, but that they dimly apprehended that rest is only to be obtained by resting on a higher power. And Juvenal only echoed from his heart, a sentiment to which the venerable patriarch of Grecian philosophy first gave utterance, which had been embraced by his disciples, Xenophon and Plato, and had doubtless solaced many a struggling enquirer after truth; for the latter tells us that 'Socrates was wont to pray the gods simply for the bestowal of good things, seeing that they knew best what things were good.'† How refreshing it is, amid the weary land of heathen literature, to light on oases like these, where the palm casts its welcome shade, and the little fountain gushes with life. That anticipations of gospel truth are not to be regarded with dismay, but thankful joy, has recently been clearly demonstrated by Mr. Trench in his lectures on the unconscious prophecies of heathendom.‡

* "If we crave advice, let the gods themselves choose what is suitable for us, and good for our affairs, for the gods in place of pleasant things will give what is most beneficial—man is dearer to them than he is to himself."

† *Σωκράτης εὔχετο πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ἁπλῶς τἀγαθὰ διδόναι, ὡς τοὺς θεοὺς κάλλιστα εἰδόσας ὁποια ἀγαθά ἐστι.*

‡ "We shall cease altogether from regarding with suspicion these apparent anticipations of good things given us in Christ; in which, instead of being secretly embarrassed by them, and hardly knowing exactly how to deal with, or where to range them, we shall joyfully accept these presentiments of the truth, so far as they are satisfactorily made out, as enhancing the greatness and glory of the truth itself."

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Again, are not the oracular shrines and the responses there given, proofs that the heathen felt that their destiny was viewed with interest by their fabled gods, that the thick cloud had not been for ever drawn betwixt earth and heaven. Whence is it that we find their eldest poet teaching them that even dreams come from Zeus?

καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστιν.*

Is it not because man felt that he was the subject of some one higher than himself, who was not, who could not be, unobservant of him, but who, knowing better and seeing farther than himself,† who was a mortal, and 'saw not into the morrow,' might perchance reveal to him, for his benefit, things that he could not discover by his unassisted wisdom.

The elegant myth of Prometheus may furnish us with another proof, how the ancients viewed all the moral and intellectual faculties of man, and even his social capacities and knowledge of the arts, as direct boons from a celestial power. We find, in Æschylus, Prometheus declaring, 'that whereas mortals of old, though seeing, saw vainly, though listening, heard not, but resembling dream-like shapes, confounded all things at random,' he had made them susceptible of understanding; had shewn them the rise and setting of the stars as an unfailing token of the winter, and the flowery spring, and the fruitful summer; had taught them numeration; had given them memory; had instructed them in the art of building, and yoking of steeds, and traversing the ocean; had endowed them with the science of medicine, and of augury; had revealed to them the hidden treasures of brass, and iron, and silver, and

* For even a dream is of Zeus.—Hom. Il.

† οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' ἀὐριον οὐκ εσορῶμες.
Theoc. Id. 13, 4.

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gold; and, at the close, asserting that men had gotten their arts from him. There Æschylus leaves the tale, but Plato gives us the following interesting supplement. As morn was breaking over Athens, Protagoras related nearly the same fable to a chosen band of philosophers and their disciples. He narrated how that, when Epimetheus had expended all his powers and virtues on the other animals, and left man naked and unsandalled, without couch or weapon, Prometheus came to his succour, and stole for him the arts and wisdom of Hephaestus and Athena. Whereupon man alone recognized the existence of the gods, and built them altars and statues, and made himself master of the arts of life, and, taught by experience, founded societies and cities—but that political wisdom being wanting—they were still in danger of destruction, till Zeus commissioned Hermes to give them modesty and justice, and that henceforth he who had not these virtues should be slain as a plague of the state.'

It is not difficult to recognize in this highly-wrought fable of imagination the wide-spread conviction, which there must have been among the heathen, of their powers both of body and mind, their arts, their reason, their social virtues, all that raised them as moral beings in the scale of creation, being the immediate gift of some Divine power, and the fruit of His provident goodness. Other instances doubtless abound of the same feeling, but perhaps this may suffice to prove that men could never shake off the assurance that it was a Being superior to himself, and compassionating his infirmities, who

> quem spectent animalia cætera terram
> Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
> Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

* While other animals gaze on the earth, He gave man a lofty brow, and bade him contemplate the sky, and lift his countenance erect to the stars.—OVID. MET.

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Doubtless, in Plato's own beautiful metaphor, they were as men in a dark subterranean cavern, dreaming evermore that the shadows cast by flickering firelight were real existences; or, if dragged by a hand mightier than their own into the light of day, saw but dimly, and painfully, and hesitatingly, the noontide truths of heaven, and long before they ventured to raise their eye to the glorious sun, if this were ever granted, lingered over his image as softened by reflexion in the quiet waters. Let us not, however, from our sun-lit eminence, despise the strugglings of benighted prisoners, but exulting in every step that they ran, every fetter that they broke, take courage at their triumphs, and imitate them in tracing, though with a thousandfold clearer apprehension, in the midst of this sin-clouded world, the full, the unclouded goodness of God.

E. H. B.

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THE DREAD OF DEATH AND THE FEAR OF LIFE.

The winter fire blazed brightly in a cheerful drawing-room, where a few friends were assembled to pass the evening. It was a gay and pleasant hour; the comfort within contrasting with the chill without. Among the merry ones of the little circle was a girl of sixteen, whose music and love of fun had rendered her a favourite there. In a moment her mirth ceased; she became silent and absorbed in thought, scarcely conscious of the cheerful conversation, which among the rest of the party flowed on as before. A strange idea had flashed across her mind; the dread of sudden death had taken possession of her spirit. It was not doubt of her own state after the passage of the dark waters; but a strong though indistinct horror of suddenly plunging into them, which, at this apparently inappropriate time, seized upon her. Two years previously she had solemnly received Christ as her Saviour; and was now, though in the midst of much conscious sin and infirmity, resting her hope for eternity upon his righteousness and atonement. She was in full possession of youth and health, and of all that the world counts happiness; but this one new feeling, thus strangely intruded, was to be the ground of a long trial, as destined to keep her for years in bondage. Often when all around her was bright, when nature which she passionately admired was smiling in beauty, or when

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the voices of love gladdened her dwelling, did this dark cloud overshadow all her sunshine, although One eye alone beheld, and One ear alone heard her agony of terror and of prayer.

But ere long, sorrow came—deep and bitter sorrow. It was still spring-time with her, but the world was blighted and wintry, and chill to her spirit. Those whom she had loved had passed over Jordan; and then, as with the breaking of a powerful spell, its dark waves had lost their terror. Nay; when under the pressure of grief, her health began to decline, she secretly rejoiced; for she longed to quit the desolated earth, and to go where she would weep no more;—where the loved and the loving should smile on her again. Still she imagined, that when the summons should really arrive, and when she should feel her feet indeed standing on the brink of the river, she would shrink to plunge into its mysterious depth.

But this was soon to be put to the test. She was led to believe that the symptoms under which she laboured, were those of an incurable disease, which would, in all probability, prove *suddenly* fatal.

With beating heart she fled to her chamber; but it was to give thanks to God for Jesus Christ. His cross beamed brightly above the waters; his rod and his staff, she felt, were enough to protect her in the valley. And now she had done with the world. Its sorrows might not be long; its joys could allure her no more; she need not fear its temptations; she was going home. Already the pinnacles of the celestial city gleamed upon her eye, its songs floated to her ear; and in the melody there were voices of the deeply loved and early lost.

Sometimes at night, as she lay down to rest, she *did* tremble to think that her waking might be in eternity;

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and she *did* pray, "O! spare me a little while;" but her prevailing sentiment was that of glad contentment.

A kind and good physician, whose medical skill had placed him at the head of his professson in Scotland, and was equalled only by his shining and consistent Christian character, was told by a friend of her state of health. He had been her kind consoler in many troubles, and now hastened to visit her.

After careful examination he pronounced the words, 'no organic disease;' and seating himself by her side, assured her there was not the smallest danger; prescribing some simple remedies, the chief of which were air and exercise. The good man meant to bestow comfort; and quite mistook the cause of her deep dejection, and of a few tears, which in spite of her efforts, forced their way from her eyes. He would have been amazed had he witnessed the burst of agony which followed his departure.

She was again in the midst of the wilderness; its burning sands were all around her; and she must wander on *alone*. She was young and naturally ardent; and she dreaded that the world would again throw its spell around her, that she would forget her Saviour and her home; and linger among the pathways of earth, or wander far from the city of her hope and love. She could see nothing but darkness and danger; and all that day could scarcely speak for weeping.

Some of my young romantic readers may wonder that she did not at once flee from a world which seemed to her so dark and dangerous, and seek the refuge of some holy retirement, where among veiled sisters, bent on sacred thoughts and deeds, the fascinations of earth cannot enter. 'Surely,' they will say, 'she would have been safe there, almost as safe as in heaven.'

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No; the mourner had not so learned of Christ. She knew his parting prayer for his disciples, left as they were in the midst of danger. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them *out of the world*, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil;" and much as she longed to leave it, she did not dream of doing so by her own act.

But the Saviour had pity on his fearful one, and spoke to her heart. The words by which he gave her comfort were these:—"My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My father who gave them me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Here was safety, more true than can be found in a cloister; the safety of Christ's unchanging care; of the Father's unchanging love. The soul that has been given to Christ shall never perish. He will keep it in life, and in death, and through eternity.

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SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

CHAPTER IX.

THE new clergyman appointed to S—— proved to be a relative of the Mr. Herbert, of whom we have heard in Miss Fenton's history, and bore the same name. Strange feelings thrilled through her, when she first saw him in his place at church. There was a family likeness to the individual who had been so linked with her early life, and something in the tone of his voice which brought him vividly before her. There seemed also the same earnestness of manner, and the same clearness of doctrine, and she shuddered when she thought there might be a tendency to the same family malady. However on referring to letters written to her father at the time before mentioned, (more than forty years previously), she found that the insanity had been on *the mother's* side, and as the present vicar was descended from an elder branch of Mr. Herbert's family, her mind was set at rest on this point.

It may be conceived, that she received him with no ordinary feelings, and without being aware that she had any particular reason for regarding him with interest, he was delighted with her warmth, kindness, and tone of conversation, and felt that he was most fortunate in possessing such a parishioner. He was a true pastor of the English Church, and desired nothing so much as to

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fulfil his holy and happy duties with zeal and fidelity. He wished to make few changes, and these were not hastily done. He preferred profiting by Mr. Griffiths' experience, and following out his plans in general; while, in some particulars, a more active and energetic system was commenced. He took the schools under his especial superintendence, and devoted much of his time to them. This Miss Fenton found a great relief, as her presence was not so much needed; and, when she crept into a quiet corner to hear the lessons he gave to the children, she was greatly delighted with both the manner and matter of his teaching. It is Cecil who says, that, 'to talk to children is easy, but to talk to them as they ought to be talked to, requires the last effort of ability.' Mr. Herbert possessed the power of making himself understood by these little ones in no ordinary degree, and his influence was soon felt amongst them, and *through them* amongst their parents.

Mrs. Griffith and Miss Fenton often conversed, as was very natural, on the best method of dealing with young girls on their first entrance into life. The former never, of course, intended her daughters to enter much into what is termed general society; but, as their years increased, they would necessarily be thrown more with companions of their own age, without that watchful surveillance, which their mother had thought it her duty to exercise during their earlier years. Both Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Fenton had a particular horror of that kind of conversation which sometimes finds place amongst young ladies, respecting the attention paid them by gentlemen. She was most anxious that her girls should have sensible and rational views on the important subject of matrimony, and neither consider it as an *end to be necessarily attained*, nor as essential to

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their happiness. That the subject should not enter their minds, she knew was impossible, and therefore she was particularly desirous to give them correct notions upon it. She wished to guard them against the foolish vanity of supposing that they were especial objects of interest to every pleasing person whom they met, and that their conversation should ever be free from all approach to intimacy, except with persons of their own sex. She wished to see them femininely retiring, and yet, to enter with ease into general conversation; contributing their share readily to the general amusement, neither forward nor foolishly backward in letting their opinion be known, but carefully avoiding conversations of a *personally* religious nature, unless they were intimately acquainted with the individual with whom they were conversing.

In the present day, young men are very apt to think, that they are objects of particular interest to all the young ladies with whom they are thrown, and Mrs. Griffith was most anxious that her daughters should never feed this conceited vanity.

On what is commonly called 'falling in love,' her ideas were, perhaps, peculiar. She would say to her daughters, 'Remember, there is nothing wrong in preferring one person above another. Constituted as we are, without any assignable reason, one person suits our taste, while another is positively displeasing to us: but it is wrong not to have such an entire control over your thoughts and affections, that if the individual whom you feel inclined to prefer, does not show you any particular marks of regard, you cannot succeed in banishing him from your mind. Dreamy wishes of what we think we should like are wrong, unless we see clearly that God designs for us the fulfilment of

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such wishes. If you are his children, he will give you exactly what he sees best for you ; and you have no business to seek to cut out your own path in life. Marriage is surely the most important step in a woman's life, and therefore how can a child of God doubt, that, unless her heavenly Father direct every minute circumstance tending to that step, she cannot fulfil his will, nor consequently enjoy real happiness. Exercise strict control over your mind, and I have no fear for you.

'Never *laugh* at each other, or at any young friend, whom you suppose to be the object of particular attention. Such raillery makes a girl very uncomfortable, and places a restraint upon her, which may render her less pleasing in the eyes of one who is trying to ascertain her real character and disposition.

'Never trifle with any one's feelings. I have no regard for any woman who can feel pleasure in refusing an offer, or in having it said of her, that she has refused so many offers. I am far from saying that a girl never need refuse an offer ; supposing that with proper care she can always make it clear to the individual that he would not be successful in his suit, because the subject is encompassed with difficulties ; and many men, almost immediately on feeling a girl's attractions, take a decided step, before she could (without egregious vanity) have supposed herself the object of particular regard.

'Do not decide *hastily*, either for or against an individual ; and especially never give a decided opinion of any one on small grounds. Many a girl places herself in the unpleasant position of 'eating her own words,' because in order to convince her companions that they had no cause for their remarks, she has expressed her-

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self strongly against an individual, whom on farther acquaintance she has liked well enough to accept. For this reason, among many others, much conversation on these subjects is injurious to young people, and I hope you, my dear girls, will never fall into such a "missey," and I think I must call it, unchristian tone of mind, as to encourage this kind of talk, either between yourselves or with your friends. I would not say, always talk as if *I* were present, for there is an Ear always open; and of every "idle word," He keeps account. This thought need never prevent cheerful or innocently happy discourse; nor the exercise of harmless wit and merriment; but beware of "foolish talking, and jesting, which are not convenient." Be "sober and vigilant," and pray that God would "set a watch before your mouth, and keep the door of your lips, that you offend not with your tongue" either against the law of love or piety.'

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A FEW LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF THOUGHT.—No. III.

THE TIMING OF EVENTS.

WHAT child of God does not love to trace the wisdom and goodness of their Father in heaven in the *timing* of the events that happen to them! It is not for naught that the time is recorded when intelligence was brought to Abraham that Milcah had borne children to his brother Nahor. From Genesis xxii. 20 we learn that it was not till those long and anxious years were past, during which the patriarch was in waiting for the fulfilment of the Lord's promise to him that he should have a child—it was not till after his faith had been tried to the uttermost in the command to offer up the son of his love, then, "*After these things* it was told Abraham, saying, Behold, Milcah she hath also borne children to thy brother Nahor." Had this intelligence reached Abraham's ear before the birth of Isaac, might he not have received it in a spirit of bitterness and discontent? Might not thoughts like these have found a place in his mind? "The God of heaven has blessed Nahor my brother with offspring, and why am I, who have left country and kindred at his command, still childless? Why is the Lord so long in bestowing his promised gift? If I am to be a father, why not now?" Again, had Abraham been told that Nahor was blessed with children, just at the very moment that his heart

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was wrung at the thought of his having to offer up his son, his long-promised child, his Isaac, would not the tidings have added to the trial? might they not have made him feel that God was requiring too hard a thing of him; that he was dealing harshly by his servant? But the faith and patience of him who was the friend of God, was not to be thus tried; no, God so *timed* events, that Abraham heard not of his brother Nahor's offspring until his own heart knew all the joys of a father's love; until he had experienced all the pangs of a father's heart, at the thought of being bereaved of his child, and that too by his own hand; until he felt the more than joy at the son whom he loved being restored to him as from the dead; so that when one told Abraham, "Behold, Milcah, she hath also born children to thy brother Nahor," he could look upon his Isaac, who was more to him than many sons and daughters, and rejoice that the God of heaven had also blessed Nahor, and fully share with him in all the joys and sorrows peculiar to a father's heart.

Such were some of the thoughts suggested to my mind by these three words, "after these things." Let us now, from this retrospective glance of *the timing of events* in the life of Abraham, betake us to a review of the events of our own lives: be they to our view trifling, or great, there was a *timing* of each one of them; and oftentimes the child of God can legibly trace, "wisdom," and "love," inscribed on the chronological chart of the events of his past life; he can see there was a wisdom and a love in the *timing* of this sickness, of that recovery, of this meeting and that parting, of this change of habitation, —and so on with many other events. Let us then seek to imprint upon our memories *the timing* of every event that happeneth unto us, that so we may not let fall to

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the ground the lesson intended to be conveyed by the *timing* of the year, the day, yea, the very hour, when each of them occurred to us. How much of the mercy, the tender care, the watchful love of our God, will pass before us in this looking back; and will not our love and trust in Him be strengthened by this exercise of our minds? And yet so unbelieving are we, so forgetful, that often we are heard to say, 'Oh! if this had but happened at another time:' perhaps a loved one is laid on a sick bed just at the very time and season that, a year, or years before, another loved one had been taken from us; and then how apt we are to feel that this trial has been added to by the very period chosen for the sending of it, forgetting that it is sent to us just at this very time, that we may remember all the more the love and faithfulness of our God during that past season, and so rely upon Him now the more implicitly, and assure our hearts with the blessed truth, that Jehovah, who is essential love, who doth not afflict willingly, will, at *this* time, restore our loved one to us, if right and good for us. Need I add more; need I multiply examples? I think not: the heart of every child of God who reads this can ponder on his own experience. Let this exclamation then, 'Oh! if this had but happened at another time,' be one to be watched and guarded against; let us in this instance keep the door of our lips, and then we may be assured that the keeping of our hearts with all diligence will also follow, and that the language of both heart and lip will be, 'God's time is surely the best time.'

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I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

Birds of the wandering weary wing,*
Oh, wherefore are ye hovering
O'er the dark Euxine's stormy wave,
Which ever like a living grave
Yawns for its prey? What secret spell
Hath banished you from grove and dell,
And bound you, o'er the foaming deep,
A painful, ceaseless watch to keep?
Go—sunlight shines upon the stream,
Go—flowers have waked with morning's beam,
Go—and your snowy plumage fold
Where ivy wreathes some temple old;
Or go where scented myrtles bloom,
And rosemary's sweet rich perfume
Floats o'er the Adriatic wave,
Or sheds its fragrance o'er the grave.
Go—even now the golden light
Is quenched in clouds of gathering night,
Dark heaving billows toss their heads,
Fierce lightning a brief radiance sheds
Upon your stormy home—not *home;*
Beneath, nought but the curling foam,
Above, nought but the blackened sky,
By that wild flashing we descry—
Not home—oh, wherefore linger ye
As though ye loved this raging sea?

* Named—"Les Ames damnées."

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The lark soars upward through the sky,
And learns heaven's notes of melody.
The nightingale in forest bowers,
Makes music to the sleeping flowers
The eagle his strong wing essays,
To reach the source of noontide rays—
And ye—amid this weary waste,
Unresting—yet with fruitless haste
Pass and repass!—oh, men have said,
The spirits of the unshriven dead
Are shrouded in your strange wild forms,
And forced to brave the ruthless storms
Which love with foaming surge to crest
Euxinus' dark and billowy breast.*

Not with such superstitious fear
The rushing of your wings I hear,
Yet seem ye types of those who dwell,
Chained by the unseen power of hell.
Amid the night of sin—spell-bound,
They listen not the gentle sound
Of Gospel invitations given,
Nor seek the peaceful shores of heaven.
The Sun of Righteousness may shine,
The flowers of hope may brightly twine,
The healing tree of life may grow,
And clear celestial waters flow,
They reck not of heaven's untold joys,
But seeking earth's vain empty toys,
Flutter, through life's soon measured day,
Then pass in black despair away.

* The mariners believe these birds to be the souls of the lost, whose curse it is that they cannot rest, but are obliged to pass and repass wearily over the stormy waters which repulse them from their breast.

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Break, break the spell, immortal soul,
It is not thine to share the goal
Of fallen angels.—They have wreathed
Their magic round thee, and have breathed
Their poison on the air—but yet
Thou mayst escape the fowler's net,
Thou may'st be free! Rise, spirit, rise,
Up—plume thy wings for yonder skies,
Strength shall be given thee for the flight
By One who hath all power and might.
Oh, it had been a hopeless thing,
By thine own unassisted wing
To soar away. But, lo, the chain
Which bound thee hath been snapped in twain.
Poor fluttering one—'tis thine to rest
Safe folded to a Saviour's breast—
Wilt thou not seek that hiding-place,
And there lose every lingering trace
Of fear, and sin, and doubt, and wo,
Which clung so close to thee below?
It had been thine beneath the wave
To sink with none to help, to save,
If Jesus had not rescue brought
Nor with *his* life, *thy* life had bought.

Spirit immortal, rise, oh, rise,
Thine is a work of high emprise,
Eternal life thine aim. The foe
Will scarcely let his captive go—
Spirit, ascend in earnest prayer.
Let supplications rend the air—
Wash in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Then fear thou not, nor storm, nor flood,
Jesus thy resting-place shall be
Through ages of eternity. J. T.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. VII.

(*Continued from page* 347.)

WHEN last we parted from our infatuated heroine, her hymeneal prospects lay full spread before her, and she was hasting recklessly on, to consummate a clandestine and incongruous marriage. The fugitive trio found a speedy refuge in the comfortable carriage of the railway, from which they too soon departed to ensconce themselves in a wretched, rattling post-chaise; which symbolized too well their falling fortunes;—and again, the foaming horses, and the cracking whips, and the flying wheels, betokened the haste and apprehension of the travellers. The grey dawn looked out drearily upon them, bidding them no welcome, and wishing them no God speed! The landscape all around was enwrapt in gloom and fog, and a driving slanting rain beat against the windows of the inconvenient vehicle, and forbade the admission of the pure morning air. The low, heavy clouds moved lazily along, and the wind sobbed and moaned, as if engaged in chaunting a requiem, rather than an epithalamium over the 'happy pair.' It was a scene of deep depression—a kind of chaos of unwelcome light; external objects brought no gladness, and

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all enjoyment or satisfaction must radiate from within. But alas! the sun of joy was absent *there*, for religion smiled not on the projected union, and conscience whispered, that, at least, this mode of consummation was most unseemly.

Amy was oppressed with a heavy head-ache, the effect of continued weeping, and looked like one emerging from the langour of a sick chamber,—the victim of a drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned feeling.

> 'Which found no natural outlet, no relief,
> In word, or sigh, or tear.'

Miss Black indeed made desperate efforts to be sentimental and poetic, and babbled of undivided joys, and hearts entwined, but Amy cast upon her, in reply, a look so vacant and wonder-stricken—so weary and disavowing, that her sagacity suggested that silence would be more acceptable; and she began at once to busy herself with the *real* and the practical, which in truth, were far more congenial to her natural taste and acquired habits—for Miss Black inherited a world of prudence from her wily mother, whose proud ambition had centred in the one desire, of having a '*scollard*,' and a lady, for her only daughter. For this, she had pinched her widowed poverty, and for this she had scraped together the small pittance necessary to send her as half-boarder to a '*very genteel school*,' where, as we have said, her intercourse with Amy had commenced. Far more would she have subserved her temporal respectability, and her spiritual safety, had she been content to see her tread the paths of honest industry, or manual labour.

But life in busy boasting England, is one race in pursuit of grandeur and display. Society is out of course. Contentment and lowliness of mind are obsolete or

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disdained. No person appears to comprehend their *real* position, or seek to comprehend it. Each one places it in the clique above him, and like the jay in the fable, struts about in borrowed livery, and is the ridiculous dupe of his own vanity and pride. Founding his small reputation on his aristocratic connections, rather than on his individual worth, he reaps only vexation when he finds his claims disallowed, and his pretensions ridiculed.

In this respect, however, Miss Black was but one of the million—a feather borne onward by the gale of fashion, and, like many of her betters, she despised the vulgar, hated the poor, idolized the aristocratic, and aped the fashionable. The position she hoped to occupy, was that of the chaperone of a young lady, the companion of an old one, or the superintendent of a family deprived of maternal surveillance. For *any* of these offices, she was pre-eminently unqualified—but her poverty, and not her will, forced her to consent to this social slavery, which still she secretly abhorred. The proposal made to her by Captain Silvester, to become a member of his family, had therefore filled her with unmingled satisfaction, and she felt the deepest *personal* interest in the success of the enterprise.

And now she sat in pleasing reverie, employing the quiet minutes in the composition of a letter she was anxious to despatch the moment that the ceremony had been performed.

'The expedition has been delightful, abounding in adventure, novelty, and excitement, but all difficulties are now surmounted; we have realized a triumphant issue, and the future will be passed by me in ease, affluence, and enjoyment.'

Ah! Miss Black, with all your talent you have no wisdom; your's is an absolute prospective blindness,

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and you are making the great mistake which ruins the majority of your race, and are expecting to be happy, whilst opposing the Omnipotent! You may indulge your sauntering reveries, but you are grasping a shadow and building on a bubble!

Captain Silvester, surprised and aroused by the continuance of silence, began to affect an animation and exuberance of mirth, which was oppressive in exact proportion to its artificiality; for frivolity to a serious heart, is like the light to a diseased eye, it only distresses what it seeks to lighten. He soon discovered his error, and his characteristic tact came instantly to his assistance.

Cupid and Mammon were holding their divided empire in his heart, but he fancied that his faltering fiancée was beginning to entertain thoughts alien to his interests: he saw too that her mental conflict was telling fearfully on her physical strength, and that unless a tonic could be administered, her failing courage might defeat his plans, and ruin his prospects.

The case seemed urgent, and demanded his best efforts; they were used successfully, and as he breathed into her listening ear, vows and protestations of devoted love, in tones rich but restrained, combining deep emotion, with profound respect; her soul was again enslaved, by the strange and mysterious power of his false, but eloquent tongue, and she was proud and pleased, if not happy.

Captain Silvester was still the idol her fancy had created and enshrined, though the high excitement which had characterized their earlier intimacy had partially abated; *then*, it knew neither measure or discrimination, and was a diseased enthusiasm, which must ever be as fleeting as it is extravagant.

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As the hours flew on, and they rapidly approached the place where Amy was, *in effect*, to pronounce those awful words, 'till death us do part,' no wonder that her youthful heart felt apprehension and alarm.

> 'No after thought! when once a wife,
> The die is cast—and cast for life.'

.....But we will exercise a discreet brevity in describing the painful scene. We will not dwell upon the coarse familiarity and vulgar jokes which greeted her on her arrival, disgusting her taste, and offending her delicacy; we will not say how her heart yearned for the blessing of the priest, and the prayers of the church—how she felt that no civil contract could supply the lack of the religious ritual—and that she left the office and the blacksmith but half a wife! No wonder that an irrepressible feeling of disgrace stole over her spirit—that her lip was pale and quivering, whilst her cheek was crimsoned with shame,—that her eye was downcast and averted, and that an universal tremor shook her frame, as she clung to Silvester for support, who betrayed his own embarrassment by a hurry and flutter of spirits, and a boisterous gaiety as ill-timed as it was unnatural.

'Look on this picture, and on that,' we mentally exclaimed, when having reached this point in our sad history, we were invited to attend the wedding of our much-loved Laura Leslie. We pitied Amy more than ever, when the door opened and the expecting guests first looked upon the gentle girl, on her bridal morn. How lovingly she leaned upon her grave yet tender father, as he led her round the friendly circle—how tenderly she looked into her mother's eyes, to read her flitting feelings—now, all joy, and anon, all sadness—

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like an April day, made up of smiles and tears. How tremulously she approached her best-beloved, who looked himself almost a culprit,—for true love is ever timid. That single glance of sweet confiding tenderness has suffused his high clear brow with mantling blushes, which bespeak both joy and pride. How gratefully she gazes on her father's countenance as with calm voice, but quivering lip, he begs, that, on bended knee, we all would supplicate His blessed company, who honoured once a nuptial banquet with his presence, and spake the water into genial wine! Most gladly is a prompt obedience given; but he has overtasked his fortitude: he knows not how to separate from his only daughter, and his big feelings can find no utterance: but silent aspirations have arisen from every heart; his transient grief will soon be gone, and, at the altar of his church, and of his God, he will find courage and strength equal to his need.

Poor, poor Amy; such were not thy bridals.

'..... Ought I not to write *home*, dearest?' said Amy, to her husband, when food and rest had refreshed and strengthened her.

'*Home!*' she almost started at the hallowed word; it jarred upon her ear. Eardley Howe was her home no longer: she had no home!—it was her first mental pang since she had become a wife.

'Had you not better defer it until we reach Edinburgh, my beloved? You can fancy the scene; your parents looking rather lugubrious and solemn—your mother, perhaps, *very* dolorous—Rosa screaming—the servants whining—and nobody very comfortable: it is a case of acute disease at present; in a day or two, when it has assumed a more chronic form, your epistolary remedies can be thrown in with a more certain prospect of success.'

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They started for the modern Athens. Two days were pleasurably spent in visiting the Castle on its precipitous rock, the Palace with its pictures, its historical and thrilling relics, and all its costly curiosities, and all the manifold and multiplied attractions of this fascinating city.

The next day was the sabbath of the Lord.

'Let us dispatch our breakfast speedily,' said Amy, 'that we be not late at church;' and she looked out from the window of the fine hotel in Princes Street, upon the closed houses, and the silent and deserted pavement, forming almost a sepulchral contrast to their usual bustle, whilst the serious countenances of the few straggling passengers shewed that they were bent upon some errand of need or mercy.

'At church!' repeated Silvester, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment. 'I hoped that you would have accompanied me to Roslin and Hawthornden; I have already engaged a carriage: let us worship in Nature's temple, in the deep glens and mountain heights, and not incarcerate ourselves in bricks and mortar, where numbers meet by force or custom only. It is but mimic show: God can be worshipped everywhere,'

'In the wide waste, as in the city full.'

'Alas! how irreverent!' sighed Amy, in spirit; whilst, in silence, she sipped her coffee, pondering on the course she should pursue. 'Sunday,' thought she, 'at Eardley, was ever a day of decent decorum, and shall I devote it to dissipation and the riot of worldliness?—Shall the church-bells call me in vain to the temple of the Lord? Change of place and position cannot alter proprieties; I will not yield to solicitation—I will be firm, and do my duty;' and in a spirit of Pharisaic zeal, she thus began:—

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'We may be strangers here, dearest, and amongst strange faces, unknowing and unknown; but still, we are responsible to ourselves, and we owe it to our own consistency, to pass this sacred day in quietness and peace. Let us, therefore, abandon your proposed excursion and go to listen to the eloquence of Dr. ——, who will repay us for the sacrifice we make to duty.'

'The green aisles and the forest will echo the songs of the birds, as they raise their matins to the skies;' said Silvester; 'and why should not our hallelujahs blend with theirs, in gratitude and praise?'

'Nay!' said Amy, in a tone which betrayed her characteristic impatience under contradiction,—'The birds are free to carol their thanksgivings, when and where they will, but *we* are *commanded* to assemble ourselves in the house of the Lord.'

Silvester, with a perfect composure and haughty suavity, which contrasted forcibly with the excitement and agitation of his wife, began to deliver a lecture after the manner of his father; for, as the swallow instinctively repeats the migrations of the parent bird, so he felt naturally disposed to adopt towards Amy the calm superciliousness which had characterized the conduct of his sire, towards his docile mother. Amy, on her part, replied with the temper and manner of a spoiled child; and they seemed to be enacting the parts of an injured papa and a contentious daughter. Never before had she felt so fired with zeal for sabbath services; and she could almost have exclaimed with St. Chrysostom, 'Oh! it is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer.' But had she sounded the depths of her heart, she would have found that pride alone was the foundation of her zeal.

Out-talked by her eloquent and specious husband,

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she took refuge in mere pertinacity, and exclaimed,

'Well, I shall go to church, and you can please yourself—at least, *I* may be allowed to preserve my own respectability and consistency.'

'It is difficult to plead the cause of common sense before the judgment-seat of the passions,' said Silvester, with the most exasperating condescension,—'but even your prejudices shall be sacred in my eyes, my beloved Amy, we will accompany you to church—*three times* if you desire it—for I will never be accessory to *any* act of *inconsistency* in you!'

And as he emphasized the word, he cast a satirical smile upon Miss Black, whose countenance expressed wonder and pity, for the contracted notions of her friend.

As they walked silently and almost surlily to the sacred temple, whither the multitudes were thronging in the spirit of David, when he said; "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go unto the courts of the Lord;" a penetrating eye could have read, that there was no peace in their spirits, no stillness in their thoughts, no meekness, and no unity of soul.

Poor Amy! her warm thoughts sped homeward as on angel's wings, for the light of her best feelings was not mirrored in the eyes of her companions. She was in the deepest solitude, for she had *no* sympathy, and her spirit was unsustained.

The service ended, Silvester proposed a walk to 'Arthur's Seat,' and ashamed of making any further demonstration of her religious scruples, Amy yielded an immediate assent.

As they wandered through the deep ravine which separates Arthur's Seat from the Salisbury Crags, and within a mile of the great metropolis, beheld a scene, embracing all the grandeur of the Grampian hills, and

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the solitude of a desert—the habitation and the face of man alike invisible; and the surrounding mountains, peopled only by the browsing goats and nibbling sheep, the crow winging its flight in dizzy height above.—Amy enthusiastically exclaimed:

'How calm and grand are mountains! they look upon the earth like sainted spirits, raised far above its turmoil; or like ancient white-haired prophets, speaking of the mysteries of heaven!'

'Yes,' replied her husband, with cheerfulness and energy, 'You will soon comprehend me, Amy—you will feel that it is sweet to commune with God amidst the lovely scenes of nature, and seek him in solitude by the music of running waters, beneath the open temple of the sky, or amidst groves of quiet shade, and sabbath-like repose.'

Now were Amy's principles in greater jeopardy than when assailed by opposition, or irritated by sarcasm—for sin is never so fatal as when it looks fair and good, and clothes itself in flattery. But she was rescued from further danger and concession, by the approach of a party, gay, gaudy, obstreperous and vulgar, in utter discordance with the solemn scene around.

Silvester soon recognized them as continental acquaintances, and greeted them with apparent cordiality if not with joy. The ladies at once dismissed their hilarity, and assumed the high style of nonchalance, intended to convey the impression of their fashionable manners, and to express indifference and contempt for all around. When Amy returned their salutations, they evidently thought her both haughty and disagreeable; for they estimated others, only as they petted or slighted themselves. They looked with impertinent curiosity at her simple travelling dress, which contrasted

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as oddly with their modish finery, as did her thoughtful countenance, with their pretty, but vacant faces—whilst her manner appeared tame and dull in the presence of their excessive mirth.

Amy felt herself *de trop*, as she saw that the prolonged conversation on 'the weather,' (that blessing to English society) was accompanied by side-long looks of inquiry and mutual understanding. Those looks rankled in her heart more than the multitude of proofs afforded by the subsequent discourse of worldly views and dissipated habits. They talked long and loud of foreign travel, of wild adventures, of hair-breadth escapes, and scenes of revelry most equivocal, if not absolutely vicious. And these were her husband's old companions, his chosen friends, and must henceforth be her associates! But there is no time now for opposition—an arrangement is concluded, and chickens and champagne, with jokes and songs, and all that is considered essential to the development of physical good-humour, is provided for your guests, and your first dinner-party affords satiety without satisfaction; and your first sabbath has been spent in sin.

'Has Amy spoken to you of her pecuniary plans,' said Silvester to Miss Black, when his wife had retired to write the long-neglected letter to her absent parents: 'I hope she has provided herself with plenty of '*the* ready,' for my funds are failing, and our present proceedings are not the most economical, I find.'

'We have not exchanged one confidential sentence, I assure you; Amy appears to avoid, rather than consult *me*,' said the artful girl; 'but my small stores are at your command, and may afford a temporary accommodation.

'I will gratefully accept them as a loan,' said Silves-

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ter, 'for I wish to wait and watch the turning of the wheel in this lottery of life, from which I have drawn a prize so splendid. But really she must improve her wardrobe. I saw the Dashwells look upon her with astonishment, and I could not have believed that the dowdy little girl was my own sparkling Amy; I felt almost ashamed to acknowledge the tender tie which binds us.'

'Certainly, she did not appear to advantage before your brilliant belles,' said Miss Black, hoping to gratify the Captain by her praises of his quondam friends—who felt a far more substantial pleasure by the handling of the twenty sovereigns he was depositing in his purse, which came most opportunely to his relief: and as he was leaving the room to settle his account with the worthy inn-keeper, he turned his handsome face upon Miss Black, and in his most grandiloquent style, exclaimed, 'Equity will demand that you be recompensed for kindness shown, and when my purse is full, my spirit will not be penurious.'

Visions of munificence and splendour instantly arose in the cloud-land of her imagination, when her studies were cut short by the entrance of poor Amy, who had completed her *first* letter of penitence to her injured father. It did not satisfy the yearnings of her heart, she felt that it was artificial and too elaborate—that there was in it delicate courtesy, but no flow of love, and that it would not serve to rivet the broken link in the chain of family affection; but her husband had suggested, if not dictated, the contents, and her judgment was the slave to her admiration of his transcendent talents, and it must be forthwith despatched.

'How pleased and thankful I shall feel,' said Amy 'if this letter should fulfil its mission; and procure for

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us a pardon, with a permission to return to Eardley! Our future days may then be spent in domestic harmony and tranquil pleasure.' Her hand trembled as she gave the packet to her waiting husband. He caught it clutchingly, and left the room in haste, for he felt no sympathy with her aspirations for a quiet country life, nor any particular anxiety for a family reconciliation; and so, as he told himself, 'it was better to avoid discussion,' he started with it to the post-office without reply, and the two girls found themselves tête-a-tete, for the first time, since the morning of the inauspicious marriage.

'This will be a favourable opportunity,' thought Miss Black, 'to ascertain the real amount of Amy's fortune, and the nature of her future prospects—it must not be lost.'

'I often wish that I had been an alchemist, and living in the golden age, that I might fill the coffers of my friends with bullion!' she exclaimed, wishing to give a poetical aspect, to a very matter-of-fact subject of discourse.

'You would not profit them by your gifts,' said Amy. 'Contentment is true wealth; and we should each take the cup as it is mixed for us, believing that competency, with a large heart, is better than comfortless splendour, and that the choicest pleasures of life lie within a narrow compass.'

'You are vastly philosophical, my dear, to-day, but "competency and splendour" are terms not speedily defined. They are rather relative than abstract, and may easily be misunderstood. For instance that which would be splendour to me, in my obscurity, would be to *you* a wretched pittance, involving you in care and penury.'

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Miss Black always assumed a superlative lowliness, when she had any purpose to accomplish, for she had noticed well, how, "that all admire the fairness of humility," and that if it shrink into servility, it will still be rewarded by patronage.

'Far other case is mine,' said Amy, 'Augustus is not wealthy, and my small income will not much increase his means,—unless indeed my father should supply us from his ample stores; but *that* can scarcely be expected under present circumstances.'

Miss Black turned pale, and sighed spasmodically—her twenty sovereigns were at stake! No wonder then, that she was deeply interested.

'I must sift this subject thoroughly,' thought she; 'these mysterious hints must be explained more fully; if she be not rich and independent, her conduct has been most imprudent'—for new light was breaking in upon her, as Amy's confessions tingled in her ears.

'You speak of your small income, dearest friend, as if it were the merest trifle—a fraction too insignificant for notice, but your dear mamma represented you always as an heiress, possessed of immense wealth.'

'Mamma's descriptions too often resembled a large husk enclosing a small grain,' said Amy.

'But tell me, without a metaphor, the total of your property,' said Miss Black, whose curiosity was becoming irrepressible, and overleaped all the bounds her good manners would have prescribed.

'That is a question you are not at liberty to propose,' said Amy, assuming all her native dignity. 'It is one too, that can affect you but little; and Silvester may not wish that any publicity should be given to our circumstances. At present, I am ignorant myself, and am longing to learn from him our exact condition.'

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'You will not be much gratified by his revelations,' thought Miss Black, as her mortified pride made her almost chuckle over the coming surprise and disappointment of her friend, but she felt it more expedient to conceal her chagrin, under the disguise of what she called 'lacerated feelings, and wounded friendship,' and she held her handkerchief so resolutely to her eyes, and sobbed so hysterically, that Amy began to upbraid herself for her reserve. Distressed at witnessing the anguish she occasioned, and irresolute how she could best remedy the evil, she saw with satisfaction that her husband was returning, and as he kissed his hand gaily as he passed before the window, she said, hastily,—

'Augustus is coming; do not let him see your agitation, I implore you: what will he think of us?'

Miss Black flew out of the room, ostensibly to conceal her emotion, but really to encounter him upon the staircase, and give him the confidential information, 'That she feared he had drawn a blank, and not a prize, as he fancied.'

'What makes you imagine anything so frightful?' said he, when Miss Black enlightened him on the all-important subject; with an appearance of the most profound sympathy, but with not the vestige of a tear bedimming her eye.

'We shall see, we shall see *soon*,' said he, as the steps of a waiter, who was approaching, cut short their colloquy, and sent Miss Black, in sorrow and anger to her chamber, whilst Silvester entered the sitting-room, and with a jaunty air exclaimed, 'Come, my sweet Amy, you must spend a little of your hoarded treasure in decorating your pretty person. Shall I be allowed to accompany you for your purchases.'

'I shall be delighted to profit by your good taste,'

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said Amy, in a tone of hesitation, and almost of trepidation; 'but my purchases shall be very trifling. Soon, I hope to receive all my stores from Eardley, and then I shall have more than an abundance—a superfluity of finery!'

'But your purse must groan to be unburdened, and, like a door on rusty hinges, it will lose the power of motion unless opened soon,' said her husband, in a tone of simulated gaiety. But his anxiety was so apparent, and Amy felt that it was no time for finesse; and so looking into his face with a kind expression she said,—

'Be frank with me, my own Augustus, and do not fear to tell me you are poor; for privation is transmuted into joy, by the pure alchemy of love. Labour is good; bracing our energies: and, without effort, life is dull and useless—a weariness and woe. I am prepared to be a soldier's wife, and share his perils, his privations, and his glory.'

Silvester gazed on her in silence. He was lost in amazement and dread; and, as the full bitterness of his new position broke upon his bewildered spirit, every effort at dissimulation was unsuccessful, every device failed him. Cold drops of anguish stood upon his lip; his eye was fixed, and his brain benumbed.

Amy could not comprehend the depth of his distress; but, imagining that he was touched by her expressions of devoted love, she spoke again, and strove to throw into her voice a tone of cheerful courage, which was alien to her heart. But she had yet to learn that he heeded not her feelings, and was wholly absorbed in the sense of his own necessities. She had fancied him a being, filled with refinement and sensibility, and she was willing to be a living sacrifice to the God of her worship. But now she must discover, that they were

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but simulated things, and all too pure and lovely to find their dwelling-place in a heart so worldly.

She gazed upon his haggard face with terror—

'"Twas all another feature, look, and frame,'

And she stood trembling and aghast, longing to ask the cause of such emotion; but there was a sternness in his eye which forbade the question, and she renewed her fond endearments, and told him, 'he would soon be better.' Little thought she of the brutal answer that was to wound her heart!

'A man is never bettered by ruin, I suppose,' said he, in a voice which sounded like the muttering of distant thunder.

Amy caught only the closing word, and cheerfully exclaimed, smiling, through her gathering tears, '*Ruin* is a strong term: there is no fear of *ruin*, with economy and care, dearest!'

'But there are such things as ruinous debts,' cried he clenching his hands in fury, 'and I married *you* to pay them.'

That cruel, cruel sentence, had rudely torn aside the veil which had hitherto concealed his character from her view—and all the terrible evils of her new condition crowded around her, crushing her spirit with their dark and threatening aspect—and the thought that she had been a dupe, valued only for her gold, poisoned the arrows which were rankling in her heart.

But Silvester, when he had partly recovered his composure, began to reflect that he had *yet* much left to gain from Amy and her friends; he was no visionary, but one who had learnt that it was better to endure in silence the evils he could not avert.

It was too true, that his debts *were* overwhelming—for a man's debts are in exact proportion to his means;

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and *he* was without resources. It was true, that he had sold his commission to liquidate the claims which pressed the most fearfully upon him, and that intent upon gaining the fortune of the young heiress, he had purchased a charger of surpassing beauty, and assumed the style and habits of an affluent man—but all this was ended, and he was worsted in the unequal fight with fortune. But then Amy had written to her father—had cast her petition upon his mercy, assured he would deal kindly with the daughter of his love. And a home at Eardley was not to be despised, in default of better prospects—and amidst the inextricable confusion of his thoughts, and the tangled web in which he was fast bound, he had enough of the *savoir faire* remaining, to make him regret the folly which had led him so hastily to expose his real sentiments, and his unfortunate condition. At once, his plans were formed. He resolved to await the letter from Eardley without the appearance of anxiety or dread. And again Amy was first bewildered, and next led captive by his deceitful wiles ; and soon was framing excuses for the object of her idolatry. 'Anger,' said she, 'is but a noble infirmity—and my foolish fondness irritated his suffering and too sensitive brain—he seemed indeed, to lay bare the secrets of his soul, but no doubt it was the language of passion, perhaps of fever.' Yet *confidence* was gone, and repose had vanished ; and the pleasant song which had once beguiled her, could be heard no more. Amy was henceforth rather the apologist than the idolater of her husband.

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דֶּרֶךְ אֱמוּנָה

THE WAY OF FAITH, OR THE ABRIDGED BIBLE.

THIS work, published by a Jewish teacher, and sanctioned by Dr. Adler, the chief Rabbi in Britain, is calculated to awaken most interesting thoughts in the Christian reader. The Jew has lost much; he has dwelt many days, according to the prediction of Hosea, without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim,

> 'The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
> Mankind their country—Israel but the grave.'

Yet, amidst all the desolations, all the wanderings of Israel, one treasure has been preserved to them, they have never parted with the law of their God.

Sadly indeed has the pure light of that law been dimmed by human tradition, and thick have been the clouds of Talmudical darkness which have rested on the people; but still they have preserved the word of God, and it is read with reverence each Sabbath in their synagogues. May we not attribute in part to this perpetual contact with the word of God the stedfastness of the nation of Israel to the faith of their ancestors? A nation has not become wholly degraded, even in the most trying and abject circumstances, that is continually hearing truths like these. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one Lord. Thou shalt love the Lord

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thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "The Lord hath chosen Jacob for himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure." A Jew reading the Bible, what a history it is to him! no other nation can fully enter into his feelings. That tale of wonders, those miraculous interferences of God, it was for his own people they were wrought; they are the national records of his native land. Nor is this all; they are not only histories of the past, but pledges of the future, for he reads in the prophet, "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt:—But the Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them, and they shall dwell in their own land." The Bible is to him the future, as well as the past history of his people, a history bright enough with hope and promise to cheer him amidst all the gloom of their present dispersion. If we had not this more sure word of prophecy with regard to the destinies of Israel, the very fact of the preservation of the Scriptures amongst them would give us much ground for the hope, that mercy is yet in store for a people, in whom the memory of past deliverance is so constantly kept alive. It is encouraging to see that an increased attention to the sacred volume is arising amongst some classes of the Jews. The work before us is a translation from the German of a class-book for the use of schools, and especially female schools, composed of extracts from the sacred volume, with short moral and explanatory notes. It is a Jewish version of the sacred Scriptures; but the testimony borne by David Asher, the English trans-

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lator of the work, to the scrupulous accuracy of our own version, is worthy of notice. 'The authorized version is, in this country, the standard translation of the Bible: its phraseology is as familiar to an Englishman as the voice of a dear friend; the least departure from it is offensive, and startles from its novelty; and yet, great as is the merit of this very scrupulous version, it was impossible for me to adopt its rendering in every instance, since I found, that wherever the text presented any difficulty, the translators, perhaps most wisely and judiciously for their purpose, literally adhered to the original. On the other hand, Dr. Budinger, in his version, has followed the renderings of Mendelssohn, Euchel, Wolfssohn, J. Levi, J. Wolf, Dr. C. W. Justi, and Friedlander; not, however, without regard to his immediate and primary object, and hence occasionally differing from his models in their construction of the text. Thus fettered, having had to consult both the English version and the Hebrew text, I determined, in the narrative portion of the work, to adopt, with but slight deviations, the language of the former, and to retain the spirit of the latter. A greater license, however, was required for the just rendering of the poetical passages, which occur throughout the work, and more particularly in the prophets and the book of Job; not from any arbitrary inclination, or novelty-hunting propensity of my own, but because it appeared to me, and indeed it must be admitted by all who are conversant with the Hebrew language and its spirit, that the authorized English version, though even here scrupulously literal, has sometimes mistaken the sense of the text, or, from that very close adherence to it, left it unintelligible.'

An extract from Dr. Büdinger's preface will be read

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with interest and thankfulness, as the testimony of a bible-loving Israelite. 'While reason *seeks*, revelation shows him (the Israelite) the way to happiness, and enlightens the path with the light of faith. Though the free spirit of inquiry penetrates even into this sanctuary, (revelation) removing, with a presumptuous hand, the holy veil from consecrated monuments, for the purpose of bringing to light sterile probabilities, which can at best but imperfectly satisfy the understanding, and leave the heart cold, yet it behoves, and is incumbent on the Israelite, to *believe in the word of God*, as it behoves, and is incumbent on him as a rational being, to obey the moral law.

'These sacred volumes, however, have, for a considerable time, been sealed up as it were to Jewish females, especially to the youthful portion of them. This is owing partly to the difficulty of making them understand the original language of the text, and partly to other circumstances which cannot here be detailed. But if we consider the important functions which woman exercises in human society, as wife, mother, and (first and best) instructor of her children, and on the other hand, the decided effect of religion, or rather, of religious training, on this latter calling, and on the obligations with which it is coupled; if we further consider, how much depends on the first education man receives from his mother; what power a pious-minded religious mother, who is well versed in the Bible, has over the moral disposition and sentiments of her children; and how, on the contrary, a neglected and vicious education, in our earliest infancy, produces the most unhappy results, and how deeply these good or evil consequences affect social life and whole generations: we certainly must allow a knowledge of the Bible to be as necessary

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and important to Jewish females, as revelation is to religion itself. This argument acquires still greater force, when we bear in mind, that the life of the Jew, religiously speaking, is entirely interwoven with the Bible. It not only contains the history of the origin of his nation, but moreover, his religious ceremonies, his private and public worship of God, his festivals and fasts, and his prayers,—all these are founded on, and stand in the closest relation to, Holy Writ, including all the books that are comprised in the term. And do not all the precepts and doctrines of the moral law flow from that salutary source? And are not these doctrines tantamount to divine laws, enjoined on man by revelation? And of all this, the daughters of Israel* should be allowed to know but little or nothing, as if, forsooth, they had but little or nothing to do with religion, and had no right to happiness here and hereafter; or should be obliged to continue strangers in the house to which they legitimately belong!....But I should be transgressing the limits of a preface, were I to treat in its full extent so important a subject as that of the religious education and training of the female sex of Israelites. These few preliminary remarks are intended merely to point out what improvement is needed, and how far it may be carried out. Our immediate object, however, does not require of us that we should furnish the whole of the contents of the Divine books; for, in their totality and original language, they should be reserved for the more serious study of the adult, while for the religious culture of the more juvenile

* It surely cannot be maintained that the divine law excludes them; for it is therein said (Deut. xxxi. 3.) "Gather the people together, men, women, and children, and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may learn to fear the Lord your God, and strictly to observe the words of this law."

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members of our community, especially of the female portion, a suitable selection from those sacred volumes is sufficient.... Let faith first be strengthened by the word of God; let the youthful mind first acquire a knowledge of God, and a love for the good, by an intimate acquaintance with the biblical facts, descriptions, and characters; then only, and not until then, let a systematic instruction in religion succeed, and it shall prove as salutary as a vernal shower upon the young grass.'

Whether it be that a slight change in the words sometimes sets the mind free to receive a fresh impression, or that a peculiar bias is naturally given to the thoughts in reading pages intended for the daughters of Israel, there is certainly deep interest in this Jewish version. The moral notes are mostly very good, and are intermingled with others referring to Jewish ceremonies and rabbinical commentaries. But the note on the short extract given from the Levitical law as to the sacrifices, marks clearly that the work belongs to an age when the Jews have been left *many days* without priest and without sacrifice. 'Thus we see,' says the note, 'that repentance, confession, and restoration are the only proper offerings of atonement, while the offerings of cattle and of meat are only considered as an external addition. And thus it is with our prayers, fasts, and festivals, and with other external religious acts, as far as they may be looked upon as offerings of atonement (for there were oblations, vows, joy—peace—and thank-offerings, corresponding with our present prayers and festivals). We must first appease our own conscience, and conciliate our neighbour, before we can expect pardon from the Almighty. "For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not

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in burnt-offering. The sacrifice which is acceptable to thee is a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." Psalm li. 16, 17. And is this all the comfort that our Jewish sisters are to receive from their teachers, when the arrows of conviction rankle in their heart, and the wrath of the Most High makes them afraid? They must first appease their own consciences before they can expect pardon from the Almighty. How, how shall the unpardoned conscience be appeased? The language of the ancient law, read truly, was this, "without shedding of blood there was no remission of sins," but sacrifices have ceased, no blood is shed for Israel now, and that blood of sprinkling by which conscience might be both appeased and cleansed, they have rejected. Christians! by every common link that binds us to them, by our One Father, the one Bible that we love and revere, the one holy law we desire to follow, spare no effort to teach your brethren and sisters of the house of Israel, to read aright that ceremonial law they so religiously preserve, that it may serve indeed as a beacon-light, to lead them to their now despised Saviour.

Dr. Budinger's abridged Bible furnishes another proof of the danger of the systematic presentation of any mere abridgment of Scripture. Such an abridgment must be in danger of mingling human prepossessions with divine truth. In a work intended for Jewish females, we naturally looked with interest to see if they would read of the Virgin, who was to conceive and bear a son; of the son that was to be born, the child that was to be given, who should be called the mighty God. We looked to see if they would learn of One "who was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, who was numbered with the transgressors, whose grave was with

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the wicked, and with the rich in his death, whose raiment was parted, and for whose vesture they cast lots." We looked to see if any passage, respecting the ruler that was to come forth from Bethlehem Ephratah, would turn their thoughts to the babe of Bethlehem. In vain; not one of these passages could we find among the selections of the abridged Bible. Dr. Budinger's preface absolves him from the charge of wishing permanently to keep back any part of the sacred volume; his declared design is only to allure the young mind forward, by presenting first that which he considers it capable of receiving; and since there is not the slightest allusion to the Christian controversy, and he appears writing with none but his own people in view, we are not justified in saying that all these omissions are intentional. They are perhaps sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that passages of such deep and primary interest to us, are unimportant to the Jew, who will not see in them a guide pointing to Jesus of Nazareth. But what is the consequence? His opinion, which, being human, he will allow is fallible, shuts out from his pupils all this evidence respecting a controversy, in which, if he be mistaken, the error is of vital importance. We acknowledge that this objection holds good in a measure with regard to all human teaching from Holy Scripture; the teacher must give prominence to that which is prominent in his own mind; and, in proportion as his views are defective, his teaching must be so; but then this proves the importance of, as soon as possible, placing the whole Bible in the hands of the scholar, that the Spirit may, by His own word, supply the deficiency of the human teacher, or correct his errors. The abridgment should be jealously guarded, that it be suffered to be nothing more

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than a stepping-stone to the unrestrained study of the whole word of God.

We need not here remind our Protestant readers how this subject applies to the abridgment of Scripture, used by government authority in the National Schools in Ireland; or how skilful omissions enable the priest to teach from the dreaded volume, without any fear of the disclosures, which, in its unabridged integrity, it must bring against him.

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THE WORSHIP OF GENIUS.

"THOU shalt worship the Lord thy God," says the Scripture, "and him only shalt thou serve." There was no need to command that man should have some object of worship. A being, composed as he is of hope, fear, and desire, must have some object towards which those emotions are directed,—a finite being, conscious of infinite longings, must tend perpetually to look beyond himself. Had man been unfallen, there would have been no need to have pointed out to him the proper object of his worship: his spirit would at once have recognized, in its mighty Creator, the only Being in fellowship with whom it could find satisfaction and repose. Fallen man, however, separated from this true object of worship by the barrier of sin, is perpetually striving to supply its place by something lower, by some form of creature-worship. The lowest of these is mammon-worship; in which man, not having indeed ceased to hope, fear, and desire, not having ceased to be a creature of vast and unsatisfied desires, has lost all sense of the glorious world above him, is in communion only with the lower existences of the material world, and manifests the greatness of his original nature, formed to possess and enjoy so much, only by the graspings and cravings of an insatiable covetousness. This earthly, ever-hungering worship is described by the prophet, when he says "Surely it is of the Lord of Hosts, that the people shall labour in the very fire, and

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weary themselves for very vanity." There are other human spirits which cannot rest satisfied with this material worship; they feel that all these things are beneath them, and that "unless above himself he can exalt himself, how mean a thing is man." The spark of spiritual existence burns brightly within them; it cannot rest until it find fellowship with spirit. Surely these are not far from the kingdom of God. Surely these have only to hear the gracious invitation of the Father of their spirits, and they will enter into that fellowship with him, to which He has condescended to call them. Alas! it has not proved so, the words of Scripture have been verified, 'the carnal mind is at enmity with God.' As an intellectual abstraction, they might have delighted in dwelling on the conception of a wise, mighty, and beautiful Being, from whom all others derive their origin; but conscience awakens, and will not suffer the idea of God to be separated from those of duty, guilt, punishment; and a personal ever-present God, presenting constant claims to their allegiance, and threatening to punish every dereliction from it, is one to whom their proud spirits are not prepared to bend. God, therefore, is not in all their thoughts, neither do they desire he should be; they have found a more congenial resting-place in a worship, which seems to satisfy the cravings of their spiritual nature, while it makes no obnoxious demands upon their conscience. These men become the worshippers of human genius. They are always extolling the pure, the noble, the beautiful. They exult in the intellectual power which raises man above the dominion of mere circumstances, the *king* or *cunning* man, whose energy is irresistible, is the object of their hero-worship. Peculiar dangers attend this spiritual idolatry. Like the ancient fire-worshippers of the

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East, these men look down with contempt on the gold and silver idols of the slaves of mammon, and exult in the purity, the life-giving warmth, the brightness, the etherial nature of the object of their adoration ; and yet it is but a creature after all, and they are but idolaters still, unable to raise their blinded eyes to the uncreated source of all true light. It is a soul-destroying delusion, that has gained too much ground in our own country, leading men to bestow undue veneration on intellectual greatness, apart from goodness ; while, as we might expect, amidst the infidelity of Germany, the land of students, it has assumed yet bolder forms. The name of Göthe has there engrossed veneration, which belonged only to that of Jesus ; and Strauss, the author of the Life of Jesus, scruples not to publish the following sentiments ; "The only worship—we may lament or rejoice, but we cannot deny it—the only worship left to the cultivated of this age, from the religious disorganisation of the last, is the worship of genius." It is cheering to see that, in that land of infidelity, God has raised up champions for the truth, well versed in all the pantheistic literature of their adversaries,—not having indeed wholly escaped the deluding influence of the atmosphere that surrounds them—but yet holding firmly the essentials of christianity, and vigorously contending for its eternal claims. One of these distinguished men, Professor Ullman, has published so able a reply to Strauss' infidel statement, that though we do not wholly go along with him, and think he is sometimes in danger of yielding too much ground, we are anxious to present to our readers some extracts from an argument on a subject so interesting. The title of the work is 'A Letter to Gustav Schwab, on the Worship of Genius.' We quote from the translation by L. Sandford.

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The position taken up by the Professor is a twofold one. First, that there is a truth and reality in the worship of genius, as opposed to something lower; secondly, that it is untrue and unjust, as opposed to something higher, as a substitute for the worship of God, and for the true living Christian faith. Proving the first point, he says,—'There is indeed a tendency, and a very prevalent one, in contra-distinction to which we may well desire nothing so much, as a very general worship of genius. A poet needs only to be reminded with one word of that 'resistance of the soulless world,' which hitherto the best and greatest have had to endure; and he will assuredly hail, as glorious, the time when a deep, joyful, intelligent reverence, not merely of talents and accomplishments, but of that far higher attribute, creative genius, shall be universal. You, yourself, in your speech, designated utility as the idol of the world, to which all powers pay tribute—all talents do homage. And when we add to this, pleasure, either wholly sensual, or, if of an intellectual character, diluted as far as possible with sense—we have the supreme deities of the age, compared with whom, genius appears a divine existence, and its worship as something infinitely sublime. That service of the appetites, coarser or more refined, which lives only for the moment—that gross egotism which lives only in the narrow circle of self, or in the little-enlarged self of the most immediate connections—that utilitarian spirit, the mental mildew of our time, which computes the progress of the world only according to the number of spinning and silk machines, of steam-boats and railroads,—even the more refined voluptuousness, which loads talent, when cultivated into accomplishment, with gold and honours, because it flatters the senses, and shortens the otherwise vacant halting

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moments; all these would be at once elevated to a sort of religion, to something above themselves, if the worship of genius dawned upon them. Men would divine that there is somewhat higher in the world, than can be eaten or measured, counted and calculated, enjoyed by the eye or ear, without deeper thought or feeling; the mysterious something, which bursts forth from unknown depths, and reveals itself where it will—spirit; they would, after having learnt to acknowledge and admire the mysterious origin and operations of the human mind, be more easily brought to recognize a supreme creative power, of whom human thinkers and inventors present only a feeble image; and to raise their eyes to the spiritual Sun, of whom men of genius are but single rays of variously obscured brightness.'

The worship of genius is next defended as a sympathising human love for those who have proved themselves benefactors of the human race, whose talents, a boon to others, are to themselves often a source of bitter suffering. The author strongly condemns the heartless ingratitude of those who 'view the activity of those spirits who labour for the true and beautiful, as an amusing sport, as brilliant fireworks displayed before them and for them, without any feelings of peculiar attachment or interest for the performers being excited in their minds.'

The worship of genius is again considered, as opposed to a certain pious scrupulosity and dogmatic narrowness of views. The author describes the opinions of two parties, between whom a sharp contest is carried on. One party says, 'Genius, unique in its species, and marked by the very rarity of its appearance as something extraordinary, is not to be measured by the common moral standard; it has, as in its productions, so in

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its life, which is the basis of those productions, its own laws and privileges: from its creations we can require only beauty, life, and harmony: the demands of faith and morality transplant the question to another sphere, and can only confuse the judgment. The others answer, there are no exceptional laws for the greatest, more than for the ordinary members of humanity; the eternal truths of faith, and the irrefragable ordinances of morality, are like the laws of life, valid for all: and their authority is as unqualified over genius, as over the meanest individual who bears the image of his Maker. Even the works of genius cannot be exempted from these laws; they are worthy of their origin, only when they mirror to us the godlike—when they are steeped in the spirit of piety and morality. These would go on to argue that, as Christianity involves in itself the perfection of piety and moral life, in a Christian sense nothing is beautiful but what is good—but what, in the Christian world, is Christian.'

The argument of those who would exempt genius from moral laws, is thus indignantly repelled by Professor Ullman:—

'It has given birth,' he says, 'to an immoral laxity in men of genius, or those who deem themselves such, towards their beloved self; a frivolous idolatry of genius, and a *bel-esprit* libertinism. The man of genius is subject, like all others, to the eternal laws of humanity in all his proceedings; his honour, his peculiar office, consist not in transgressing these laws, but in showing them forth, making them clear to the apprehension of others, and strengthening their influence on the present and the future race; in aiding to promote "the triumph of true beauty in the universe; of that beauty which, willed by God, is indissolubly connected with truth and

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goodness; the triumph of the holy and the eternal. Nor are we justified in considering genius as a force of gravity, dragging its possessors down to earth, or as an impetus inevitably urging them into the career of passion; as anything, in short, which necessarily loosens the common ties of humanity. Moral perfection, by its vital energy and exact proportions, makes always the impression of beauty; and the highest beauty will always bear the stamp of morality, and work upon those who receive it in the true spirit of a moral—that is, an elevating, liberating, purifying-effect. In this sense the poet or artist, who realizes the ideal of his character, is ever at the same time a sage—the instructor of his people and of mankind, by cultivating that higher sense within them, which is adapted to the perception of divine things. He does this, however, not as a formal, moral or religious pedagogue, in direct, didactic, wise, but, as it were, unintentionally through the pure worship of the beautiful, and by the life-giving, inspiring influence which, without effort on his own part, attends the labours of him who exercises this worship in a devoted spirit.'

While the professor thus strongly protests against those who would deny the subjugation of genius to the laws of morality, he also condemns as narrow-minded those who would confine our admiration to works of genius, in form *Christian*. The two divisions he would make are rather these. Genius, he says, 'may present itself to us, either as a spirit in close and joyful alliance with the Eternal and the Divine, with the world of spirit and of thought, with the everlasting laws of justice and morality; or as one opposed, perhaps intentionally hostile, to all these. In the first case our course is plain; we can unhesitatingly pay to genius the deepest reverence, as to every ray of the Good or the Holy,

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which sheds its cheering radiance on this mortal world.' Here Professor Ullman states, 'we should not stop to inquire even as to the faith of the poet in Christianity; we must keep our minds open to the beauties of Homer and Sophocles, as well as be intimately acquainted with those of Job and the Psalms, and if the poet, though living under the Christian dispensation, have not yet penetrated into the sanctuary of a living faith in the Redeemer,—whether by his own fault, or as most frequently happens, by that of his age,—he yet in his work paves the way for that faith; inasmuch as all things beautiful and harmonious, all things bearing testimony, however generally, to the Divine origin and immortal destiny of man, have some affinity with the highest truth: are rays of that light which dawned upon all mankind in Christ.'

Very beautiful is the language in which the Professor seeks to justify works of imagination, pure in their tendency, though not directly moral or religious in their form.

'But in the Christian world we meet with representations of the beautiful, which are not, like the poems of Dante and Klopstock, addressed immediately to the highest Christian conception, but which yet as true expressions of human nature, have their value and beneficial influence. For as piety should not close the eyes of men in general to the great free world of God, neither should it seal those of the artist or the poet, who are specimens of man in his fullest development and consciousness. There is indeed a *worldly* art, which is as far from being impious or impure, as that uncorrupted nature of which it is the spiritual image. In the world, we see apart from what is evil, much which does not bear precisely the badge of faith or

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Christianity: all things do not teach, preach, and edify; some things are not even useful; there are gay flowers and butterflies, and much besides, which comes before us only as a sportive freak of fancy, and which yet could not be spared, if the world is to be rich and manifold as we find it; if that something in the mind—so apparently lawless, yet so grand and orderly in its operations—which we call imagination, is to have its sphere of action. If God has not disdained to give to these things a place in his creation, let us also allow to genius its free play of fancy, which gives gaiety and freshness to the often insipid world, which frees the shackled and raises the depressed; let us permit the poet, if he brings his individuality along with him, to expatiate unrestrained in dreams and reveries; for precisely because life is so serious, the complete harmony cannot be preserved without the light fantastic sports of jest, wit, and humour, whose lightning-flash, like magic influence, clears the laden air. All this does not exclude higher things. An outpouring of genius having no such purpose, and tending quite in another direction, will often excite and quicken, in a thoughtful mind, the idea of the divine: to him whose course is once directed upwards, any thing may become a step of the ladder by which he climbs to the highest; all is good which in the true sense is beautiful and lovely. But here we certainly have always one thing to consider; not all poetical dreams and fancies are good; this depends upon who is the dreamer, and what is the character and habit of that mind, which forms the back-ground of these light or gloomy figures; for here also it may be said, "to the pure all things are pure," but to the impure nothing is pure; and the offspring of such a mind will always retain some taint from their birth-place.'

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This leads our author to the consideration of perverted genius, setting itself in opposition to divine authority. Byron is the example he selects, of this unhappy class; he shows how divided his mind was, how the irrepressible longings after that which he professed to reject, are constantly bursting forth with freshness and energy. His advice here is thankfully to appropriate whatever such spirits offer us of greatness and beauty, carefully rejecting what is impure or unholy. As to the individual himself, no personal veneration can, in such a case, be required from us; and with regard to his standing before his God, we are not called upon to judge him,—we leave him in the hands of his Maker.

Two interesting and difficult subjects of consideration are brought before our minds in the course of this argument. First, what effect has mental and æsthetic culture in preparing the mind for the reception of divine truth? 2nd. How far is it wise and safe for the child of God to expatiate in the wide field of unchristian literature?

In considering the first of these questions, some passages of Scripture naturally rise at once before our minds, such as these; "I thank thee, O Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." "God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound things that are mighty: and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not; to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." "Not many wise men are called." Looking at these texts alone, we should be disposed to consider human learning merely an impediment in the way of the reception of the truth.

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But other texts meet us on the opposite side. We are told; "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." Mental endowments, and even the beautiful creations of human taste, must be included among these things, "lovely, and of good report;" and as we are commanded to think on them, their pursuit cannot in its own nature be adverse to the reception of truth.

The natural tendency of all these higher enjoyments of mind and taste is to raise the soul upwards to its God,—to borrow Ullman's words, "to raise the eyes of men to the spiritual sun, of whom men of genius are but single rays of variously-obscured brightness," therefore it is true—"that the poet or artist, who realizes the ideal of his character, is ever at the same time a sage—the instructor of his people and of mankind." It is true that "all things beautiful and harmonious have some affinity with the highest truth, are rays of that light which dawned upon all mankind in Christ." It is true also, that the excitement of works of genius, lifting a man out of the contracted sphere of his merely selfish personal interests, and raising him above objects which appeal to the senses alone, does so far remove impediments in the way of the reception of divine truth. It is one of the many means employed, by the providence of God, to prepare the soil of man's heart for the heavenly seed; and humanly speaking, we should say, that a man whose mind loved to dwell on the eternal truths of science,—whose delight was in harmonious music, or in forms of exquisite beauty, was nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the gross sensualist or the hard-hearted worshipper of mammon. But what God graciously intended as steps to lead the soul

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upwards to himself, the perversity of man has frequently turned into barriers entirely to exclude his presence. Trials, which were meant to drive the broken heart to its God, only serve to harden it ; social relations, which were intended to represent Him to his creatures, engrossing their hearts, entirely exclude him ; and human genius, instead of reflecting the great spiritual sun, impiously usurps its place. There are two ways in which it impedes the progress of the soul to God. First, the folly of man makes it an occasion of high-minded pride, through which the humbling doctrines of the gospel become more than ever obnoxious ; and secondly, just because there is so much in the higher forms of human genius akin to true spiritual light, its votaries are in danger of being lulled in fatal self-delusion. They boast themselves that they delight in all things good, and forget that they are at enmity with God. This is the case, especially with the enjoyments of refined taste, music, painting, architecture, poetry. The emotions which these excite, are lofty, pure, and softening, and when employed as they are in christian countries, in the outward services of religion, it is often difficult to distinguish them from spiritual feelings. The penitential psalm may draw tears from eyes, which have never wept in godly sorrow for having offended a God of love. Lofty anthems may make hearts swell with exultation, which have never learned to delight in God. The doctrine of the cross is the great moral touchstone, which, if faithfully applied, would detect the delusions of this sentimental religion. Is the soul thus entranced, learning its own emptiness and nakedness ; learning to trust solely in a Redeemer's merits ; learning to devote itself to him, by fulfilling in holiness all the common-place duties of daily

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life? It is because of the great danger attending mental cultivation, that the warnings of Scripture are so severe. It is to guard against the self-exaltation to which human intellect is so prone, that we are taught that the things "hid from the wise and prudent, are revealed unto babes."

We see then that while human genius may be employed of God to prepare the way for divine truth, —while such, but for man's perverseness, would be the tendency even of its most sportive developments, yet that it often fails in its object, and only administers to pride or self-delusion. We learn to receive it with gratitude, as one of the good gifts of God, but to watch our own hearts with jealous care, lest we should turn it into deadly poison. And as to expecting a renovation of the world by its means, we should as soon think that because affliction is one means of bringing the soul to God, and man is born to trouble as sparks fly upwards, therefore all men are returning prodigals; or because all men have had earthly parents, types intended to lead them to a heavenly Father, therefore they have all sought him as obedient children. Life is full of preparatory means, by which God would lead men to himself, but these must not be confounded with that true work of the Spirit, which alone makes them of any avail.

The second question which arises, is, how far the Christian may safely study the beauties of a literature not directly Christian? We agree with Professor Ullman, that some worthy men may have shown narrowness of mind in this respect, yet we cannot quite go along with him, when he speaks of minds in close and joyful alliance with the eternal and divine, with the everlasting laws of justice and morality, to whose

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genius we may unhesitatingly pay the deepest reverence, and then almost as an accident, implying no moral blame, says, "though living under the Christian dispensation, whether by their own fault, or as most frequently happens by that of their age, they have not yet penetrated into the sanctuary of a living faith in the Redeemer." "To the impure" He himself tells us, "nothing is pure," "and the offspring of such a mind will always retain some taint from their birth-place." Must we not expect some impurity, (for remember there are not only fleshly impurities, but spiritual impurity, such as pride, revenge, false honor, &c.) from those who have never enjoyed, or still worse, have rejected the truth? We know there is in their writings much that is good, noble, and beautiful; this we may freely make our own,—it is part of the inheritance of good which our heavenly Father has bestowed upon us, and as we appropriate it, feelings of loving sympathy must arise for those, who even in darkness could elicit such bright sparks of light; but watchful discrimination, rather than deep unhesitating reverence, will be the attitude of our spirits, as we hold communion with them.

It needs too here great watchfulness to maintain a just balance in our feelings; for the hatred which moral evil awakens, should be as much more intense than our admiration of mere imaginative and intellectual powers, as holiness should be dearer to us than any mental endowment. Each one must here watch the workings of his own spirit. Any communion, however fascinating, with the mighty spirits of the departed, which blunts his moral sense, and renders his spiritual perceptions less acute, must be to him prejudicial, and therefore unlawful, while to minds of a

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higher and more heavenly cast, it might be not only harmless but profitable. When Israel of old expelled the Canaanites, they were commanded utterly to destroy their idols, but the houses full of good things, the fields and vineyards, they were allowed to keep for their use, a fact thus beautifully allegorised by Keble:

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil.
The household stores untouched, the roses bright
Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
To thine all-conquering ark—
Fly from the old poetic fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark.
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise.

The olive wreath, the ivied wand,
The sword in myrtles drest,
Each legend of the shadowy strand,
Now wakes a vision blest.
As little children lisp and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought, to those high bards were given.

And these are our's: Thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends,
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to thy friends—
What seemed an idol hymn now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith's ear, to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But 'minds us of Thy love.
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but thine; with Thee all beauty glows.

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CHAPTERS ON SCRIPTURE GEOGRAPHY.

No. XIX.

ISHMAEL.

THERE are few scenes in early sacred history more attractive than the one described in the twenty-first chapter of Genesis, as passing in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, when Hagar and her dying son were rescued miraculously from perishing of thirst. The promise to Abraham—"As for Ishmael, I have heard thee," was then partially fulfilled, and a further intimation of the future greatness of her son was given to Hagar, "I will make him a great nation." How wonderfully the whole prophecy relating to the descendants of Ishmael has been fulfilled, has been noticed by all historians; and we can have no doubt that many gracious promises made to these children of Abraham, according to the flesh, and scattered through the writings of the prophets, will have an equally literal accomplishment in days to come. The wilderness of Paran is said by Moses to have been the original abode of Ishmael. Its limits are thus given by Dr. Wells (Geography, vol. i. p. 274). 'The wilderness of Paran, in the larger sense, seems to have denoted all the desert and mountainous tract, lying between the wilderness of Shur westward, or towards Egypt, and Mount Seir, or the land of Edom eastward; between the land of Canaan northward, and

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the Red Sea southwards.' Mount Sinai in the heart of this wilderness is expressly called Agar in Gal. iv. 22—25, and is popularly known by the name of Hagar among the Arabs of the Peninsula, at this very time. Ishmael married an Egyptian, a countrywoman of his mother's, for his first wife, by whom he had twelve sons. Tradition says that he afterwards married into the family of Joktan, which may account for the close union of these two Shemite races. Moses tells us that the sons of Ishmael "dwelt from Havilah unto Shur, that is before Egypt, as thou goest towards Assyria;" that is, they occupied the entire neck of the Peninsula from the mouths of the Euphrates to the Isthmus of Suez. The Ishmaelites seem to have sent offshoots southward, and to have pushed the Cushites before them; as Pliny mentions two cities on the western coast of the Persian Gulph, opposite the Bahrein Islands, one of which was inhabited by the Agrei, the other by the Ammonii.

Ishmael's eldest son was named Nebaioth. His dominion extended over the country called Arabia Petræa in modern times, Nabatene by early writers. His descendants appear to have taken Petræa their capital from the Edomites, but at what exact period, is not known, though it is generally supposed that this city conferred the name ultimately given to the whole country. Mr. Forster ingeniously supposes the word to be derived from the Greeks having confounded Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, with Hagar with another initial, the Arabic for a stone. The Nabatheans were a very wealthy people, according to Strabo. The position of Petræa, midway in the desert, which divides Syria and Palestine from the Arabian Gulph, gave to this great natural fortress the double character of a mart of commerce

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and a key point of war. Accordingly we find, that, for a course of ages the commerce of the East flowed chiefly through this channel, from the Nile and the Mediterranean on the one hand, to the Euphrates and Persian Gulph on the other. The Nabatheans are thus described by Diodorus Siculus, 'This people pass their lives in the open air, calling by the name of country, the uninhabitable desert. It is their fundamental law, neither to sow corn, nor to plant fruit-trees, nor to use wine, nor to build houses, and every detected transgressor of this law is punished with death. Some of the Nabatheans are breeders of camels, others of sheep, and they seek pasture in the wilderness for their herds or flocks. The Nabatheans are greater in *substance* than the neighbouring tribes, though in number they scarcely exceed 10,000. Their commercial pursuits are the chief cause of this greater prosperity; for many of the tribe occupy themselves in the transport to the sea-coast of frankincense and myrrh, and the most precious aromatics; articles which they receive through the caravans from Arabia Felix. But liberty is their first and darling passion. On the approach of an enemy, they fly at once into the desert, as into an impregnable fortress. For these waterless wastes are wholly impervious to strangers; but, to the natives, who have prepared for themselves reservoirs under ground, hollowed out, and coated over with potter's clay, they afford a sure retreat. For the soil being argillaceous, and consisting of a soft kind of stone, the Nabatheans make great excavations in it, very narrow at the mouths, but widening continually as they go down, until, at the bottom, they dilate into such an area, that they measure, on every side, not less than 250 feet. Then, filling these tanks with rain-water, they stop their mouths; and levelling

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the surface with that of the surrounding country, they leave certain marks, known to themselves, but imperceptible to others.'

Could there be a more graphic description of the children of the man who was to be a "wild man, whose hand was to be against every man, and who should dwell free in the presence of all his brethren." The Nabatheans appear to have been friends of the Jews, (see 1 Maccabees v. 25—27,) and we may look forward to the time when their wealth shall be dedicated to the service of the God of Israel, "when the rams of Nebaioth shall minister to the Church of Christ, and shall come up with acceptance on God's altar." Isa. lx. 7.

Kedar, the second son of Ishmael, is the most celebrated of his brethren in history, and the most frequently mentioned in Scripture. His descendants are called by Pliny the Cedrei—or Cedareni. They inhabited the famous province of Hedjaz, of which Mecca is the metropolis: Mahomet, in the Koran, says, that he is an Ishmaelite of the stock of Kedar. The Kedarites are spoken of, both in sacred and profane authors, as a people delighting in war, and particularly famous for archery. "Woe is me," says David, "that I sojourn in Meshech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" (Psa. cxx. 5.) that is, that I live among people as warlike as the sons of Kedar. "The residue of the number of archers, the mighty men of the children of Kedar, shall be diminished," says the prophet (Isa. xxi. 17). In the present day, the Kedarites are called Beni Harb, or sons of war. They are thus described by a modern traveller: 'Their force is calculated at 50,000 matchlocks, which mark them as one of the most powerful tribes in Arabia. Their habits are predatory and warlike, and

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their disposition bold and sagacious. In appearance, they are taller and more fleshy than their neighbours of the plains, but in the form and expression of face, no difference is discernible. Alike the objects of dread and suspicion to the pilgrims, to the mariners who visit the coast, and to the neighbouring tribes, they appear to be equally shunned and feared by all. But, amidst the mountains which furnish an abundant supply of fresh water, they are rich in their own resources, possessing numerous flocks of sheep, fertile pastures, a considerable quantity of corn, which they compel their *slaves* to cultivate, and extensive date-groves." (Wellsted's Arabia, ii. 231, &c.). The black goat's-hair tents of these Bedouin Arabs, suggest one of the most beautiful comparisons in the book of Canticles. "I am black," says the spouse, humbled at the sight of her own sinfulness, "but comely," interrupts the Bridegroom. "As the tents of Kedar," continues the self-debasing bride; "as the curtains of Solomon" concludes the Bridegroom. That the Kedarites were idolaters, we learn from Jeremiah (ii. 10, 11), they had not changed their gods, which yet were no gods. That they *shall be* sharers in Messiah's future triumph, Isaiah informs us (xlii. 10—12), "Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles and the inhabitants thereof. Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains: let them give glory to God, and declare his praise in the islands."

Abdeel is only once mentioned in Scripture. Josephus numbers him among the Ishmaelite tribes existing in his time. At present the only traces existing of him

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seem to be a harbour on the Persian Gulf, named Chor Abdella, and a district in Yemen, called by Niebuhr that of Beni Abdella. The abode of *Mibsam* has not been verified. That of *Mishma* has been traced in the Beni Shamar Arabs of Nedjd. *Dumah* is mentioned by Isaiah in connection with Esau, which points us to his locality. Gibbon also speaks of the Arab tribe of the Dumatians (vol. ix. p. 248), as annually sacrificing a boy, as late as the third century. These Dumatians are called by the early Mahometan writers the tribe of Calb, signifying a Dog. It is said that they worshipped the heavens in a human form.

It seems most probable that the '*nom de guerre* of Calb or Kelb' applied to this tribe, arose from their war cry:—'The Psalmist compares the clamours of his enemies to the yells of the assailants of a besieged city. (Psalm lix. 6, 14.) They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city.' *Massah* is only mentioned in the Scripture and by Josephus.—*Hadad* or *Hadar*, as he is called indifferently, is still recognized in the great Bedouin tribe of El Hadidiim, whose main station, according to Niebuhr, is the desert of Bagdad, or the country between the Zab and the Tigris, over which they wander with their flocks; their encampments extending as high north as the neighbourhood of Aleppo. *Tema* ranks next in Arabian consequence to Nebaioth, among the sons of Ishmael. He is to be distinguished from *Teman* the grandson of Esau, whose land lay near the Red Sea, and will come under notice, when we treat of the Edomites. Tema's posterity occupied the tract of country between the Hedjaz and the Euphrates, and in the present day we find the Beni Temin actually located in various stations in the province of Nedjd, and in the great Northern desert.

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This tribe is repeatedly alluded to in the Old Testament as wanderers (Job vi. 19.) as given to hospitality, (Isa. xxi. 14), and as dwelling in a remote part of Arabia, (Jer. xxv. 17—26.) characteristics which mark them out even in the present day. Forster and some other writers have classed the Magi who came to offer gifts to our Infant Redeemer among the sons of Tema—but this is a very disputed point ;—Jetur and Nephish are mentioned in 1 Chron. v. as the objects of a predatory incursion by the Reubenites and Gadites, who wanted more room for their cattle. The Ishmaelite tribes were probably found occupying a territory which did not belong to them, and seem to have been driven from the land of Bashan, and the Israelites dwelt in their stead until the captivity. *Kedemah* is supposed to be the Nodab of the same story—the latter being the *nom de guerre* of the tribe. Nodab means the vibration of a spear or dart. Kedemah is still the name of a city at the head of the Persian Gulf. Thus has modern investigation identified the present locality of the descendants of nearly all the twelve sons of Ishmael. Sunk as they are at present under the yoke of Mahometanism, and slaves to the false prophet, we cannot but regard these children of Abraham with the deepest interest.—When the seed of Isaac the child of promise shall once more be settled in the land which waits for it, we may hope for a large outpouring of the Spirit on the children of Abraham, according to the flesh. Ishmael will then have ceased to be a mocker, the villages which Kedar doth inhabit shall shout aloud and sing, the troops of Tema shall no longer wait in vain for shadows, and the rams of Nebaioth shall come as acceptable sacrifices to the Lord.

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Literary Notices.

THE SEVENTH VIAL, BEING AN EXPOSITION OF THE APOCALYPSE, AND IN PARTICULAR OF THE POURING OUT OF THE SEVENTH VIAL, WITH REFERENCE TO THE PRESENT REVOLUTIONS IN EUROPE. (*Johnstone.*) An ably written and very interesting prophetical work. We cannot agree with the author in all the details of his exposition, and especially in that part where he would make the appearing of Christ as a mighty angel in chap. x, not refer to the Reformation, which it seems to predict in so glorious a poetic allegory, but to spiritual assurances given to the Church, at the commencement of a period of unexampled depression and gloom, that her Lord still reigned supreme. It is impossible however to read this work, without receiving an impression of the great spiritual lesson taught by the whole of this mysterious prophecy, that the Most High ruleth in the affairs of men, that the confused political history of modern Europe is no mere work of chance and ceaseless change, but the carrying out of a scheme of wondrous wisdom, not only predetermined, but revealed by our God, which shall certainly issue in the final triumph of his church and the discomfiture of all his enemies. The latter part of the work, in which the recent disturbances in the political atmosphere of the European

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kingdoms, are compared with the events of the Seventh Vial that was to be poured into the air, is solemn and striking. If these things be so, then are we only at the beginning of troubles, and it behoves us diligently, at the approach of the final conflict, to examine on whose side we shall be found.

COTTAGE LECTURES, OR THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS PRACTICALLY EXPLAINED. BY THE REV. C. OVERTON. 2nd Ed. (*Seeleys.*) These Lectures, which have speedily reached a second edition, are admirably adapted to their purpose. Those, who not wishing to trust their unaided powers, are accustomed to read some simple and striking work to their little cottage parties, or who employ a schoolmaster or some other person to read for them, will find in these lectures all they could desire. One of the scenes of that beautiful allegory, the Pilgrim's Progress, is made the basis of each lecture, and the truths it teaches are explained and enforced in language earnest, simple, and scriptural. The poor will not, we think, say of these lectures what the poor woman did to Mr. Scott, who had given her a copy of his valuable edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, that 'she understood it all *but the notes.*' Each lecture closes with a suitable hymn and prayer, thus furnishing all that is required for the cottage lecture.

BAPTISMAL REGENERATION IS NOT THE DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, NOR OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. BY THE REV. T. BROOKE. (*Hamilton.*) This work consists of an analysis of those passages of Scripture which have been supposed to favour the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. The author endeavours to prove that some of these passages, if they do refer to baptism, refer to it as

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an image of a change which has taken place in a being capable of exhibiting the marks of the new life. The services of our Church are also analysed, and the seemingly strong expressions of the baptismal service explained by others in the collects, catechism, articles, and homilies. The opinion of the author is, that the use of the term regeneration may be explained by the following passage from the Homily on Common Prayer in a tongue understood, "Writing of the baptism of infants, he (Augustine) saith, if sacraments had not a certain similitude of those things, whereof they are sacraments, they should be no sacraments at all. And of this similitude, they do for the most part receive the names of the self-same things they signify." According to this, then, *baptism* would be called by the name of that which it signified, i. e. '*regeneration*,' or of those things which constitute regeneration,—i. e. regeneration with the Holy Spirit—reception as the child of God by adoption—and 'incorporation into His Holy Church:' as if it were regeneration indeed." At the end of the work, extracts are given from some of the chief British Reformers, to show how averse they were to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. We have of course been able to give a very meagre analysis of the author's arguments; our impression from reading his book was, that he earnestly contends against the idea, the Popish tendency of which he well displays, that the outward sacrament alone is efficacious without reference to faith in the recipient, and that some mysterious change takes place in the undeveloped faculties of an infant, by which it becomes regenerate,—a regeneration which may afterwards be lost. "There must be a largeness of faith," he says, "to comprehend all this, equal, at least, to that which is demanded by transub-

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stantiation." At the same time, the author does not, to us, seem to rise to the view the Christian parent delights to dwell on with reference to baptism, and which our Church encourages when she says to him—"Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe." Such a parent does not regard baptism merely as a figure of some change, *possibly* decreed in God's electing love to take place at *some* future time, but he ought surely to endeavour to believe, that the Lord has received the child he has dedicated to him, that as its opening faculties expand, they shall be renewed by the Holy Spirit; that the infant soldier shall from the first be enlisted under the banners of the Captain of his salvation.

HOME AMONG STRANGERS: A TALE. BY MARIA H. CALLCOTT. IN 2 VOLS. (*Longman.*) A well-written and interesting tale. It would be a most valuable present to a young governess, about to be exposed, for the first time, to the trials and difficulties of a home among strangers, and the discriminating perception of human character, the knowledge of life, and the nice sense of female propriety evinced through the whole work, may afford many lessons to young persons, whose position in society does not expose them to the peculiar trials of the young governess. May the wish of the amiable authoress be granted, that 'her little work may also contribute in some degree to heighten the benevolent interest now excited for governesses.' May Christian ladies learn at last to blush for having, so often needlessly, made those to whom they are so much indebted, feel that their home is among strangers. There are happy Christian families where a governess, worthy of the confidence, is received and treated as an elder daughter, and repays it well by a sister's love for her

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young charge. This we own is not always possible, and there are circumstances in which it is difficult to widen the domestic circle, so as to admit the young stranger to a full share of its comforts:—if she have good sense and Christian principle, she will see this and not expect it. What we complain of is this, that where difficulties exist, and should be met by mutual sacrifices, pride of station has thrown the whole burden on the lonely and unprotected one, least able to bear it. In the spirit of this money-loving age, money is considered an equivalent for every thing, and if a governess gives the powers of her mind, the warm affections of her heart, lays out in fact her whole being for the benefit of her pupils; the mother of those pupils thinks she has given her a fair equivalent when she has paid her salary. We own it is pleasanter to parents to enjoy their children's society, when lesson-hours are over, without the governess's presence, and she ought to wish them sometimes to do so; but have they any right to enjoy this pleasure at the expence of condemning her to incessant solitude. You say, Christian mother, she has her pupils, and ought, if she is doing her duty by them, to find their society sufficient; but let me ask one question, Can you expect those children to be so deep an object of interest to her as to yourself? or do you even wish her to have so large a portion of their love? Yet you, with a mother's interest in your dear children, with the constant support of a husband's love and sympathy, feel the advantage and blessing of Christian society, and if your home happen to be in a position so secluded as almost to shut you out from it, it is always spoken of as a disadvantage to you. What then is the seclusion to which you condemn your governess, with only a secondary interest in your children;

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with the wear and tear of their daily training, which she spares you; with no sympathy and support from a husband; and with all the fond recollections that must arise of a home where she too once was loved? If the father of your children, absent from them all day, wishes the evening spent in the unrestrained freedom of the family circle, explain this candidly to your governess, but remember, it then becomes your positive duty to contrive, that at some part of the day, she may have the comfort of your society, or of that of some one who can sympathize with her, as children cannot be expected to do. Let her find in you a friend, and not merely the contemptuous mistress of the mansion; there surely should be no difficulty in this, when such common ties bind you, when the children, the first object of your love, must be the first also of her attention.

We close the remonstrances which this interesting tale has led us to express, with an appropriate quotation from a paper sent to us some time ago on the mistakes of Christian ladies.

'A Christian lady's pride is tested much better by her conduct to those who are *one* degree, or *half* a degree, or perhaps *half of that* her inferiors, than by her conduct to her much poorer neighbours.' The observation seems to me well founded. Do we not sometimes see one Christian lady putting another down as *low* as she can? A Christian lady to a Christian governess for instance. "Such things ought not so to be." A truly Christian governess cannot and will not utter a complaint for herself, but must she not feel the injury done her, and the impediment thrown, by the Christian lady herself, in her path of duty, if the children committed to her charge see her so treated by their parent, as that they may consider her *their* inferior? 'Why do you go into the drawing-

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room in the evening, Miss Martin?' said a rather pert, but otherwise agreeable and sensible child, to a most conscientious and well-informed lady. 'Our last governess *never* did.'

'I think it *right*,' was the quiet reply. Nevertheless, though she *did* think it *right*, and though it was right, how could she forbid a warmer tinge than usual on her cheek, or prevent the rising of a tear, or a faltering step, as she entered the drawing-room that evening, and the same little girl fixed her saucy observing eyes upon her!

'Oh, Christian lady, "*do as you would be done by*," with regard to a Christian governess: do so for your dear children's sake too; for the duties of their governess will be performed much better, because more pleasurably, if she be treated considerately, and *always* as the *superior* of her young charge.' T. N.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF PROPHECY. No. I. October. (*Nisbet.*) This journal has been established to supply the felt want of a periodical, devoted to the discussion of prophetical subjects. The articles in the journal will express the millennarian opinions of the Editor and the friends who assist him; reviews of prophetic works will be given, and in the correspondence at the close of the journal, there is opportunity afforded for the statement and discussion of opposing views. Those, who have read Mr. Horatio Bonar's Prophetical Landmarks, will feel that they have a sufficient pledge for the character of the present journal, in the fact that he has undertaken to be its Editor; nor will they be surprised to find such a man closing the first number with the following notice. 'All readers of this journal are most earnestly besought to give it room in their prayers; that by means of it, God may be honoured and his truth advanced: also, that it may

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be conducted in faith and love, with sobriety and judgment, and discernment of the truth, in nothing carried away into error or hasty speech, or sharp unbrotherly disputation.' If the first number be a fair specimen of those which are to succeed, it will be a valuable addition to our periodical literature. An extract from the first article, 'on our connection with the future,' will show the superior character of the work, and furnishes also the justification of those who have just established a journal of prophecy. 'The world has awakened to the discovery that the future is its province, as well as the present. It blunders grievously in its efforts to measure out or describe that province, but it hesitates not to lay claim to it as its rightful heritage.' It says, 'that over which my being is to spread belongs to me, and I must know it; that I have not yet traversed it, is no proof against its being my orbit, the course and curve of which is matter of profoundest concern to me;—my future is as truly mine as my past, and as full of interest.'

"Is the church of Christ prohibited from reasoning thus? Is not the future hers? Is the world to come not her inheritance? Has she been left in the dark as to that future,—that inheritance? Far from it. The things to come are hers; and the things to come have been revealed. Her hopes are no dreams; her expectations no conjecture. She has certainty to build on,—certainty in which there can be no disappointment or failure.

"Indeed the future is peculiarly *hers*. It belongs to her in a way, such as it belongs to no one else. The links that fasten her to it are stronger and more numerous than those which connect her with the present. The things seen and temporal are *not* hers; but hers are the

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things that are unseen and eternal. She has left Egypt, and has become a wanderer in the hope of a promised kingdom. Her interest in the things present is a subordinate one,—the interest of the traveller, the pilgrim. Her interest in things to come is paramount; for there her hopes have their anchorage. That coming kingdom is all to her. Her heart is there; her joys are there; her treasures are there. It is her *home*—her home for eternity. Till she reach it, she feels as an exile—an outcast. Is it possible then, that the little while of exile can occupy more of her thoughts than the everlasting kingdom of which she is the heir?

"It is no fanaticism to live both *in* and *for* the future. It is faith; "for faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Unbelief would dwell in the present, faith leads us into the future. It displaces the visible, and brings forward the invisible. It lays hold of every thing that will open up more of the future. It prizes the prophetic word, as being its guide to that region to which it so specially lays claim, as its proper portion and heritage. It treasures up every fragment of information given respecting days or ages to come, casting aside nothing, but pondering all; not shrinking from details or dates, in so far as these have been recorded by the Spirit of truth."

THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD. FOUR SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. BY THE REV. H. J. HASTINGS. (*Hatchard.*) Plain, judicious, and scriptural sermons, so simple, that, though preached before a learned University, they are well adapted for family reading.

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THE PROTESTANT.

MONTH after month of this eventful year passes on, and still there is no change in the character of its history. Almost every post brings details of fresh tumults and insurrections, and tales of bloodshed and ferocity are becoming fearfully familiar to our ears. Take the foreign news of one single paper, the *Record* of Oct. 16. It tells us of fresh insurrections at Vienna, before which the terrified emperor must fly; and during which, brutal atrocities are committed on the dead body of an obnoxious minister, that carry us back to the worst scenes of the dark ages. The same paper tells of the progress of the Hungarian war; brings news from Trieste of insurrection, followed by deplorable acts of violence in Cattaro, and announces that the Turks had taken possession of Bucharest, after having slaughtered some thousand peasants. Letters from Milan announce the following proclamation, published by Marshal Radetzky. 'We are in a time of war and not of peace.' This abstract of one day's intelligence may be taken as a specimen of the whole character of the tidings constantly reaching us from abroad; whilst at home the trials for high treason are still in progress, reminding us how recently we have escaped similar dangers.

Some circumstances strike us at first sight on a rapid review of the political state of Europe, during the last few months. The first is the utter contempt that has

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been poured upon kings and governments. Thrones that seemed most stable have fallen, old associations have been broken up, the work of ages has disappeared in a few short months. Yet, startling as was this sudden crash, if we consider more deeply we shall cease to be astonished at it. Quinet's graphic description of the Church of the Middle Ages, quoted *ante* p. 390, might well be applied to the governments of Europe, as they existed before last February. They seemed indeed to be standing strong, but their foundations were all undermined; for what is the foundation of all government? Is it not the heaven-implanted principle in the minds of subjects, of the necessity of law and order, and the sacred duty of submission. It is right, not might, which has raised one man, no stronger, often no wiser and better than his fellows, to rule over millions. Once subvert this idea of right in the minds of the people, the rule of might must succeed; the many must be stronger than the few, anarchy must prevail. Infidelity and lawlessness have, to a great extent, thus undermined all principles of order in Europe, and the recent outbreak has only been the natural result of a secret work, that was carrying on through years in which men were boasting of the prevalence of universal peace.

Again, we are struck by the character of the wars which threaten on all sides to burst forth. They are not national, they are not dynastic. It is not one monarchy threatening, as in times of old, to swallow up, in its rapid progress, all surrounding powers. It is every where a war of principles; every nation is composed of heterogenous elements, which are everywhere crumbling and separating. Even among the less advanced tribes of Europe, where, as in the case of the Hungarians and Croats, national feelings are more de-

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veloped, the war, we read, 'becomes already not so much a struggle of race as of principle.'

Everywhere extraordinary fear has taken possession of the minds of men. They are hurrying onwards towards they know not what, only some mighty change is in prospect, and they are borne onwards to it by a resistless torrent. A few poetical speeches, full of promise for the future, were indeed got up at the first outbreak in Paris; but there has been nothing like the glow of hope and enthusiasm which marked the opening of the first French Revolution; and tones of bitter disappointment were soon heard, even from those who had been most active in promoting the subversion of the old government.* Everywhere there is a presentiment of judgment and woe.

These things are most contrary to the expectations of those, who were looking for the peaceful triumph of goodness; who fixed their eyes on the progress the world was making in science and literature, in arts and manufactures, in benevolent institutions and efforts to promote morality, and calculated the result of these things, leaving out of sight—to borrow the forcible language of the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*—'such weighty elements as the utter malignity of sin, its incurableness and tendency to reproduce and extend itself illimitably, —the power and unquenchable hatred of fallen spirits to the earth and its races,—the deep wickedness of a

* The following extract is from a French paper that was most prominent in promoting the Revolution: "The Republic after five months presents the following balance sheet: 10,000 men in prison, hunger among the masses, despair below, anxiety above, care everywhere, liberty gagged, glory absent; poetry, the arts, information extinguished; an Assembly which decimates itself, a burgess class which is irritated from suffering, and for our only hope a constitution which is about to spring up in the midst of these disasters. Such are the things which we have hitherto done to continue the great Republic."

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human heart,—the righteous vengeance of God against sin and the sinner....Now evil in every form confronts them so broadly, that they can no longer slight it as a mere spectre, or think to brush it aside with a touch; they begin to suspect, that the curse, though impalpable, is a reality,—a reality with which the world has to wrestle,—a reality bearing down and bearing back all onward impulse,—a reality, so potent and all diffused, that even the simultaneous energies of the race, quickened to their utmost, can have but poor hope of success in conflict with such an enemy.'

Many Christians indeed, fixing their eye only on the Church, and observing how converts were gathering from all lands; how Christian churches were reviving, and the Gospel was spreading among the heathen, how in truth the great Captain of our salvation was gathering together his hosts before the final conflict; and not observing the camp of the enemy, where preparations were going on with similar activity, had forgotten the fierce battle that must be waged, and thought they were marching to easy victory.

The word of prophecy would have set other prospects before them. As we compare its descriptions of the closing scenes of the world's history, with the events passing around us, the conviction presses upon our minds, that we have arrived at "the beginning of the end." Is contempt thrown on kingly power? We read in Isaiah, "the day of the Lord is on every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low;" and our Lord prophecies, that "*immediately* before the tribulation of those days, the sun should be darkened, and the moon should not give her light, and the stars of heaven should fall," a description generally acknowledged to be an image of the fall of the rulers of the political firmament.

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Is there a general crumbling and dissolution of the nations contrasted with the imperial conquests of past days? Does not this exactly correspond to the vision of Daniel, in which the empire of silver succeeded that of gold, the empire of brass that of silver, the empire of iron that of brass; but, in the last days, when the iron of the Roman empire was mixed with miry clay, with which yet it could not cleave, then no other empire succeeded, but the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, were broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them. Again, when the seventh angel pours his vial into the air,—and is not this an image of the wide-spreading discontent of these days, which men naturally describe by saying, 'that the whole political atmosphere is disturbed?'—when this vial is poured out, "there are voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and a great earthquake, such as was not since men were upon the earth, so mighty an earthquake, and so great, and every island fled away, and the mountains were not found." With what sublime simplicity Scripture describes the passing away of all that seemed most stable, —"the mountains were not found!"

If these things be so, we must expect that troubles and confusion will thicken around: nor is this merely a spectacle of exciting tragic interest; it is one in which we have a close practical concern. The faithful servant will be diligent to improve his talents, through the whole of his Master's absence; but, should the distant sound of that Master's chariot-wheels be heard, while much of his allotted work is unfinished, to what double zeal and diligence is he excited! 'The time is but short, and my work is not done,' is his answer to every tempta-

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tion to indolence or self-indulgence. Dear friends, is our work done? are not many of our talents unimproved? has not much of the service our Master might have justly looked for at our hands, been neglected? If conscience plead guilty to the charge, what a stirring voice should sound to us in all these warning notes of Christ's speedy return.

Again, if these things be so, they speak a solemn lesson, at this moment, to the rulers of Britain. We read in the Apocalypse, that it was when the "thunderings and lightnings and voices of the seventh vial burst forth, that great Babylon came into remembrance before God, to give unto her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath." Does Britain thirst to partake of that fearful cup? Has the fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God no terrors for her, that now, at this very moment, she will seek to bind herself anew to this doomed Babylon? It is true, men may have contrived to forget her past history, and to speak of her as if she were no more that Babylon drunk with the blood of the saints: but God has forgotten nothing, she is about to come into remembrance before him, defiled with every blood-stain of the past. Some, seeing how Britain is favoured amidst the troubles of other lands,—have their hopes strengthened, that our country does not form part of the prophetic Roman empire, and may therefore escape the judgments denounced upon that empire. May it not be that God has expressly left this point doubtful in the word of prophecy, that the hope of escape might lead Britain jealously to clear herself of all connection with Rome, and prove that she is indeed distinct from her? But if she willingly join herself to her, adopting her priests, paying the costs of her idolatrous services, what hope is there but that she shall partake of her plagues?

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Our past deliverance is not intended to build us up in any fancied security. Statesmen, as well as preachers, give us this warning. Very remarkable is the language of Lord Brougham in a letter recently published on the French Revolution. 'I feel inclined on this, as on many occasions, to address my countrymen. Men of England, I observe that ye are in all things a little Pharisaical. It is every day's experience, accordingly, on the subject of our present remarks, to hear good English folks thanking God that they are not as other men are, bloody-minded and murderers;—they have no fear of excesses being committed in London or Manchester; —even were revolution to approach, they are sure it would be a very different thing here from what it was in Paris.

'But a little month ago, and I doubt not the Germans would have held a like language of national self-complacency; and yet Frankfort has already overtaken, almost outstripped Paris; so rapid is the pace of mob progress under revolutionary tuition! For my own part, I have as good an opinion of my fellow-countrymen, as any one can reasonably have of a vast and various body of people. But as I cannot answer for the conduct of any individuals under the influence of disease, so neither will I undertake for the English multitude, if they shall happen to be infected with the fever, which has mastered reason in other countries, or laid her asleep; and I deem it infinitely better on every account, that the experiment should never be tried, which can decide with certainty between the opposite opinions.' There is plain sense and clear truth in these words; why then does not Lord Brougham act up to his own counsel? and since in the caustic paragraphs which follow, he so powerfully denounces the folly of a government permit-

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ting agitators to excite, and at the same time plunder the people; why is he ever found among those maintaining concessions to a priesthood, some of whose members he thus describes? 'The Irish are so habituated to let any factious leaders, *lay or clerical*, think for them, that no one can much care for an opinion that is not their own; and to expect that reason should operate upon their crafty instructors, would indeed be a vain imagination.'

No, it is not on the superior virtue of the English nation we found any hopes we still venture to entertain, that England will be spared from pestilence and sword; it is on the mercy of England's God, towards a land for which so many prayers are constantly ascending, for which even on this very day, prayers have been arising from New Zealand and India, Africa and America. Those who on this Jubilee-day have been offering these prayers are unknown to us in the flesh, yet may they have been erecting around our favoured land, by their prayers a bulwark more impregnable, than statesmen in all their wisdom could have reared.

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THE

CHRISTIAN LADY'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1848.

THE LAST VIALS.

No. V.

THE INFIDEL CONSPIRACY.

THE corruption and debasement of Christianity in the Romish Church was not the sole and immediate, though it was the original cause, of the French Revolution. There had been, first, a stage of marked transition, and the crisis of the eventful drama had been prepared for a whole century before. These stagnant marshes of superstition and profaneness had bred the wildest notions of infidel philosophy. The Revolution was only the issue and consummation of a wide-spread conspiracy, to blot out Christianity from the face of the earth. To understand its true nature, we must trace the character of its heralds, and the spirit which animated them in their zealous crusade against the altar and the throne. Thus only can we gain a real insight into the moral features of this great era of Divine judgment.

When the true Messiah appeared, a herald of stern

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and sublime holiness was sent before him, and a voice was heard crying in the wilderness to prepare His way. The era of the revolution, that dawn of pretended light and liberty, had also its fitting harbinger, the voice of a mocking demon amidst a moral desert of profligacy and corruption. That voice was heard in the writings and correspondence of Voltaire. He was the Baptist of this new gospel, which proclaimed the triumph of an infidel democracy, not the solemn advent of the kingdom of heaven. His very youth, like that of the son of Zacharias, gave distinct promise of the office he was to fill. 'Unhappy young man!' it was said to him by his teacher, 'You will one day be the standard-bearer of infidelity.' Flippant and sarcastic in all other respects, his enthusiasm was reserved for one subject alone, the overthrow of revealed religion. To this purpose fifty years of his life were dedicated, and his zeal seemed never to tire in the prosecution of his impious project. 'I am weary,' he said, 'of hearing that twelve men were enough to establish Christianity; I wish to prove that one is enough to overthrow it.' D'Alembert, Diderot, Frederic of Prussia, and many others, became his accomplices in this accursed design, and their united efforts, for nearly half a century, at length ripened France and Europe for the awful consummation that soon burst like a hurricane upon the guilty nations.

The object of this conspiracy was declared with tolerable clearness, by its too celebrated motto, "Crush the wretch;" where the wretch is variously expounded by Frederic and Condorcet, to mean Christianity, the Christian sect, the Christ-worshipping superstition. In entire harmony with this infamous watch-word, Voltaire wrote exultingly, that 'in Geneva, Calvin's own town, there were only a few beggarly fellows, who believed in

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the Consubstantial.' Another letter to Damilaville explains their common object no less clearly.

'Victory is declaring for us on all sides, and I can assure you that soon none but the rabble will follow the standard of our enemies, and we equally contemn that rabble, whether for us or against us. We are a corps of brave knights, defenders of the truth, and who admit among us none but men of education. Courage, brave Diderot, intrepid D'Alembert, firm with my dear Damilaville, and rush forward on those fanatics and knaves. Pity poor Pascal, but despise Houtville and Abbadie as much as if they were fathers of the Church.' 'Both you and Damilaville,' he wrote to D'Alembert (Sept. 1768) 'must be well pleased to see the contempt into which the wretch has fallen among the better sort of people throughout Europe. They are all that we wished for, or that were necessary. We never pretended to enlighten the housemaids and shoemakers; we leave them to the Apostles. Whatever you do, have your eye on the wretch. It must be destroyed among the better sort, and leave it for the rabble for whom it was made.' Strange, affecting commentary on those words of mingled condescension and majesty, that breathe the purest fragrance of celestial love and goodness. "Unto the poor the Gospel is preached; and blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me!"

This bitter hatred of Christianity, this deliberate purpose to root out the religion of Christ from the earth, was joined with all the subtlety of the serpent. 'Confound the wretch,' he writes again, 'to the utmost of your power; speak your mind boldly; strike, but conceal your hand. You may be known; I am willing to believe there are people so keen-scented, but they will not be able to convict you....The Nile spread abroad

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its fertilizing waters, though it concealed its head. Do you the same, and you will secretly enjoy your triumph. I recommend the wretch to you. We embrace the worthy knight, and exhort him to conceal his hand from the eneny....The mysteries of Mythra were not to be divulged. The monster must fall, pierced by a hundred invisible hands; yes, let it fall beneath a thousand repeated blows.' He stimulates his fellow-conspirators in such words as these: 'I fear you are not sufficiently zealous: you bury your talents; you seem only to contemn, while you should abhor and destroy the monster. Could you not crush him in a few pages, while you modestly hide from him that he falls by your pen! Hurl the javelin, but hide your hand. Comfort me in my old age!...Such is our situation that we shall be the execration of mankind, if we have not the better sort of people on our side. We must gain them, cost what it will; labour therefore in the vineyard, and crush the wretch, crush the wretch!'

The active diffusion of infidel works was one chief means employed by the conspirators to further their design. Almost every month some one or other was published in Holland, and then circulated far and wide in France, and throughout Europe. Voltaire took an active part in this scheme, and himself dispersed them widely. 'Out of these books,' he writes, 'all the German youths learn to read, and they are the universal catechisms from Baden to Moscow.' Epigrams and sarcasms were his favourite weapons. 'Do your best,' he says again, 'to preserve your cheerfulness, and always endeavour to crush the wretch. I only ask five or six witticisms a day, that would suffice; it would not get the better of them. Laugh, Democritus, make me laugh, and the sages shall carry the day.'

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These assiduous efforts were countenanced and encouraged by many persons of rank, and found patrons in almost every court, among statesmen and sovereigns. Frederic, in reply to a request of Voltaire, invites him to make what use he will of the Prussian printers. The Empress of Russia gave permission that the most impious work of Helvetius should be publicly dedicated to her, and even Voltaire could not help remarking, that such a work, dedicated to the most despotic sovereign, would strike the world with amazement. The Emperor Joseph was deeply tainted with similar principles, and the poison had spread far and wide among the smaller princes of Germany.

A few specimens will be enough to illustrate the impiety and profaneness, which marked the progress of the conspiracy. 'The universal cause,' says Freret, 'the God of the philosophers, the Jews and Christians, is but a chimera and a phantom. Imagination daily creates fresh chimeras, which raise the impulse of fear, and such is the phantom of a Deity.' 'The phenomena of nature,' writes another, 'only prove the existence of God to a few prepossessed men, and the wonders of nature, far from bespeaking a God, are only the effects of matter prodigiously diversified.' 'The world cannot know,' says the writer of another work, 'whether a God really exists, or whether there is the smallest difference between good and evil, vice and virtue.' According to Freret, everything that is called spirit or soul has no more reality than the phantoms, the chimeras, or sphinxes. Helvetius says, that 'we are in error when we make of the soul a spiritual being. Nothing can be more absurd, and the soul is not distinct from the body.' Another ventures to affirm, that 'the immortality of the soul, far from stimulating to virtue, is a barbarous, des-

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perate, and fatal tenet, contrary to all legislation!' 'All ideas of justice and injustice, virtue and vice, glory and infamy,' says Freret again, 'are purely arbitrary, and dependent on custom.' Helvetius is full of these infamous maxims, well suited to the profligacy of his own life. 'Virtue and honesty,' he writes, 'with regard to individuals, is no more than the habit of actions generally advantageous, and self-interest is the sole scale by which the actions of man can be measured. If the virtuous man is not happy in this life, it is time to cry out, O Virtue, thou art but an empty dream.' And again, 'Sublime virtue and enlightened wisdom are only the fruits of those passions called folly. To moderate the passions is to ruin the state. Conscience and remorse are only the foresight of those physical penalties to which crimes expose us, and it little imports whether men are vicious, if they be only enlightened. Modesty is only an invention of refined voluptuousness, and morality has nothing to apprehend from love, for it is the passion that creates genius, and renders men virtuous. The command of loving father and mother is more the work of education than of nature.' Another writer, in the work praised highly by Frederic and Voltaire, crowns these impieties and impurities by saying, 'The fear of God is not the beginning of wisdom, but rather the beginning of folly.'

Volumes might be filled with extracts of equal impiety. The public mind of Europe, for fifty years before the Revolution, was daily and hourly receiving new draughts of the deadly poison, propagated in a thousand forms with unwearied assiduity. How, then, can we be surprized at any degree of vice and crime in the explosion which followed? The orgies of Chaumette and Hebert were all comprized, virtually, in these Antichristian writings.

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The contrast between these apostles of infidelity and the first apostles of the faith is in nothing more striking and manifest, than in their disgusting hypocrisy. 'Will you amuse yourself,' writes their ringleader to a female adept, 'with the perusal of this scrap, and send it to Mdlle. Clairon? You will presently tell me that I grow very daring and rather wicked in my old age. Wicked! no, I turn Minos, I judge the perverse. There are people who do not forgive: I know it, and am like them. I am now sixty-seven years old; I go to the parish mass. I edify my people; I am building a church; I receive communion, and I will be buried there, zounds, in spite of all the hypocrites. I believe in Jesus Christ consubstantial with God, and in the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God. You base persecutors, what have you to say to me? But you have written the Pucelle? (one of his most licentious and profane pieces). No, I never did; it is you who are the author; it was you who gave the ears to Joan's palfrey. I am a good Christian, a faithful servant of the king, a good lord of the parish, and a proper tutor for a daughter. I make curates and Jesuits tremble; I am a man to dispose of the Pope whenever I please. Well, you rascals, what have you to say to me? These, my dear angels, are the answers I would make to the little black monkey.' In another letter he writes: 'If I had a hundred thousand men, I know what use I would make of them; but as I have them not, I will receive at Easter, and you may call me hypocrite as much as you please. Yes,' he adds with an oath, that we will not transcribe, 'I will receive the sacrament, and if you say much, I will put the *Tantum ergo* into verse, and that in cross rhymes.' And again (April 27 1768). 'I know there are people who speak ill of my

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Easter devotions. It is a penance I must resign myself to, an expiation of my sins. Yes, I have received my Easter communion; and what is more, I have presented in person the hallowed bread. After this I may boldly defy both Molinists and Jansenists....In fine, what I have done this year, I have already done several times, and, please God, I will do it again. The monster must fall, pierced by a hundred invisible hands.' What a contrast to the noble language of the great Apostle. "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world....As we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

The same spirit of impious zeal and profound hypocrisy pervades the voluminous writings of the chief conspirators. From his home at Ferney, Voltaire animated all his comrades, repeating in almost every letter the same watchword. 'He would be informed of all, see all, and direct all that related to the conspiracy; kings, princes, dukes, marquises, petty authors, might all write to him, provided they were impious. He would answer them all, and strengthen and encourage them in their impiety.' The zeal of D'Alembert and Diderot was hardly inferior. When charged with propagating atheism, the latter replied, 'True, I am an Atheist, and I glory in it.' No scheme was amiss that promised to help on the triumph of unbelief, whether the circulation of a licentious tract, an article in the Encyclopedia, or a plan, which they strove to set on

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foot, for rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem, that they might give the lie, as they imagined, to the prophecies. Meanwhile princes and princesses were the secret patrons of impiety; it was encouraged and flattered by the very statesmen who continued officially, and with hollow hypocrisy, to frown upon it. Between the lingering remains of Romish persecution and intolerance, and the rising spirit of unbelief, all France, and almost all Europe, seemed to resolve itself into a mass of hateful shams and hollow delusions. No green spot can be found to refresh the eye in this moral wilderness; while the fine-spun phrases of philosophy, sentiment and virtue, which meet us at every turn, like a deceitful mirage, render the feeling of desolation more complete, and fall on our ears like a hideous mockery.

The coronation of Voltaire at Paris, in 1777, revealed in a striking manner the triumphant progress of this infidel philosophy, the immediate cause and harbinger of the revolution. Bending under the weight of years, which he had spent in unrelenting warfare against all revealed religion, he was received amidst the plaudits of countless disciples and admirers, in the capital of His Most Christian Majesty. Wherever he went, multitudes flocked after him, to gaze upon this patriarch of the new philosophy. All the Academies celebrated his arrival, in the Louvre, the palace of the king. The theatres decreed crowns in his honour, and entertainment succeeded entertainment. All was feasting and impious revelry in the haunts of this modern Babylon, when suddenly a hand-writing was seen upon the wall, that changed the revels into fear and alarm—it was the hand of Death.

The details of that scene are confirmed by full and various evidence, though his partners in impiety would

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gladly have buried them in deep oblivion. 'Rage, remorse, reproach and blasphemy, marked the long agony of the dying Atheist. This death, one of the most terrible ever recorded to have struck the impious, will not be denied by his companions; their silence, however they wish to deny it, is one of the best proofs that can be adduced. Not one of them has dared to mention one sign of resolution or tranquillity by their chief, during the space of three months from his coronation to his decease.' A hypocritical return to the Church of Rome, signed and attested, was one of the earliest features of this appalling history. 'I die,' he says, 'in the Holy Catholic Church, in which I was born; hoping that the Divine mercy will pardon all my faults. If ever I have scandalized the Church, I ask pardon of God and the Church.—March 2, 1778. Voltaire.'

'Voltaire had permitted this declaration to be carried to the rector of St. Sulpice and the Archbishop of Paris, to know whether it would be sufficient. When the Abbé returned, it was impossible for him to gain admittance. The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder their chief from completing his recantation, and every avenue was closed. Rage succeeded to fury, and fury to rage, during the remainder of his life. Often would he curse them, and exclaim—'Retire; it is you that have brought me to my present state. Be gone; I could have done without you, but you could not without me; and what a wretched glory have you procured me.' Then would succeed the remembrance of his conspiracy, and they could hear him alternately supplicate and blaspheme the God against whom he had conspired. His physicians, especially M. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, retire thunderstruck, and declare his death to be terrible indeed. The pride of

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the conspirators would willingly have suppressed these declarations, but it was in vain. The Marshal Richelieu flies from the bedside, declaring it a sight too terrible to be endured; and M. Tronchin, that the furies of Orestes gave but a faint idea of those of Voltaire. Thus died, May 30, 1778, the most unrelenting conspirator against Christianity that had been seen since the days of the apostles.'

D'Alembert, like his master Voltaire, sought in his last hours a hollow restoration to the Church. But Condorcet fiercely combated these signs of repentance, and gloried in having forced him to expire in final impenitence. The whole is comprised in one sentence. When Condorcet announced the death of D'Alembert, it was with the significant avowal—'Had I not been there, he would have flinched also.' The end of Condorcet himself was equally mournful, and a fit sequel to the death-bed of D'Alembert and Voltaire. An outcast and a fugitive, amidst the terrors of the storm which had been raised by his infidel philosophy, he died by suicide, to escape the bloody guillotine, and the disgrace and anguish of a public execution.

The intimate connexion between this infidel conspiracy, in which Voltaire was the ringleader, and the revolution that followed, is openly recognized by the main actors in that bloody tragedy. Thus Condorcet himself writes, in his Eloge on Voltaire, very shortly before the execution of Louis, in terms that contrast strangely with his own bitter experience, a few months later, when the serpent he cherished stung him to death: 'Shall men who would still have been slaves to prejudice if Voltaire had not written, accuse him of betraying the cause of Liberty? They cannot understand, that if Voltaire had inserted in his writings the princi-

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ples of the elder Brutus—that is to say, those of the American act of independence—neither Montesquieu nor Rousseau could have published their works. Had he, like the authors of the System of Nature, obliged all the kings of Europe to support the ascendancy of the clergy, Europe would still have remained in the bonds of slavery and buried in superstition. They will not reflect that, in our writings, as in our actions, we are to make no more than a necessary display of courage.'

This praise, however, seemed too scanty for other admirers of that day, and in the Mercure, the main organ of the philosophers, Condorcet is gently reproved for his too limited eulogy. 'It appears' they say, 'that it would have been possible to show in a clearer light the eternal obligations which human nature has to Voltaire. Circumstances were favourable. He did not foresee all that he has done, but he has done all that we now see. The enlightened observer and the able historian will prove, to those who are capable of reflection, that the first author of the great revolution, which astonishes all Europe, which infuses hope into the heart of nations, and disquiet into courts, was without doubt Voltaire. He was the first that levelled that formidable rampart of despotism, the religious and sacerdotal power. Had he not broken the yoke of priests, that of tyrants could never have been shaken off.....The reflections of the sage prepare political revolutions, but it is the arm of the people which executes them.'

Voltaire himself was not unconscious of the probable result of his own labours. As early as March 1764, he wrote to the Marquis de Chauvelin. 'Every thing is preparing the way to a great revolution, which will most undoubtedly take place, but I shall not be fortu-

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nate enough to see it. The French arrive at every thing slowly, but still they do arrive. Light has so gradually diffused itself, that on the first opportunity the nation will break out, and the uproar will be glorious. Happy those who are now young, for they will see most extraordinary things.'

Such was the general character of this infidel conspiracy, hatched by Voltaire about forty years before the Revolution, in concert with Frederic, D'Alembert, and Diderot, then communicated by degrees to a crowd of adepts, and sceptics, Deists and avowed Atheists, but all leagued by the same watchword, to "crush the wretch;" until it spread at length in an open crusade against every existing government, as well as every form of religious faith. We have seen, in its leader, great talents perverted by still greater wickedness, licentiousness mingled with vanity, hypocrisy with flattery, malice, levity, inconsistency, profaneness; and amidst a crowd of evil passions, hatred to the gospel of Christ holding ever the foremost place. We have seen him, after an impious crusade of fifty years, in the course of which he could write with exultation.—'Twenty years more, and God will be in a pretty plight'—crowned with the tumultuous applauses of Paris and all France, now advanced as far as himself in impiety; and then as if smitten suddenly by the hand of God, given over a prey to the deepest remorse and hopeless despair, a monument of the righteous displeasure of that God against whom his whole life was one continued blasphemy. Yet it is of this man that Lamartine has ventured to write as follows. "His genius was not force, but light. Heaven destined him, not to destroy, but to illuminate; and wherever he trod, light followed him; for reason, which is light, had destined him to be first her poet,

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then her apostle, and lastly her idol.' And this too is coupled with the strange admission in the next page, that 'like the courtezan of Thebes, who built a pyramid with the fruit of her debaucheries, Voltaire did not blush at any prostitution of genius, provided that the wages of his servility enabled him to purchase enemies against Christ. He enrolled them by millions throughout Europe and especially in France.' What an apostle of light, whose continual aim was to quench and blot out the only true light of the world! If light followed wherever he trod, certainly it was a lurid and sulphureous light, like a pale and ghastly reflection of that "darkness visible," that is yielded by the flames of hell.' If still, after sixty years' sad experience, such principles announce those whom France places at the helm, what can we expect but that she will be precipitated once more into an abyss of deserved ruin?

All those whose conscience is not quenched by the vain sophisms of an arrogant and superficial infidelity, will learn a very different lesson from the history of this intellectual revolution. They will see in it no token of the perfectibility of mankind, but a fearful proof of human apostacy and perverseness. The Almighty and all-wise God has revealed himself in the gospel to a world of sinners, with all the attributes of grace, love, and holiness, which should awe the most profane, and melt the most obdurate. He has given a message of mercy, which angels gaze upon with wonder and devout adoration, while they desire to learn that love of Christ which passes knowledge. Thousands and tens of thousands have proved the power of that gospel in their own experience, to heal their sorrows, to overcome their vices, to renew and cleanse their spirits, to destroy the fear of death, and fill

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them with a peace that passeth all understanding, the dawn of eternal life in their souls. And how do the world at large receive it? For more than a thousand years the message of love is debased and obscured, by vice, tyranny and superstition—till scarcely a trace is left of its original beauty; and when the light is revived once more, the darkness struggles against it, and receives it not. At length the spirit of unbelief leads men still further in the pathway of rebellion against the Divine love. The message of love having been long abused, obscured and perverted, these perversions are made the excuse for rejecting it with every aggravation of scorn and contumely. In the heart of the Christian nations, and amidst the full wonders of civilization and natural science, a moral darkness that may be felt settles down upon the hearts of men. "They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." The most gifted minds of the age, instead of consecrating their powers to the glory of Him who bestowed them, and on whom they depend for every breath, enter into a formal conspiracy, to crush the religion of Christ, defame the holy apostles by the name of 'twelve scoundrels who have succeeded,' and hope to rival their success, not as the apostles of heavenly truth, but as the seducers to hellish impiety. They delight in flinging impious mockeries in the face of their God. They partake outwardly of the rites, appointed to celebrate the dying love of the Redeemer, and jest with one another on the trick they are playing on the credulity of the world. By their assiduous zeal, they infest a whole generation with their own blasphemies, and boastfully announce that the result of their labours will be the overthrow of all religion, and a great revolution, in which the uproar will be glorious. Their vows are

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heard, but in anger. The ringleaders perish miserably, in stupid apathy, or in the raging anguish of despair. The predicted revolution of triumphant philosophy dawns on the world, and proves a spectre on which, after a generation has passed, the thoughtful look back with unabated horror, for scenes of blasphemy and bloodshed unparalleled since the birth of time. And now, after sixty years, poets and historians are found, who can call this accursed conspiracy of unbelief the progress of light and reason; who strive to veil its horrors with poetic fancies and hues of graceful sentiment, and to persuade us that Voltaire, with his watchword, 'crush the wretch,' applied to the ever-blessed Lord of glory, was nothing less than the true light of the world, dawning after the long darkness of eighteen hundred years. Miserable, awful blindness! of which the only natural issue will be, not the ditch, but the gulf, a renewed triumph of infidel impiety, to be succeeded too surely by still darker crimes and still heavier judgments.

T. R. B.

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THE WORSHIP OF GENIUS.—No. II.

In our last Number we followed Professor Ullman in his able defence of the worship, or the veneration of Genius, as contrasted with the heartless apathy of a material age; we will now trace the arguments by which he refutes the infidel declaration of Strauss, that the 'worship of Genius is the only worship left to the cultivated of this age from the religious disorganization of the last.' He proves first, that the worship there spoken of is something, in its nature, far different from, and much lower than, true religion. Secondly, that Genius can never supply to the human heart the place of God; and thirdly, that Christ is not merely, as rationalists would blasphemously assert, a man of the highest genius.

'We perceive plainly,' he says, 'in the use of the word "worship," something enervating and delusive; since the fundamental principles of religion are not definitely expressed therein, but silently abandoned. The idea of *veneration* is substituted for that of *adoration;* for, in the worship of Genius, *adoration* cannot be applied, as this would at once pass into idolatry. Neither is the moral element, which forms an essential part of religion, clearly expressed in the word *worship;* for all the grave severe notions called duty, conscience, sin, guilt, punishment, and grace, are in no ways requisites of *worship*, especially the worship of genius; this is an excitement and an expression of feeling belonging pro-

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perly to the sphere of sense ; and, although it exercises a vivifying and elevating influence upon the spirit, the internal disposition and constitution of mind remains in many cases what it was before.'

'Can our spirit,' asks the author, 'perfectly and permanently content itself with such a shadowy semblance of religion, in which the main element, adoration, is wanting ? To what are we urged by that impulse which impels man to piety and religion ? Is it, as Goëthe expresses it, "to give ourselves up voluntarily for gratitude's sake to a higher, purer Unknown ?" It does not remain satisfied with the comparatives *higher* and *purer*, nor even with the superlatives, *highest* and *purest*, but passes at once over all degrees, to the *absolute*. Our nature, which feels itself, notwithstanding its inborn strength, a conditional existence, which gave to itself neither life, nor the laws of that life, but has received both, longs not only for something higher, but for the unconditional, the primal fount of life and being; our spirit, which, notwithstanding its own imperfection and that of all which surrounds it, bears within the idea and the inextinguishable desire of perfection : requires not merely something *more* perfect and *more* pure, but finds its entire satisfaction only in the *absolutely* perfect and pure, the Holy One, the essential Ideal of truth, love, and beauty. For a time, the human mind may be detained on the lower stages, and content itself, as in the various forms of Paganism, by venting its religious impulses upon the conditionally sublime and beautiful in nature, or the relatively perfect in humanity ; and at this stage religion becomes peculiarly worship, nature and hero worship ; but, though such a state of things may endure for thousands of years, the time arrives at length, and is usually heralded by prophetic spirits,

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when the might of religious yearnings break through to a knowledge of the Highest, the incomparably Perfect ; or, to speak more correctly, when the Divine manifests itself to mankind in fuller reality. And when the Divine nature has taken its place as the absolute perfection in man's mind, he contents himself no longer with mere *veneration*, but overpowered by the infinite sublimity and blessed majesty of God, bows before him in the dust, and *adores* him. When once this point is attained, the mind can no more descend to the lower stage of worship, without adoration ; or, should it do so, the step would be backwards, not in advance ; no sign of strength, but of exhaustion ; an attempt to re-embody a long-surpassed phase of the religious life.'

Professor Ullman here incontestibly proves, what it is strange that even modern infidelity should attempt to deny, that any form, even the most spiritual, of man-worship, is a retrograde movement when it replaces the worship of the most High God. There is, however, in this paragraph, a disposition to dwell on the upward tendency of the human mind as incapable of resting in the worship of the finite, and to forget the humbling, scriptural statement, that man willingly changed the truth of God into a lie, that he chose to forsake the fountain of living waters, when open to him in the patriarchal religion, and professing to be wise, became a fool. When thick darkness had thus overspread the earth, God doubtless awakened in many souls a longing desire ; in some, a prophetic anticipation of light from heaven ; but, in our historical study of human nature, and its different forms of worship, it is important never to lose sight of man's primary wilful rejection of the light from above.

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Our author now comes to the second point, the inability of Genius to fill the place of God.

'However sublime may be the idea which the word "Genius" awakes in our mind, something infinitely greater rises before us at the short and simple word "God." The word "God" still is and must remain, the highest problem for the thinker, the watchword of hope to the pious, the thunderbolt for the sinner; an influence which the name of Genius will never attain.'

'Is the worship of Genius (asks the Professor) meant *theistically* or *pantheistically*? If theistically—that is, if it acknowledges, as the creative source of those highly-gifted spirits, whom we call men of genius, a personal, conscious, Original Mind—then, to be consistent, it must resolve itself into adoration of this God. If employed, on the contrary, in a pantheistic sense—that is, if it refers the origin of individual manifestations of genius, only to what it calls the Absolute or Universal Spirit, which, in itself, neither personal nor conscious, can become so only when embodied in certain human beings: the very idea of whose existence and operations involves such a human manifestation—then arises the more difficult question, how far such views are warranted by truth, and whether, on such a basis, religion, in the full sense of the word, is possible? In my opinion, however, the worship of genius can bear none other than a pantheistic sense; for, unless the idea of a supreme, personal God be abandoned, what need can there be for seeking the divine essence only in the world, and chiefly in the brightest points of the intellectual world?'

He then shows how the worship of Genius is the necessary result of pantheism, if it would be pious at all, and have any object of veneration beyond a vague worship of the universe, to the pantheist, identical with the

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worship of God. After asserting that pantheism solves the problem of existence no better, and satisfies the religious feeling far less, than a theism like that of Christianity, which recognises at once the individual personality of the Deity and his all-pervading presence, he draws a strong argument against it from the very existence of Genius.

'Genius is what it is, entirely through that mysterious something which is called personality; it is no vague abstraction, power, or spirit, but a living individual quality, operating from a definite centre; conscious, free, and capable of self-regulation; exercising a stimulating, inspiring, governing influence over less powerful and original natures. Yet this mysterious, fascinating attribute of genius—this personal influence is not self-created or appointed, but derived mediately or immediately from some higher source. Can we then believe this originating, superior cause, whether we choose to call it *law*, *power*, or *spirit*—to be *itself* without personality? If without personality, then can it not be superior: for it is impossible for our reason to connect the idea of perfection with any impersonal existence: we rather require, to embody that idea, the fullest, completest, most conscious individuality. And where again are we to seek the cause of personality? In an impersonal universal essence? or in some unknown transition state, where, we know not how or why, the universal passes into the individual, and the absolute essence, by some chemical process, condenses into atoms which play awhile in the sunshine of life, to melt once more into the universal? No; as surely as individual spirits exist; and those especially which are gifted with genius derive from this individuality their highest influence, so surely must there be an individual,

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Originating Spirit. Without a personal God, Genius remains an inexplicable riddle. Shall the artist of the universe be less individual and self-sufficing than the earthly craftsman, and while the one retains in his own person a superabounding fund of life and power, soul and imagination, beyond what is embodied in his works, shall the other be wholly absorbed in his creation? Shall He not, though breathing the fulness of His love and His Spirit into the world, yet say, "I am that Iam?"

'If we have once risen thus, led by the very hand of Genius, to the conception of the living God, we shall never again descend from adoration of Him to the worship of Genius. Genius can give us nothing but as the medium of God's goodness;—God gives us much which genius is powerless to bestow. We call Genius divine, and ascribe to it creative power. Well, it certainly so recombines the materials within its reach, as to approach, in some degree, to this divine faculty; but if we speak of creative power, properly so called, that of genius, as of every human being, stumbles at a blade of grass, a grain of sand; while the true Creator scatters forth worlds like seed, and knows not fatigue. That which we call divine in genius is but a richer share in those gifts in which every mortal partakes;—a few rays from the divine essence. Piety, then, when fully developed, will always aspire to this object of entire and undivided veneration; here only she finds that satisfaction which Genius fails to supply—an all-embracing, unwavering omnipotence, governing the universe—an unassailable holiness, the type and model of the universe—an infinite, all-wise love to whom she may abandon herself with unquestioning submission. Only towards God can the feeling of human dependance assume such a character as shall elevate him who feels it,

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and become his surest support in all the sufferings and struggles of life. Were religion only an exquisite intellectual diversion, a poetry of life, then might we devote our allegiance to Genius; but her influence is shed over the deepest, bitterest realities, over the dry prose of life; she comes to the weary and heavy-laden. When man beholds all mortal pleasures vanish—when his best hopes prove delusive, and every foundation gives way beneath his feet—when he is oppressed by a sense of his own crimes, offences, short-comings — when he kneels by the dying bed of those who are dearest—when his own last hour draws nigh—then will it avail little to look up to genius;—then the smitten, breaking heart needs a different comforter—then there is no help but in that name which has ever been the refuge of all the pious, which has been meant even by those who had never learnt to pronounce it;—the name of the living God—the assurance of his Holy presence, His all-helping love. And this faith operates not only to soothe and satisfy; it exercises also a moral influence, wholly different from that of Genius. Genius speaks to our intellect—God to our conscience; Genius elevates—God humbles, chastises, sanctifies us; He reconciles us with ourselves, and with Himself; He grants us, by communion with Him, forgiveness of sin—faith in the benevolence of his purposes—willingness to submit to and co-operate with them. No worldly, mortal relation, though of the highest and most intellectual character, has the moral power of true piety, which yet is not mere morality, but though an essentially distinct principle, is indissolubly connected with it. In one word, Genius cannot supply the place of God, and its most sublime office is to reveal to us the truly divine—to raise us to the Primal Mind.'

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We must refer our readers to the Treatise itself for remarks equally beautiful, on the character of religion, contrasted with genius, as controlling the whole being of man, as presiding over the dull prose of life, as well as its moments of excitement and exaltation, forming a fraternal tie between the highest and the lowest, the weakest and the most gifted of mankind, instead of being intended merely 'for the cultivated of our age,' and so forming an aristocracy of the worst kind. To the treatise we must also refer them for the long argument on the proposition that Jesus was not merely a man of the highest genius. This proposition is placed in as favourable a light as its most spiritual advocates could desire; and then our author shows how hollow is the pantheism on which it rests, which offers no explanation of the great mystery of sin and punishment; and how self-contradictory is a statement, which would make Jesus a man of the highest genius, and yet give to his claims a sense wholly different to that which he himself held; for he claimed to be the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, and as such to rank above all men of genius. 'How can we conceive as the highest genius in that department of knowledge most important to mankind, one, whose own spiritual office, if we would understand it rightly, and accord to it a permanent influence, must be taken in a sense wholly different from his own?'

The argument of the whole treatise is thus summed up. 'If what has been said is true—and that it is so, millions, however differing in expression, will bear witness: if man requires not merely a worship of intellectual excitement and luxury, but an adoration which humbles, sanctifies, and morally regenerates him: if genius, which—in proportion to its elevation

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and purity, points to its divine Original—can indeed *bear witness* to the all-mighty, all-holy, all-loving One, but never supply his place;—if Christ, though his endowments may be not unaptly compared with those of genius, stands in his peculiar personal dignity, higher than all men of genius;—if he alone can give the weary and heavy-laden to drink of the waters of life freely, then the last hour has not yet struck, either for what we have hitherto called religion, or for the Christian faith in particular. The external form, the outward observance, must remain. The Ancient of days will hold his rule,—Christ will not descend from the throne which he occupies as the world-redeeming Son of God, to take place, as an equal, in the ranks of men of genius; but, though he hold nothing alien to Him that belonged to humanity, he will always remain the only one who, himself holy, could feel no shadow interposed between him and the God with whom he was united, and by whom he is consequently eternally glorified. In this confidence let us go to meet futurity:—the signs of the times may be threatening; but whatever be our lot, the best and highest cannot be taken from us.'

It is cheering to see a man like Professor Ullmann raising such a testimony for Christian truth, amidst the infidelity of Germany, and yet how humbling is the very need of the testimony! It proves that man is not, as we are so often invited to believe, a pure and noble being, with a love and instinct for truth that attracts him to it on its first presentation, but a being naturally alienated from truth, prone to forsake it when most clearly manifested. How else should the cheerless mist of a Buddhistical Pantheism overspread a land over which the bright, warm sun-light of Chris-

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tianity once glowed. How should a fanciful Polytheism, thinly disguised under the veil of a hero-worship, prevail amongst a nation that once listened to the voice of Luther, as with earnest faith he proclaimed "one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." If the pure light of truth be any where preserved, it is not because it has found so safe and kindred a dwelling-place in human hearts, but rather by a miracle of Divine grace, more wonderful than that by which a spark should be kept alive amidst the stormy waves of the ocean.

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SCENES IN THE BOUDOIR,

OR

SKETCHES FOR THE STUDY OF MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

No. VIII.

(*Continued from page* 432.)

With all the speed which was possible in the days, when the messengers of the post-office had not become swift as winged mercuries; the desired but dreaded letter arrived from Eardley. It was ever a maxim with Mr. Bentley, that the unhappy should not be left in the labyrinth of doubt, but should know their real position and meet it as best they might. The letter was kind but firm—sympathizing but decisive. There was no railing, and no reproach, but a fixed resolve to banish them from Eardly, based on the known character of Silvester, and the baneful influence his bad example must exercise, on the conduct and character of Hubert.

'I wish you, my child, rightly to understand,' said Mr. Bentley, 'that I am not acting in subserviency to my own tempers or desires, but in obedience to the will of God. In His word we learn that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that "the companion of fools shall be destroyed." Stern duty therefore commands me, at once to break this link of injurious association. Already has your husband proved himself an ensnaring and dangerous companion—one,

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potent enough to entice *you* from the paths of duty and obedience, and to expunge from your memory the teachings and remonstrances of many years—one who could tempt you to the indulgence of most unlawful pleasures, and silence the voice of conscience in your bosom. Think not, that I intend to upbraid or grieve you—too well I feel that my own sinful indolence, and weak indulgence, has wrought this ruin in my once tranquil, if not happy home. But I must reform my conduct, and re-model my family—would that I had done it sooner; and that something less than the loss of a beloved child could have aroused me from my lethargy. But I will not, dare not, think of Amy, as a lost one.—Her melancholy history is not completed. She must not feel, that she will ever be an alien from her mother's face,—her father's hearth. Hourly prayers shall follow her, that in honour, happiness, and holiness, she may once more grace the home of her childhood, and the sanctuary of her youth; and that the old age of her parents may yet be cheered and strengthened, by the righteousness of their children, and God's best blessings rest upon them all, as an undivided, harmonious, and holy family. These are bright hopes, my child—they gild the gloom which now surrounds your father—let them stimulate his children to tread the path of life as pious pilgrims.

'I shall think it right to double your small income, that you may not be a burden to your husband, whose soldier's pay can scarcely support the addition of a wife's expences. You will therefore expect to receive quarterly, the sum of £50, which will suffice for your *personal* necessities; and more I could not offer to a man of honour, who would scorn my gold, whilst I withhold my friendship.'

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'I never prized his love!' sobbed Amy, convulsively, as she threw the touching letter on the table, and covered her face with her handkerchief to stay her flowing tears. Silvester crushed it in his clenched hand, knitted his brow in fury, and with fixed teeth and glaring eyes, stood looking on her in rage and desperation. The crackling of the paper aroused her to a sense of its danger, and she arose with the utmost anger, exclaiming, 'Give me my letter, I value it more than riches!'

'And I value it thus,' said her husband, with diabolical satire in his eye; and he tore it into fragments, and cast it on the floor, at her feet. It was a fearful sight to see those stormy passions first unfettered! and to hear the imprecations which were invoked on all she loved, and valued, and honoured in the world! To hear that sinful man reproaching God and goodness, and to see that child of hope, the victim to rage and impotency blended, both grief and guilt ravaging her young heart. Soon unconsciousness came to her relief, and she was carried insensible to bed. Scorpions wreathed themselves around her midnight pillow, but with the blessed light of morning she was once more calm. Not so her furious spouse; his spirit was untamed, and his brain seemed frenzied. By turns he vituperated her parents—ridiculed her father as a fanatic—her mother as a flirt—prohibited all future intercourse between them—and bade her make instant preparation for a winter's habitation in the Highlands.

'There only, can we subsist,' he fiercely cried, 'on the paltry pittance you are to possess;' and Amy found too soon that her torturing suspicions were a dread reality, and that they were to leave Edinburgh on the morrow, in a vessel which sailed from Leith to Aber-

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deen. Never were voyagers more full of woe! Never did the gallant vessel look so like a jail before! The sweeping wind and the swelling wave, bore them onwards only to solitude and sadness; and as the highlands of Kincardineshire first broke upon their view, nought was heard but the hoarse roar of the angry waves. Amy in anguish reviewed her erring life, and the first notes of penitence and *genuine* prayer, sounded in her sorrowful spirit.

But, no: true repentance is a momentous subject, and mistaken views of it have often proved incalculably mischievous. It is our sincere desire to unmask it of all disguises, and clothe it in the vestments of sobriety and truth—to reveal the secrets of the heart to the conscience, and the frauds of an ill-conditioned conscience to the judgment; and thus to prove, that multitudes both may, and *do*, most grievously misapprehend its nature and effects. Too many, whilst they acknowledge its necessity, make it to consist in sighs and tears—a fit of depression—a vague, passing, and *general* acknowledgment of unworthiness; a prayer, that God will be merciful, with a sedate, scrupulous, and even slavish attention to external religious observances.

Amy did, indeed, bitterly bewail her hasty and clandestine marriage, when she smarted under its disastrous consequences; and sometimes *true* repentance *may* have its first source in a perception and experience of the bitter fruits of sin. God may convert sorrow for the effect, into sorrow for the cause; but suspicions and misgivings should ever accompany these equivocal emotions. Morever, Amy combined hearty desires of amendment for the future, with sincere regret for the past; but she erred grievously, in bringing *both* within the sphere of her own unaided efforts. She set herself hon-

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estly, but *self-sufficiently*, upon a process of repentance and reform, not considering that repentance, like forgiveness of sin, is *a gift* which Christ Jesus was exalted to bestow. (Acts v. 31). She was seeking for the attainment of a legal, and not an evangelical repentance, which can only be obtained by a renewal of the heart. She forgot how often she had heard from Mr. St. John, in his scriptural discourses, that the Greek word commonly used in the Bible for repentance, more literally signifies a change of mind, and is almost synonimous with regeneration itself, denoting that complete change of heart and life, which can never be produced by any mere human machinery. But giving no heed to these vital differences, she thought of repenting, and putting off repentance, as though it were a matter entirely at her own disposal, instead of simply applying in prayer to the Divine Mediator, saying, 'Lord, do thou make me penitent, in order that I may be pardoned!' She had yet to learn, that she must go *to Christ* for real repentance, and not bring it in her hands as a kind of passport into the presence of her Saviour. She wept, indeed, over her fallen condition, but it was mortification rather than humility. She deplored the weakness and waywardness of her mind, but she had not learnt to feel, "in me dwelleth NO good thing," and to exclaim from the depths of her penitent heart,

"I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me!"

She lived rather under the chilling impression, that, until she repented, she had nothing to do with it; and looked within herself for some reservoir of sadness and reformation, where she might equip her spirit for its approach to her Redeemer. She did not feel that a jealous and holy God must reject the homage of her

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proud heart, and that the whole business of a fallen, helpless creature, is to go at once to Jesus, as the alpha and omega of salvation. She expected to be as much a heroine, in practice and perseverance, as she felt herself to be, in theory and determination. The experiment failed; and she descended from the pinnacle of her purposed moral elevation, mortified because of her weakness—not humbled because of her sinfulness.

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OUR LADY'S CHAPEL WOOD.

It is very common for persons who have arrived at the sober period of life, especially if they have met with sorrows and disappointments, to look wistfully back on past times, and mourn that they are gone. 'Oh! that I were a child again; oh, that the sunny days of my youth would return, when I was blithe as the lark, and thoughtless as the summer bee!'

There must be something wrong about such people. They must be thankless and dissatisfied, overlooking present mercies; or they must possess much greater love of this world than of that which is to come. I confess that I delight to lose myself in the remembrance of my early wild wanderings among my native fields and woodland shades; to skirt, in imagination, my favourite river, as it murmurs over smooth pebbles, or brawls among brown mossy rocks, beneath the shade of our Lady's Chapel wood. And dearly do I love to picture a joyful scamper to the blue-bell copse, or the primrose field; and in fancy, to fill my little basket once more with their fragrant spoils, sweetly and simply beautiful.

I felt almost as a child again, when in spring, my tent was pitched for a month or two at the head of a beautiful lake; with woodland dells, and banks shut in by wild highland hills, and adorned in every crevice with luxuriant primroses, violets, and wood anemonies. The memory of my childhood came often rushing upon

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me there, though I do not wish it back again, and though I would not give one hour of musing upon great realities—one hour of communion with the God of nature in the midst of his beautiful works, for all the merry, thoughtless years that passed like a romantic vision over my youthful heart.

The ramble which used to delight me most, was that through our Lady's Chapel wood. All the elements of romance were there. There were steep rugged rocks, overhung with trees of lightest and most graceful foliage; leafy vistas with every variety of light and shade; a narrow uneven path, a wild, brown, rocky stream, now still and dark, now noisy and white with foam; a mill perched high among the rocks, with the dashing of a water wheel; and above all, the little ruin of Our Lady's Chapel.

The history of the chapel was untold. It seemed to have been but a little wayside place of devotion. A crumbling corner alone was left, and the aperture of a window, with the sill, held together by a huge old ivy tree. Yet it was just such a place as fancy loved to be busy about. There was doubtless, in the olden time, a basin of holy water there, a crucifix, and an image of the Virgin; and poetry and the fashion of our times would picture a way-worn pilgrim resting beneath its roof, and murmuring an Ave Maria. And the picture would doubtless be correct. The pilgrim is prostrate before the image; and he seeks the blessing of the "Holy Mother." And perhaps a feeling of peace comes over his heart. But who has given that peace? Is it God? is it the Virgin? No, the Virgin hears him not; and if she did hear, she would shudder and weep. God hears; and has he given a blessing? No, he has pronounced a curse, "Cursed be they that trust in graven

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images." "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Who then shed into the heart of the weary, sin-laden pilgrim, that feeling of serenity—of peace—which like oil upon troubled waters, calmed the tumult of his soul, as he lay before that lifeless statue? It was Satan? The calm was his—the spell of his terrible breath—false, false as the glassy surface of the waveless sea—so inviting, but so deceitful—a lure to death.

I have often heard, in support of some false doctrine or unscriptural practice, the plea, 'It has given me peace: I never knew comfort of mind until I believed or did this.' A most dangerous delusion! We read of such a thing as saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." A man may sleep most peacefully in a foundering ship, or rest among sweet dreams while the knife of the assassin is lifted over him. Nay, he may be lulled into slumber by the very opiate which is to destroy him,—whose deadly spell he shall never break. Many such opiates has Rome found for the troubled conscience, while she carefully withholds from it that balm, which would heal as well as soothe.

Sometimes, indeed, all her spells are ineffectual, and the miserable, conscience-stricken man seeks in vain, by torture, and abstinence, and prayer, and alms, and seclusion from the charities of life, to mitigate the agony of a self-accusing spirit. But far more frequently she succeeds; and the self-righteousness of the carnal heart is satisfied; and the unenlightened mind rests in the vain persuasion, that merit has been acquired, that its acts of devotion have been accepted, and that it is safe. No wonder that peace should be the result; it is quite natural, but most melancholy; for the enjoyment of false security effectually prevents the acquisition of

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the true: and never will that slumbering soul be saved, until it awakes, shuddering to feel that it is lost. My favourite old chapel, in its picturesque seclusion, has, I doubt not, lent its aid to destroy many a soul.

After these sad reflections, I almost think that if I were to return to the haunts of my childhood, I should gaze, not with delight, but with melancholy, on the picturesque ruins of Our Lady's Chapel.

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THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

They bid me tune my lyre to sing
On gayer, lighter, themes,
To tell some legendary tale,
Or rove by classic streams.

Saviour—how shall I? With thy name
Echoes each trembling chord,
And never can another sound,
Echo so sweet afford.

Earth hath her own ten thousand harps
To celebrate her praise,
And well can spare the feeble notes
Which I have power to raise.

'Tis thou hast waked within my soul
Whate'er of music dwells,
Thou—to whose glory, seraph's song,
Heaven's lofty anthem swells.

'Tis sweet to give thee back again
What is but all thine own,
Sweet in one chorus to unite
With those before the throne.

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A poor and worthless offering, Lord,
Is all I have to bring;
But having named the glorious name
Of heaven's eternal king,—

I may not turn aside to earth,
Nor seek her fame to gain:
Oh, grant that holy fear and love
May dictate every strain.

Treasures of knowledge are in thee,
Give me what seemeth meet,
And above all, the grace to lay
My *all* before thy feet.

'Twas the glad vintage-time, and Canaan's hills
Echoed with joyous shout and merry song—
For the bright daughters of earth's loveliest land,
Came trooping from the heights, bearing a load,
A rich and fragrant load of luscious grapes.
The day had waned—'twas almost eventide,
And resting 'neath the fig-tree's grateful shade,
There sat an aged man—his silvery hair,
Like the snow-crown of ancient Lebanon,
Told of full many a winter's storm and chill.
Yet there was peace—calm as the summer light,
And holy as the moonbeam on his brow,
The peace of one long reconciled to God.
A group had gathered round him—talking much,
And loud, and earnestly of one, whose fame,
And mighty acts had spread through all the land,
Jesus of Nazareth—in word and deed,
A prophet, great, and wise, and merciful,
Messiah, some declared him, David's Lord.

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But others scorned the thought, and proudly asked,
" Is he not Joseph's son—the carpenter ?
His mother too we know, and all his house ;
None knoweth when Messias comes, nor whence.
But what sayest thou, Ben Josef ? Years have shed
Their honours o'er thee, and their wisdom too,
What say'st thou of this man ? Is he the Christ,
The chosen one of God ?" Silent awhile
As if absorbed in thought the old man sat,
Then taking up the harp, which even yet
His fingers knew full skilfully to touch,
He bade the young ones round him list a tale,
Which he would sing them of the olden times,
When he—a hardy shepherd—led his flock
Beside green pastures and cool quiet streams,
And knew each cave, and rock, and mountain pass ;
Sweet were the chords which from the harp he struck,
As thus his song begun—

" Children, thirty years have past
Since the time of which I speak,
Life and strength are failing fast,
And my voice grows faint and weak,
But like some fair flower which blooms
When all others fade and die—
Bright 'mid age's gathering glooms
Seems that precious memory.

" Over Bethlehem's snow-clad hills
Night had spread her mystic veil,
Frost had bound the sparkling rills,
Roughly blew the northern gale—
Cold gleamed forth each silent star
In the dark and distant sky,

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While Engedi's caves afar
Echoed with the night-hawk's cry.
Hallowed histories belong
To the mountain and the vale,
Burden of the shepherd's song,
Burden of the evening tale.
There sad widowed Naomi
Found at length a peaceful rest,
There, with long prosperity,
Ruth, the faithful one, was blest.
And 'twas there too David dwelt
In his boyhood's tranquil days:
There in lowly prayer he knelt,
There composed his sweetest lays.
Often there he watched his flock,
Led them o'er the verdant plain,
Climbed the steep and frowning rock
Some poor wanderer to regain.
'Mid each changeful, chequered scene
Of his busy after life,
Sweet the memory must have been
Of the time when, free from strife,
Free from care, and pomp, and state,
There he roved in early youth;
Nature's treasures his estate,
And his portion love and truth.

"Now as then, the shepherds keep
Watch, despite the winter's cold,
Lest the bear with stealthy step
Entrance find within the fold.
Or the lion, whose fierce roar
Soundeth from some cavern deep,
Dye his red mane in the gore
Of a torn and mangled sheep.

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And on that eventful eve,
Whose strange history I tell,
Called their sheltered home to leave,
Shepherds guarded field and dell.

" Suddenly a light from heaven,
Brighter than the noontide's ray,
Softer than the tints of even,
Purer than the early day,
Glowing, awful radiance shed
O'er the lonely watching place.
Swift o'er hill and dale it spread
Night's long shadows to efface ;
Olives waved in the dull wind,
Contrast to earth's robe of white,
Branch and leaf were well defined
In that strange mysterious light.
Scared the wild goat looked around,
Shook his black and silken hair,
Scaled the steep with agile bound
Deeming there was safety there ;
While the hungry beasts of prey
Fled with terror-stricken haste,
To seek refuge far away
In the desert's howling waste.

" And the shepherds—shrunk they too,
From that bright unearthly beam,
Scarce believing it was true,
But some vivid fleeting dream ?
Nay—a voice hath soothed their fear,
A sweet, cheering, gentle voice,
And an angel hath drawn near,
Calling on them to rejoice :

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Saying—' Tidings, lo, we bring,
Tidings of an Infant's birth,
Who, a Saviour, Christ, a King,
Shall redeem and govern earth.
Turn not to Jerusalem—
Goodly palaces are there,
But ye will not find in *them*
Heaven's high Lord, earth's rightful heir.
Pass through Bethlehem's lowly street,
To a stable wend your way,
There, the child, Immanuel, greet,
There, adoring homage pay.'
Then from the celestial throng
Rose a song of lofty praise,
A long, loud, harmonious song,
Such as only seraphs raise :—
' Glory to our God be given
For salvation's wondrous plan,
Glory in the courts of heaven :
Peace on earth—good will to man.'

" Fainter grew the melody,
Faded now the golden light,
Darkness gloomed on rock and tree,
Closing o'er each snowy height.
Yet the shepherds, speechless, bound
As by magic's potent spell,
Lingered, till the last sweet sound
Died away from wood and dell ;
Oh, what deep unuttered joy
Filled each heaving, wondering breast,
Doubts and fears could not employ
Souls with such a vision blest.
He was come then—come at length,
The long promised, long foretold,—

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Israel's glory, Israel's strength,
Come as Moses came of old,
To release them from the power
Of a hated foreign yoke.
This was freedom's glorious hour,
Even now the morn had broke ;
He had come—yet—could it be ?
Dwelt he not in princely hall ?
Could a lowly child be he
At whose feet all kings should fall ?
Yes, 'twas he. The angel's word,
Message from Jehovah's throne
Had proclaimed him Prince and Lord,
All the universe his own.
Yes, 'twas he—and with glad speed,
Hasted they to seek his face,
Hail him as the promised Seed,
Root of David's royal race.
Forth with one consent they went,
Left their flocks upon the plain,
And their eager footsteps bent
Bethlehem's silent streets to gain.

" Many a happy mother there
Watched her baby as it slept,
And with glad yet anxious care
Loving vigils o'er it kept ;
Warmly laid on downy bed,
Where no wind could on it blow,
Closely curtained over head
With fine linen white as snow.

" Oh, how different the spot,
Where the Virgin's smile of joy

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Welcomed to an humble lot,
Her first-born, thrice precious boy;
Nought on him could she bestow
Save her earnest fond caress,
Yet 'tis happiness we know
To have something dear to bless—
And as in the manger laid,
Oft on him she turned her gaze,
For the dew of grace she prayed,
Grace to teach her how to praise.

"Thus the shepherd, heaven-warned train,
Found her—and, as drawing nigh,
They recounted how the plain
Had been lighted from on high;
Told of the glad tidings brought
By a bright one from above,
While the very winds seemed fraught
With sweet sounds of peace and love:
Adding, 'Unto us a Son,
Unto us a king is born,
Conquests by him shall be won,
Victory's wreath by him be worn.'
Mary knelt before her child,
As in tranquil sleep he lay,
Holy, spotless, undefiled,
Soon earth's destinies to sway.
And that child was Jesus. He,
Whom so lightly ye have scorned;
True—the crown of royalty
Hath not yet his head adorned,
No, not yet; the prophets speak
Of Messiah, suffering, slain,
Ere his vengeance he shall wreak,
Ere he come in power to reign.

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But before ye dare deride
Him who comes the lost to save,
Weigh his claims, and then decide,
If ye should not rather crave
Mercy, healing from his hands,
Life eternal through his love,
And obeying his commands
Seek an endless rest above.
Since these now dim, aged eyes
Saw that wondrous midnight scene,
Not more bright the noontide skies,
Than my hope and joy have been.
Years, infirmities, increase,
Soon will all my path be trod,
Yet shall I depart in peace,
I have seen the Christ of God."

The sun had quite gone down behind the hills,
And a chill seized upon the old man's frame:
He laid aside his harp for the last time—
His testimony given—his witness borne,
He lingered but a few more suns, and then,
Triumphant through the Saviour he adored,
He burst his earthly trammels, and exchanged
A mortal song for the sweet harps of heaven.

J. T.

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THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN THE COURSE OF HISTORIC PROVIDENCE:

ANTEDILUVIAN, PATRIARCHAL, MOSAIC.

PERHAPS the first feeling that comes over us, in trying to get any grasp of the course of time in its length and breadth and manifold bearings, is, what children we are in the midst of what gigantic truth.—While we direct the telescope of history or revelation to one little spot on its mighty chart, the memory of the last almost fades from our mind. — What shall help thee, poor, bewildered mortal, who like Newton

> 'Seemest to thyself a child to be
> Upon the pebbly shore of truth's unfathom'd sea?'

What shall help thee? Humility and Faith. Hear the words of one of the most keen-sighted among thy brother men. 'The course of nature's phases on this our little fraction of a planet is partially known to us, but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on? To the minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds, and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may, from time to time, (unmiraculously enough) be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek, this planet earth; his ocean, the im-

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measurable all; his monsoons and periodic currents, the mysterious course of providence through Aeons of Aeons unknown to us.' And if it is so, in tracing the courses of life's daily incidents, the destinies of nations, the rise and fall of empires, the sway of earthly revolutions, how well does it beseem us to distrust ourselves in seeking, dimly and from a distance at best, to observe the course of God's providence, and the setting up of his Catholic kingdom amid the wrecks of six thousand years. Yet, by the light of revelation, the main features of the design as revealed to us therein are surely such as these; the humiliation of the world, or man being taught that every imagination of the thought of his heart was only evil; the election of the Church out of the world, the shadowing forth of good things to come. Lastly, the union of these truths, the consummation of this divine παιδεια, (whereof no element could without grievous loss have been omitted) in the gospel of Christ.

And first, the humiliation of the world;—when man had fallen from his innocence, and broken the "sole pledge of his obedience," it would indeed have been but an inadequate token of God's displeasure and detestation of sin, if the punishment, the sole consequence of breaking his law had been, that man in the sweat of his face should eat bread, if the natural world alone had brought forth thorns and thistles. No, it was an awful, a horrible thing to have brought sin, into the sinless creation of God: and the infinite demerit of sin must be taught by sterner lessons than this. Man must be taught how vilely he had polluted his once stainless nature, how grievously he had impaired the nobility of his moral strength, how fearfully, by wilful transgressions, he had wrested and jarred his originally obedient

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and harmonious will. The thorns and thistles must spring up, not only in the fields around us, but in the fairer gardens of the mind. The sorrow wherewith he was to eat bread all the days of his life, was not only to arise from the toil needful to procure it, but it was to be learned with bitter anguish from sights and sounds of sin around, and thoughts of sin within. He was to learn how sin had vitiated his whole being, prostituted the outer temple of his body by lust, intemperance and murder ; had entered every chamber of his once ethereal intellect, and defiled the inmost sanctuary of his being, his spirit, his soul ; so that worship, his highest glory, became alien to his degenerate feelings, and a burden to his earth-clogged will.—The first sixteen centuries and a half of the world's history, closed as its dark drama was with so fearful a catastrophe, declared in characters of adamant these fearful but indispensable truths.—Of the first two who ever tasted the sweets of human brotherhood, the one fell a victim to the envy of the other—and if Lamech's lamentable cry be thus interpreted, Cain is not a solitary instance in the few brief pages of inspiration. Nor can we doubt that as men began to multiply on the face of the earth, murder laid her multiplied victims low. Then, not content with the holy union God had sanctioned, there were strange unnatural nuptials betwixt the daughters of men and the sons of God, whence the monstrous brood of giants ; and the wickedness of man was great in the earth. Surely it is deeply significant, how, when God pronounced the sentence of destruction, it stands on record that He saw that every *imagination* of the thoughts of man's heart was only evil continually ; how, when that sweeping destruction had passed over, and God was purposing a covenant of

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mercy, the reason still is, "for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth." Does this not teach us that the judgment came not merely to rid the earth of her polluted and polluting children, but rather that man might ever hereafter read in ineffaceable characters his own corruption, and learn at length to humble himself in the dust, and loathe himself in his own sight.

This great lesson having been taught mankind, and the first page of the world's history almost obliterated from our view, a fresh theatre was opened before the family of Noah. And now may we not begin to trace a fresh feature in the providence of God—namely, his election of a Church out of the world? His servants were no longer to appear as Enoch and Noah, isolated men, without kith and kin in their own faith, raising a solitary voice against a world of impiety; but, although still a little flock, compared with the armies of heathendom, were to be able to look upon themselves as the family and nation of God, to look up to Him as the God of their fathers. What a rebuke was this to the haughtiness and ambition of man! What an instance of the sovereignty of Divine grace! If the privileges of the Church had been equally dispensed to all nations, proud man would have thought that this peculiar gift of God was the indigenous prerogative of his nature. But, no; he would not retain God in his thoughts: his foolish heart was darkened: he lost all sense of the Divine purity, and lapsed into the grossest idolatry. From this, it was the purpose of God to rescue him; but, in His own time, and in His own way. Sheltering one family beneath his almighty wing, fostering its growth, guarding from every foe, and guiding through every peril, He claims from His own infant Church the holy offering of a child's unquestioning obe-

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dience. How exquisite is the Scripture narrative in this view. To the indescribable charm of the simplicity of Eastern manners, it adds the solemn majesty of the constant presence, and guardianship, and guidance of God. In the lesser, as in the greater epochs of their history, God was their Protector, their Guide, their All—in one word, their Father; they were His servants, His people, pitching and moving their tents at His voice, looking to Him in all things; in one word, His children. How priceless a lesson this to be gotten by heart by the Church of the living God, the lesson of her infancy indeed, but one not to be forgotten as she waxed in stature and grew in wisdom, but rather to be cherished with an intensity of love, and only then fully to be apprehended, when, under the teaching of Christ Jesus, she looked upward to His God and her God, His Father and her's. But there were far wider purposes of mercy in store for our sin-polluted world. The promise to Abraham, that "in thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," was to be jealously fulfilled; but first, the Church of God was to be trained through centuries of temptation, in a code of strictest morals. The right of sacrifice, coeval it seems with the fall, was indeed prophetic of the Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world; but it was to receive a far more direct sanction from God, and its idea to be implanted from generation to generation, in the very heart of the Church. Those words of deepest meaning, "the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent," were not to lie dormant for ever, but man was to learn more deeply the malignity of his oppressor, ere he could hail with just songs of welcome his Deliverer and Redeemer. How tender were the dealings of God with his Church at the opening of the Mosaic

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dispensation. Though bound to the dust in the iron bondage of Egypt, He brought them out, with a high hand and stretched-out arm. He found him in a desert land: and in the waste howling wilderness: He instructed him: He kept him as the apple of His eye: as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him." And herein would we trace the purpose of goodness towards Israel: we learn that it was "to humble him, and to prove him, and to do him good at his latter end." This, this was the reason of that great and terrible wilderness: oh! what a key is here to a thousand dark dispensations. The path is dreary, the sky overclouded, but it humbles us, and it proves us, and there is a Canaan at the latter end.

But not only may we trace the goodness of God in His dealings with Israel in their deliverance from Egypt, but more especially in those righteous statutes and judgments which so signalized them as the nation of God. A holy law, in the midst of unruly wills and affections of men—how fearful would the conflict be, when* 'the race, having outgrown its child-like estate with all the blessed privileges of that time, appears now as the youth, aware of this terrible law, and struggling against it, and in this struggle brought to a consciousness of that which before was hidden from it, namely, the deep alienation of its will from the perfect will of God.' But 'the opposition of his will to God's will being in man, most needful was it that it should not longer remain latent, but be brought out in all its strength, as a holy law could alone bring it out, for thus only was it in the way of being subdued.' Another

* Trench's Hulsean Lectures.

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great and beneficent design in the Mosaic law seems to have been, to restore to the debased mind of man, the idea which he had lost of the purity and goodness of God. To take one example from among many,* 'The camp was purified, the people were purified; everything was purified and repurified; and each process of the ordinances was designed to reflect purity upon the others; until finally that idea of purity, formed in the mind, and rendered intense by the convergence of so many rays, was at last referred to the idea of God.'

Time forbids us to glance at other scarcely less important branches of this divine training; but there is one so great and essential a part of the Levitical covenant—if we ought not rather to say the essential truth underlying the whole, that it is impossible to pass it by in silence. I mean the taking up of the primæval idea of sacrifice, and elaborating it into so exquisite and perfect a system, that it might ever shadow forth before the eyes of the Church the transference of guilt from the guilty to the innocent, and the sinner's perfect acquittal thereby. For this, 'must new symbols be constructed, a new alphabet be formed, and a new fount of types be cast for the purpose of teaching man God's way of forgiving and restoring him.'† And ever and anon in the prophets and holy men of old, were there expressions of significant import linking this redemption of their life to a Divine and yet human being. How did that burst of holy faith from the patriarch Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," burn as a guiding pole-star in the sky of the early Church, till, as the fulness of time drew on apace, they could com-

* Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.
† Bonar's Prophetical Landmarks.

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pare with it passages like these, "The Redeemer shall come to Zion." "As for our Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts is his name;" and yet he was a man of sorrows. who was to be made an offering for sin, and to bear the iniquities of his people.

Thus have we tried to grasp some detached links of the chain of goodness that binds in closest indissoluble union, the ages of the world to each other and to us. No fragmentary history that, of the course of time, could we view it with the telescope of heaven, but one coherent whole, foreseen and fore-ordained. To us, indeed, mists and clouds envelope, wide and far, provinces of it, though often here and there they may yield to the breath of prayer, or the piercing eye of faith. Oh what a rest then is it to the spirit, to lean on the faithfulness and love of her heavenly Father, to trace what miracles of mercy He wrought, amid the troublous waters of 'Time's strong flowing sea,' and to bless and trust the Hand which brought light out of darkness, and overcame evil with good.

E. H. B.

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THE SPIRIT AND THE WIND.

"The breath of the Almighty hath given me life"—Job xxxiii. 4.

It was a saying among the ancients, 'there is a man in every stone,' which needs but the sculptor's summons to visible existence, even thus in every form of nature dwells a spiritual analogy, which needs but the touch of meditation to evoke it into being.

Let us for a moment consider that which encompasseth our daily path, which is alike free to the prince and the beggar, from the cradle to the grave—the common atmospheric air. 'It floats around us like that grand object, which the apostle John saw in his vision,' 'a sea of glass like unto a crystal.' 'So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships as playthings, and sweeps cities and forests before it into destruction, and yet it is so mobile, that the great bulk of mankind never realize the fact, that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap bubble sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wings.'

Methinks in this, the powerful, yet invisible spirit of life, we may discern the type of a more powerful yet invisible influence, by which, and in which, we do "live and move, and have our being." So extensive is it, that like the air, it leaves no vacuum in nature, so powerful is it, that in its silent might it sustains the

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evolutions of the countless orbs throughout the universe, yet so minute in its operations, that it maintains the existence of the tiniest winged chorister in this our planet. It fans the smoking flax into a flame, while it sweeps ungodly nations before it as thistledown before the whirlwind. It is as the breath of life to all created beings, yet the bulk of mankind regard not its operations, nor realize its perpetual presence, although from the cradle to the bier, they are encircled by manifestations of the all-pervading, all-sustaining Providence of God.

As this our natural life cannot be sustained without natural air, even so our spiritual life is sustained by inspiration of the Spirit of life.* At our second birth, (John iii.) we begin to inhale this spiritual atmosphere, which is henceforth essential for the growth and well-being, nay, even for the maintenance of the new-born existence.

Invisible, powerful, and free, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Born, "not of the will of man"—who might as well attempt to control the hurricane, "but of the will of God."

By nature "dead in trespasses and sins," we are all helpless and useless as the disjointed skeletons in the valley of the prophet. (Ezek. xxxvii.) Our "resurrection unto righteousness" is beautifully typified in the resurrection of these dry bones. They lay scattered in the open valley, and they were very dry. And a voice said to the prophet, "Son of man, *can* these dry bones live?" Ezekiel's faith wavered not, as he

* It is worthy of remark, that "spirit" and "air" are expressed by the same word in Greek; and also in Hebrew.

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gazed on the relics of the dead, and he replied, "Sir, thou knowest." The seeming impossibility fled before the command of the supreme, "Prophecy unto the dry bones, and say, thus saith the Lord God unto these bones, Behold I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye *shall* live." Then Ezekiel obeyed, and prophesied, and "there was a noise and shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone." O blessed change, when at the preaching of the word, false peace flees away with noise, and the spiritual skeletons arise from the insensibility of sin, and shake and tremble before the wrath of God.

Ezekiel beheld, "and the sinews and flesh came up upon the bones, and the skin covered them, but there was no breath in them." As yet they lacked the power of motion, and the spring of life. Ezekiel heard a voice, "Son of man prophesy, and say unto the wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon the slain, that they may live." And he prophesied, "and the breath came unto them, and they stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Most glorious result, the spiritually dead, not merely spring to life, but are strong, through the spirit that is in them, to battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil: to war successfully with indwelling sin and spiritual adversaries, certain of being crowned as conquerors, through the might of Christ, the Captain of their salvation.

Mothers who have mourned for years over children dead in trespasses and sins, ministers and teachers impelled by duty to reiterate the words of the Lord in ears deaf as the dead, remember the dry bones in the valley of Ezekiel! Pursue the seemingly hopeless task, pray on, watch on, and look upward for the breath of

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the Spirit, which may descend like a rushing mighty wind, and transform the dry bones into the army of the Lord.

Let us pursue the analogy. The soldiers of the cross too often rest upon their arms, and allow the enemy to gain a temporary advantage. But sweeter than the breath of morning, fanning the worn cheek of the recovering invalid, is the return of the Holy Spirit to the restored backslider, when, after suffering the desertion and loneliness brought on by his lapse, at length he feels the breath of heaven once more around and within him. Eolian strains of thankfulness arise from his restrung harp, and all is peace and joy. May our hearts ever yield to the influence of the blessed Spirit, even as "the trees of the wood are bowed before the wind.'

S. O'MOORE.

The world has a great many servants and friends, but I never knew any praise it at parting.

Those who conscientiously perform closet prayer drive a secret trade, and grow rich, the world knows not how.

To be amended by a little cross, afraid of a little sin, and affected with a little mercy, is a good evidence of grace in the soul.

If we do not get ground of our corruptions, it is to be feared they get ground of us. There is need to search and try.—*Memoir of Mrs. Savage.*

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THE SABBATH MOVEMENT.

At the close of the year 1847, a layman, anxious to elicit the opinions, as well as to excite the interest of the labouring classes on the Sabbath question, proposed three prizes, one of £25, one of £15, and one of £10, to be given to the three best Essays, written by labouring men, on the benefits of the Sabbath. To his astonishment, the allotted time of three months sufficed to furnish 950 compositions from different competitors, many of them of a very superior order. It was, of course, necessary to lengthen the time in which the adjudicators had promised to decide upon their respective merits, and so much interest was excited, as they proceeded in their task, that vigorous efforts are making to raise an additional subscription, that as many £5 prizes, as may be, may be added to those originally offered, and that the whole mass of manuscript, justly considered as a noble monument of the intelligence and piety of the labouring class, may be bound and presented to the British Museum. A small monthly publication has also been established, entitled 'The Working Man's Charter,' devoted to the support of the Sabbath: it is sent gratuitously to all the competitors, who are invited to write in its pages, while contributions are solicited from any labouring man as to the practical benefits of the Sabbath, the existing grievances which impede its observance, and the most probable means of removing

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those grievances. The heart of the Christian glows as he reads the pages of this unpretending periodical. Knowing how difficult it is to reach the masses of ungodliness and misery in the lowest classes of society, he blesses God for this band of honest fellow-labourers, brought into close contact with this misery by their social position, and animated with piety, zeal, and intelligence, to enable them to contend against it. God speed their efforts. Christian ladies! they are doing a work you are too feeble and delicate to accomplish; but your hearts are surely in it; be not backward, if there be anything in which you can assist them.

Amongst the Essays sent up for these prizes, was one which especially deserves notice in the Christian Lady's Magazine, for it is written by a Labourer's Daughter, whose life, with the exception of a few years spent in service, had been passed in the household duties of her father's cottage, and who owed all her education to the instructions of a hard-working mother, having only been one year at a sewing school. The circumstance that this essay was written by a female, excluded it from the list; but the adjudicators felt it right, that so remarkable a production should not be lost, and proposed to the Authoress, that she should publish it separately, and write a sketch of her own life to prefix to it. She has done this, and our gracious Sovereign, the patroness of all those domestic virtues, of which, thanks be to God, Britain's regal palaces now afford so bright an example, has condescended to allow it to be dedicated to herself. The title of the Essay, 'The Pearl of Days,' shows the graceful turn of mind of the peasant authoress, and the style of the composition is certainly remarkable; while, in its pages, deep truths of political economy and social wisdom are brought forward, which

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would have done honour to those of Brougham or Sismondi. We give a few extracts:

'He who would take from the working man his Sabbath, would take with it the mind-awakening influence of religion, would keep the gate of knowledge, and forbid his entrance, would throw an impassable barrier in the way of his progress in civilization, and leave him the slave of the despot, the tool of the crafty politician, and the follower of the superstitious zealot, or the religious impostor.'

'Let those then who would seek to transmit to their children that liberty, and those rights, for which their fathers have struggled and bled, rear them amidst Sabbath influences, fill their minds with those subjects for the study of which the weekly rest was instituted, and accustom them to Sabbath exercises; and most assuredly they will rise above the oppression of the tyrant, see through the devices of the crafty, the subtlety of the sophist, and the deceit of the impostor.

'All the efforts which have ever been made by the rude arm of physical force, to rescue mankind from oppression, have been utterly futile; and if any one will survey the state of the nations at the present moment, he will find the liberty and the privileges enjoyed by the people, to be exactly proportioned to the extent to which general intelligence and the knowledge of the word of God are diffused among them. What has the sword ever effected for the redemption of mankind from tyranny? It may have wrenched power from the hand of one party, but it has only been to give it into the hand of another, equally liable to abuse it. Has it been torn from the hand of a lawless and merciless despot? It has been given into the hands of an insolent and brutal soldiery, or a superstitious mob,

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who soon trampled under foot that liberty, which had been purchased for them by the blood of their brethren. Every revolution which has been effected by violence, affords proof of this.

'It has been the blood of the martyr—the patient endurance and unshaken fortitude of him, who would rather yield up liberty and life itself, than deny the truth—the peaceable, but persevering and indefatigable missionary, whose exertions have been devoted to the spread of the knowledge of God among men, who, by introducing religion and its Sabbath, and bringing man into intercourse with his God, the great Lord of all, to whom all are equally responsible, the governed and the governor, the subject and the prince, the servant and his master; and thus, by awakening in men a sense of their personal responsibility, has aroused their minds to activity. It is the knowledge of their responsibility—of the great truth that all must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give each one an account of the deeds done in the body—which causes men to think and act for themselves, and thus raises them above the subtlety and power of selfishness and ambition.'

How beautiful again is this description of the joy and activity of a Christian Sabbath. : 'He, who blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, never meant that that day, whose first morning beam fell upon the joyful activity of a new and perfect creation; whose dawning light saw the Son of Man arise triumphant over death and the grave, should be spent in listless motionless silence, or in soulless-meaningless ceremony. No; holy its hours indeed are, sanctified, set apart; not however to solemn, gloomy, lifeless inactivity; but hallowed to rest and refreshment; sacred to joy, set apart to active cheerful and strenuous exertion for the improvement of

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ourselves, and others, in holiness, virtue, and intelligence.'

The memoir prefixed to the Essay is the most interesting portion of the work; it is really a gem of autobiography. It presents to the mind of the reader a most vivid picture of a cottage home, where neither penury nor care could repress the intellectual energies or the warm domestic affections of the happy inmates. The whole is simply and graphically described, and yet, though the subject is so personal, no impression of violated modesty or humility is excited, so evident is the design throughout to exalt principles, and not individuals. It is a book in which mothers must take delight, so encouraging is the example it sets before them of the abiding effects of parental influence. Many a Christian lady, whose time is almost all at her own disposal, may blush as she compares herself with the cottage mother of our authoress, contriving, often whilst she stood at her wash-tub, to give to each of her little ones four short lessons a day, allowing nothing to interfere with the sacred task. 'Our parents,' says the memoir, 'were themselves as eager to obtain knowledge, as they were anxious to impart it to us. An hour was allowed for meals: when our father came to breakfast or dinner, as soon as the repast was finished, (and a working man in health does not usually loiter over his meals,) our mother used to read aloud till the hour was finished, either with the youngest child upon her knee, or, if it was in the cradle, knitting while she read. She used to say, that it was disagreeable and improper to be bustling about while father was within; and when he was gone out the work must be done up.'—Again we hear of this judicious cottage training. 'Viewing the practice of allowing children to consider their lessons

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as a part of their amusement, as pernicious in its tendency, as calculated to induce a habit of trifling with serious things, and to form a giddy, frivolous character, our parents never permitted anything like levity in attending to our lessons; we were never allowed to consider them as a recreation, but as serious, though cheerful employment, which must never be trifled with, but seriously and earnestly engaged in. A uniform veneration for the word of God was evinced, and if we read or repeated any part of it, we were taught to do so seriously; if a hymn was recited, or any piece in which the name of our Creator might occur, we were accustomed to do so in a solemn and attentive manner.'

No wonder that little ones thus trained have grown up to be the comfort and blessing of their parents, and even, as in the case before us, a blessing and honour to their country. Our humble sister complains of having been tempted to repine, that she was not in a situation in which she could do great things for Christ. 'This,' she says, 'has been my most besetting sin, and the most powerful temptation to which I have been exposed; and, so far as it has prevailed, it has lessened my usefulness, and retarded my improvement. Could we comprehend how great is the blessedness of being permitted to be fellow-workers with God, we should not thus trifle with the opportunities afforded us of doing what we can; but feeling that we are called to an honour and felicity far above anything we can deserve, eagerly seize the slightest, if it be but to whisper a word of truth in the ear of the poorest child, to lure on and assist some ignorant one to spell out and understand a passage, a phrase, or even a word of the book of God, or even to minister to the comfort and happiness of those around us in the things of this life. Thus our Father in heaven stooped to lavish kindness and care upon man's mortal frame,

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to throw the sweets of summer at his feet, hang the luxuries of autumn overhead, to enamel the field, to paint the flower and carve the leaf; and shall we disdain to lay hold of every opportunity of ministering in the slightest degree, or in the humblest way, to the comfort and enjoyment of those around us? And yet how often are opportunities of doing small acts of kindness and usefulness let slip, while we are sighing over our narrow sphere and our limited means of serving God, or benefiting man.'

God has in an unexpected manner widened the sphere of this simple Christian, let us pray for her with a sister's sympathy, for in Christ Jesus she is closely united to us, that He who trained her in solitude and seclusion to be a meet instrument for his praise, would stand by her now in the hour of temptation, and preserve her from the snares of sudden publicity, that she may never forget it is to Him, and Him alone, she owes the superiority of her natural talent, the rare blessings of her godly training, and her present opportunity of employing her talents for the glory of her God.

And for ourselves, what lessons shall we learn from this deeply interesting tale? Surely this amongst many others, to bestir ourselves and rouse every faculty for the noble task set before us. May the cottage homes of Britain be thus lovely; and has God put into our power many means for spreading that truth which alone can render themselves so, and for removing obstacles which hinder their improvement, oh, let us up and be doing. The beauty of no object of art can equal this, no choice flowers of the garden, or the hot-house bloom like these flowers of human happiness. Christian ladies! pray, labour, and strive, that many such may flourish around your own happy dwellings.

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AN APPEAL FOR THE PROTESTANT ORPHAN SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

Amongst the many Christian societies instituted for the relief of the spiritual and temporal wants of the Irish, which have received aid from English benevolence, there is *one* which we feel assured, had its claims been more generally known, would not have failed to awaken, universally, feelings of interest and sympathy. We speak of the Protestant Orphan Society, the object of which is, to shelter under its fostering care the destitute orphans of our poor Protestant brethren, who have died without being able to leave any provision for their families. It provides those little ones with the comforts of a home, by placing them in decent families under the superintendance of the clergyman of the parish: thus literally fulfilling that text, "He setteth the solitary in families." They are educated in the parish-school; and, when old enough, are apprenticed to trades, or made domestic servants.

The number of those hapless little ones has, during latter years, been sadly increased by famine and pestilence, which, in so many instances, proved fatal to the heads of families: whilst the funds of the Society, owing to the reduction in the income of those who were its supporters, by non-payment of rent and heavy poor-rates, have diminished to *less than half*. At the last election of candidates, held in the city of Cork, forty applicants from the city and county, whose orphanage

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and poverty had been closely scrutinized, were refused admittance into the Society, the state of its finances not permitting their election: and, from a partial inquiry made by the Secretary, it appears, that in eight parishes alone, in the city of Cork, there are at present eighty Protestant orphans, not included in the list of applicants; and that in *one* parish, that of St. Nicholas, no less than *thirty* children became orphans in the space of two months. Not only is the Society unable to add to the number of children at present under its care, but, if timely aid be not afforded, it will be compelled to cast again upon the world's cold charity, those who have known the comforts of a home and shelter.

The humble hope of obtaining the means of shielding even one of these destitute ones from the fearful scourge of famine which seems again about to sweep through this devoted land; and still more the earnest desire to impart to them the knowledge of Him, who vouchsafes to call himself "the father of the fatherless," has prompted this appeal. Dear Christian friends, will you not respond to it? You, who are parents, and whom the Lord has blessed with abundance to supply every want of your little ones,—can you refuse to pity the desolate widow who hears the cry of her children for bread, but has none to satisfy them? You, who are children, who know the blessings of a father's care, a mother's love, and a happy home, could you not deny yourselves some indulgence for the sake of those who are without home or parent?

The smallest subscription to this cause will be most thankfully received, if directed to the care of the Rev. Richard T. Meade; Killowen Glebe, Co. Cork, Ireland, a Collector for the Protestant Orphan Society.

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THE VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL.

It has been the general opinion, for ages, that Malta is the island where St. Paul was shipwrecked, or the Melita of St. Luke's narrative. Within the last hundred years, however, a rival claim has been set up, and Melida in the Venetian Gulf, of which the classical name is also Melita, has been confidently affirmed by many writers to be the real scene of the shipwreck. Learned works have been written in support of this view, by Bryant, Giorgi, and Falconer, while the opinion of students and critics has been very much divided; and their arguments, though rejected by many, have been deliberately adopted by others as final and conclusive. The inquiry is one of considerable importance in itself, as it affects the internal consistency and evidence of the last part of the inspired history of Scripture; and it may claim an additional interest, now that Malta has become a portion of our own empire, and a place of frequent resort by our countrymen. A valuable work has lately been published, where the subject is resumed, and examined with the help of the best and latest information on the geography of the Levant. The author, Mr. Smith, has established the claim of Malta by the most conclusive evidence, while a vivid illustration is given, in the whole inquiry, of the faithfulness and minute accuracy of the sacred historian. A view of his argument and conclusions will probably be found interesting to the readers of the Magazine.

Among the converts to the opinion that Melida, not Malta, was the true scene of the shipwreck, are several

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names of considerable eminence. Dr. Hales, in his learned work on Chronology, has these remarks. 'The course of this voyage has been mistaken by the great geographers and commentators, and their maps of it erroneously constructed, in consequence of the vulgar error that the island in question was the African Melita or Malta, instead of the Adriatic Melita or Melida. This correction of the received geography we owe to the sagacious Bryant, and it has recently been established with much learning and ability by a layman, in a dissertation on this voyage, (Oxford, 1817,) the ingenious Dr. Falconer of Bath, who has furnished a correcter map of the voyage.' Baron Zach, in his Correspondence, speaks with equal confidence. 'We know well at the present day, so as to doubt it no longer, that it is the island Melida in the Adriatic Sea, on the coast of Dalmatia, and which once made a part of the republic of Ragusa, where St. Paul made shipwreck.' In Prebendary Townsend's valuable work, 'The New Testament Arranged in Chronological Order,' and Dr. Valpy's critical editions, the same opinion is embraced, and Mr. Bryant is said to have defended it, 'with all his usual learning, and more than his usual judgment.' L'Avocat and Le Croix, two French writers, maintain the same view, in a dissertation on the shipwreck, and an account of the island. It is held by Lord Lindsay, in his recent travels, and by Dr. Walsh, in his Narrative of a Residence in the East. A still more curious instance is found in the Table Talk of Coleridge, whose residence in Malta, and deep interest in the island, might have been expected to predispose him to the opposite view; but the dread of being deceived by a popular prejudice may sometimes create a counter-prejudice, no less dangerous, in the most sagacious mind.

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'The belief,' he says, 'that Malta is the island on which St. Paul was wrecked is so rooted in the common Maltese, and is cherished with such a superstitious nationality, that the Government would run the risk of exciting a tumult, if its representatives unwisely ridiculed it. The supposition itself is quite absurd. Not to argue the matter at length, consider these few conclusive facts. The narrative speaks of the barbarous people, and the barbarians of the island. Now our Malta was at that time fully peopled and highly civilized, as we may infer from Cicero and other writers. A viper comes out from the sticks, upon the fire being lighted. The men are not surprized at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god, from the harmless attack. Now in our Malta there are, I may say, no snakes at all, which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul having cursed them away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shows that the scene is in the Adriatic.'

When the general tradition of the Church, and the local traditions of Malta have been assailed with such extreme confidence, a successful attempt from the narrative alone, compared with the laws of navigation, and the best charts of the Levant, to trace the course of the voyage, with the same certainty, and almost with the same accuracy, as the log-book would enable us to determine the course of a modern vessel, can hardly fail to possess a deep interest. It is pleasant to see its just honours reclaimed for a British island, soon to be the centre, we would fain hope, of gospel light to the surrounding countries. But it is still more delightful to see the haze of doubt and obscurity rolled away from

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these closing chapters of the sacred history, and a new testimony gathered, from the winds and waves, from the creeks and shores of the Mediterranean, the charts of our admiralty, and the records of our navy, to confirm and illustrate the veracity of the word of God. Our readers will find, we hope, both instruction and pleasure, in tracing, by the help of Mr. Smith, the course of this eventful voyage.

The Apostle embarked at Cæsarea, which Herod the Great had rebuilt and beautified at a vast expense, and named in honour of Augustus, and which was now the chief seaport of Palestine. Josephus describes it in these words.

'Now Herod, observing a place near the sea, very proper for the site of a city, which before was called Shato's Tower, he planned it magnificently, and erected many buildings, not of common materials, but of white stone, and adorned it with very sumptuous palaces and dwellings for the people. Especially, which was the greatest and most laborious work of all, he provided it with a haven, secure from the waves, in size equal to the Piræus, having sheltered places within, and a double anchorage. Its structure was remarkable, because it derived its commodiousness, not from the site alone, but was constructed by foreign materials and at a vast expense. The city lies in Phenicia, in the route by sea to Egypt, between Joppa and Dora. These are small maritime towns, of bad anchorage, from the south-west winds that beat on them, and which roll the sand from the sea upon the shores, so that the ships have no quiet anchorage, but the merchants are commonly obliged to ride at anchor in the open sea. This inconvenience of the coast, Herod strove to remedy, and laid out such a circuit for the harbour, as was sufficient

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that large ships might anchor there in safety.... There were many arched houses, where the sailors dwelt, and a quay in front of them surrounded the whole harbour, forming a very delightful promenade. The entrance and mouth was towards the north, since that was the gentlest of the winds. There were edifices all round the harbour, of polished stone, and in the middle was an elevation, on which there was a temple of Cæsar, visible afar off to those who sailed into the harbour, and containing two statues, one of Rome, and the other of Cæsar.'

'From this splendid quay St. Paul embarked, with Luke and Aristarchus, the two faithful companions of his journey, and never before or since has a more precious freight left the harbour of Cæsarea. There was no ship in the port, bound direct for Italy, and hence the centurion put the prisoners on board a ship of Adramyttium, a town of Mysia, opposite Lesbos, in the Ægean sea. The ship was evidently bound for her own port, and her course from Cæsarea necessarily led her past the principal sea-ports of Asia. Now, this is also the course which a ship would take in sailing from Syria to Italy. They would, therefore, be so far on their voyage, when they reached the coasts of Asia, and in the great commercial marts on that coast they could not fail to find opportunities for carrying them on to their destination.

'The next day they touched at Sidon. The distance is sixty-seven nautical miles, so as to form an easy day's voyage with a favourable wind. On loosing from thence, they "sailed under Cyprus, the winds being contrary." Here the first difference of judgment begins, whether they sailed on the east or west of the island. The more general opinion is that they kept the island on their

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right hand, sailing under its southern shore. Mr. Smith has proved, by plain and clear reasons, that their course was just the reverse, and that they kept it on their left. Their direct course was to Myra or Patara, by the south-west corner of the island, and St. Luke states clearly that this was their actual course on St. Paul's former voyage to Jerusalem. But the winds were contrary, or blew from between the north and west, the direction most usual during the summer months on those seas. Hence they veered their course, and sailed under the lee of Cyprus, on the eastern side, whereby they might hope to be favoured by the land breeze, when they had reached the coast of Cilicia.' 'In pursuing this route they acted precisely as the most accomplished seamen in the present day would have done. By standing to the north, till they reached the Cilician coast, they might expect to be favoured by the land breeze, which prevails there during the summer months, as well as by the current, which runs constantly to the westward along the south-coast of Asia Minor. Only four years ago, the Belvidera frigate, sailing from Beyrout to Athens, took the same course, and for the same reason, because the captain expected to get the wind off land, The voyage of M. Pagés, a French navigator, is a still more exact counterpart. 'We made,' he says, 'for the coast of Caramania (Cilicia) to meet the northerly winds, which we found accordingly. I may remark, that I constantly had westerly winds from Surat, and these winds blow generally during the summer from the line as far as Candia. I say, generally, because we must except the time of the land breeze.'

After traversing the sea of Cilicia, a further proof that their actual route was the east of the island, the ship arrived at Myra, then a flourishing sea-port of

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Lycia, but now a heap of ruins. Its site has been explored very lately, and yields many tokens of its former greatness. The diameter of its theatre, still traceable by its remains, was 360 feet; while its sepulchres, 'for the elegance of their design, costliness of execution, and size, might seem to have been suited rather for the ashes of rulers and kings, than common citizens.' How touching is this brief, passing mention of this opulent town, now forgotten for long ages! The traces of it in history are brief and rare, but it remains enshrined imperishably in this one sentence of the word of God.

Here, in the port of Myra, they found a ship of Alexandria, sailing into Italy, and the centurion embarked the prisoners in it. The cargo, as we learn afterwards quite incidentally, was wheat; and the Alexandrian corn-vessels were doubly famous, both on account of their large size, and because they formed the chief dependence of Rome, for its annual supply of provision. But how is it that this vessel was at Myra, due north from Alexandria, and so far out of the direct course from Egypt to Italy? The answer is soon given, and illustrates the undesigned consistency of the whole narrative. The same winds which had diverted them from their north-westerly course, so as to pass under the lee of Cyprus, would equally prevent the other vessel from sailing westward, and leave its pilot no choice but to stand northward, until they had reached the shores of Asia Minor. 'The land-breeze on the Cilician coast is quite local, and therefore might enable St. Paul's ship to reach Myra, though the prevalent wind did not admit of the ships in that harbour proceeding on their voyage.'

After this they sailed slowly for many days, and reached Cnidus with difficulty, the winds being adverse.

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Combining this fact with the other statement which follows, that the wind just enabled them to reach Salmone, the author infers it was not very far from north-west. If much more northerly, it would not have hindered them in their natural course; and if more westerly, they could not have made the promontory of Crete. Now the sailing directions, actually in use for our ships in the Mediterranean, state that, 'especially in its eastern half, including the Adriatic and the Archipelago, north-westerly winds prevail during the summer months. The wind, inferred indirectly from the two statements of the narrative, is exactly the one which experience at the present day would render the most probable to have occurred.

'The vessel,' Mr. Smith observes, 'might work slowly from Myra to Cnidus, because she would have the advantage of a weather shore; but, at this point, the advantage ceased, and her only course was to put into the harbour, and wait for a favourable wind, or to steer for the lee of Crete, in the direction of Salmone, its eastern extremity. Here they would again have the same advantage of a weather shore, by sailing under the lee of the island, until they reached Cape Matala, where the coast line turns suddenly to the northward.' Some commentators have explained the route by the supposition, which they found on the words of Eustathius, that 'Crete had no good harbour on the northern side.' But this, it appears, is entirely false. 'It so happens that there are excellent harbours on the northern side of Crete, namely, Souda and Spina Longa.' The real explanation, from the north-westerly wind, is illustrated by several modern examples, as the course of Lord Saumarez returning from the battle of the Nile, and of Rawolf, a German traveller of the sixteenth century.

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The site of Fair Havens is the next point to be determined. Neither the port, nor the city of Lasæa, are named by any other ancient writer, though Pliny mentions the town of Lasos, which is probably the same. Pococke, however, has plainly identified it with a small bay, two leagues east of Cape Matala, and which retains its original name among the Greeks to this day, Limeones Kalous, or Fair Havens. It consists of two open roadsteads, contiguous to each other. 'The most conclusive evidence,' Mr. Smith observes, 'is, that its position is precisely that where a ship, circumstanced as St. Paul's was, must have put in. With such a wind, she could not pass Cape Matala. We must, therefore, look near this promontory, but to the eastward, for an anchorage well suited to shelter a vessel in north-west winds, but not from all winds, otherwise it would not have been, in the opinion of the seamen, an unsafe winter harbour. Now, here we have a harbour, which not only fulfils every one of the conditions, but still retains the name given to it by St. Luke.' A sketch of this harbour, from a recent drawing, is given in the work.

It is now determined, if possible, to reach Port Phenice, 'a harbour of Crete, which lieth,' as our translation runs, 'toward the south-west and north-west.' Mr. Smith proves, by convincing evidence, that the phrase means, 'in the direction of the south-west and north-west winds,' which implies, that it had two outlets, facing the north-east and south-east. Ptolemy also mentions the port of Phenice, which he places on the south side, three-fourths of a degree east of Cape St. John, and $2\frac{1}{4}^0$ west of Salmone. Both these marks agree punctually with Lutro. 'It looks, or is open, to the east; but, having an island in front which shelters

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it, has two entrances, one to the north-east, and the other to the south-east. In the French Admiralty chart of 1738, it has an anchor laid down inside, showing that it is a harbour. A mountain stream flows into it, and it is only necessary to look at the view in Pashley's Travels, to see, in the ravine it has hollowed out, a proof, that if it could shelter the smallest craft in 1738, it must have been capable of sheltering the largest ships seventeen centuries before.'

'The next question is, does Lutro agree with the notices of Phœnice which we find in the narrative, and in ancient writers? In order to agree with the narrative, the south wind must be fair for a ship going from Fair Havens toward it. The first part of the course must lead the ship 'close past the land of Crete, and the last part at a certain distance from the land. The position of Lutro agrees perfectly with every one of these notices..... Hierocles mentions Phœnix along with the island Clauda: now, that island is exactly opposite to Lutro.' Mr. Pashley found two villages a short distance above it, called Anopolis (Upper city) and Aradhena, and remarks that 'the mention of an ancient city, called Aradena, along with Anopolis and Port Phœnix, by Hierocles, seems to point plainly to Lutro, as the site of the last-named city.' Thus the identification is full and complete. The island Clauda, is plainly the same with the Claudos of Ptolemy, the Cauda of Pliny and Suidas, or Gandos of Mela, called now by the Greeks, Gaudonesi, the isle of Gaudos, and contracted into Gozzo by the Italians.

The crisis of the voyage now begins. While sailing, with a south wind, from Fair Havens towards Lutro, and not long after they had passed Cape Matala, where the land ceased to give them its shelter, 'there arose

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against the ship a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon.' The direction of this gale, Mr. Smith proceeds to show, is fixed by three proofs, which all concur in the same result. It drove them from their mid-course, between Matala and Lutro, towards the island Clauda, and was therefore not far from east-north-east. When at Clauda, it threatened to drive them towards the Syrtis or quicksands, or not far from north-east by east. But the reading of the two oldest manuscripts, and the Vulgate, Euro-Aquilo, leads to the same conclusion, since Eurus is the east, and Aquilo the north-east wind. It remains to inquire what course the mariners would pursue, when they had taken up the boat and undergirded the ship, to avoid, if possible, foundering at sea or falling into the quicksands. Mr. Smith shews that only one course was open to them, on the common principles of seamanship, viz. to strike all their upper sails, and superfluous tackling, which our version renders, ambiguously, if not inaccurately, striking sail, and keeping the ship's head as near the wind as possible on the eastern track, to set their storm-sails. Merely to drift before the gale would be certain to strand them on the coast of Cyrene, or hurry them into the Syrtis, which it was their aim, if possible, to avoid. Now by combining the direction of the wind already ascertained, with the angle at which the ship would lie to the wind, and the average amount of lee-way in a strong gale, and the rate of drift, ascertained by consulting naval officers at Malta, and taking the mean of their statements, Mr. Smith obtains a remarkable coincidence. He finds that the angle of the ship's course, thus deduced from the most probable data, differs less than a degree from the actual direction, between Clauda or Gozzo, and St. Paul's bay in Malta. Also the time required, by the average of drift which he inferred from the best

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authorities, would be thirteen days and one hour. Now, since a great part the first day must have been spent, when they left Clauda, and it was at midnight of the fourteenth day, when they drew near to Malta, the agreement may be considered absolutely perfect.

'When the fourteenth night was come,' St. Luke tells, 'as we were hurried along in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that some land was nearing them.' Several conjectures have been proposed, to explain how the presence of land could be ascertained in a dark, stormy midnight, where neither moon nor stars appeared. Mr. Smith, rejecting at once the view of Calmet, that it was by the scent, which would have needed off-shore winds, refers it without hesitation to the sight of breakers on a rocky coast.' This part of the inquiry is so interesting, and the illustration of the narrative is so peculiar, that we must indulge ourselves with a longer extract, and reserve all further remarks on the shipwreck itself, and the remainder of the voyage, and the lessons which may be gathered from it, until another month.

'If we assume that St. Paul's Bay, at Malta, is the actual scene of the shipwreck, we can have no difficulty in explaining what these indications must have been. No ship can enter it from the east, without passing within a quarter of a mile of the point of Koura; but before reaching it, the land is too low, and too far from the track of a ship driven from the eastward, to be seen in a dark night. When she does come within this distance, it is impossible to avoid observing the breakers; for with north-easterly gales the sea breaks upon it with such violence, that Captain Smyth, in his view of the headlands, has made the breakers its distinctive character.

'By a singular chance I can establish an important

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link in the chain of evidence respecting the identity of this locality, namely, that the distance at which the breakers could be seen is about a quarter of a mile, and that they are seen at this distance, when the land itself is not seen.

'On one of those rare occasions when there is no ground-swell, and a boat could land on the point of Koura, I landed with a friend, and was engaged in demonstrating to him on the spot, how rigidly every one of the conditions required to make it agree with the narrative was here fulfilled. To the East, lay the low and receding shores of Malta, no where within a mile of the track of a ship coming from Clauda, and which therefore could not be seen on such a night as is described in the narrative. In the opposite direction, the shore, begirt with 'mural precipices,' where a ship would be dashed to pieces, but with 'creeks with shores,' into which she might be thrust; and on the rock where we stood, not more than twenty feet above the surface of the sea, and destitute of vegetation, lay huge fragments of rocks, forcibly torn up by the waves, and lodged at least twelve feet above a tideless sea, affording no doubtful evidence of the force of the breakers in a gale from the Greco Levante, (E. N. E.) the point to which it is most exposed. One of our boatmen, who was listening attentively, said he knew what I was speaking about, and would point out the spot of the shipwreck; that he was a boy when it happened, and had gone to see the ship next day. This produced an explanation. He told us that thirty or forty years ago the Lively frigate fell in unexpectedly with the point, on a dark night, and, missing stays, had run ashore at a spot which he shewed us, and a gale coming on, she had gone to pieces.

'Struck with the coincidence, on my return to Eng-

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land, I applied to the Admiralty, and examined the proceedings of the court-martial held on the officers. It appears that on August 10, 1810, the Lively frigate, coming from the westward with a fair wind, made the land of Gozo, and the west end of Malta before dark. The weather turned thick, and the land was lost sight of. When the Captain went below, he left orders with the Master to heave the ship to at a certain hour, in order to get her put in order, before running into Valetta the next morning. This was done ; but the ship was unfortunately brought to with her head in-shore. Soon after, the quarter-master on the look-out gave the alarm of rocks to leeward. He stated in his evidence that he did not see the land, but the curl of the sea upon the rocks, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. This was on the point of Koura, the very spot where a ship driving from the east, must have seen and heard the breakers, and the only spot where she could have done so. On perceiving the danger, the order was given, 'ready about and clear the anchor ;' and as they were bracing round the main-topsail, the man at the lead sounded, and found twenty-five fathoms. The helm was put down, but the ship missed stays, that is, they could not get her head round on the opposite tack. The anchor was then let go ; but before the ship brought up, she fell broadside on the rocks, and a gale coming on, she went to pieces.'

Such might easily have been the fate eighteen centuries earlier, of the Alexandrian vessel. But the prayers of St. Paul, and the voice of the angel, insured a happier issue. Next month we will trace the steps of the deliverance, and a few of those conclusions which result from the whole narrative.

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Literary Notices.

THE LIFE OF MRS. SAVAGE. By Sir John Bickerton Williams. (*Religious Tract Society.*) A reprint of a most valuable memoir. The subject of it was the daughter of Philip Henry, the sister of Matthew Henry; it is a beautiful picture of family piety, and of the blessing of the Lord descending from generation to generation upon those who loved him. Mrs. Savage was the mother of many children; the numerous duties of the mistress of a farmhouse pressed upon her, and were never neglected. Yet amidst them all, her constant industry enabled her to find time for close attention to the concerns of her soul; and her earnestness in improving every means of grace makes her example peculiarly profitable. Her journal contains many extracts from the full and pithy sermons and books of those days: one we quote as suggesting useful thoughts for the present season of the year. 'I had a letter and comfortable tidings from my dear father;' as also four directions how to keep warm within in this cold season.

'1. Get into the sun, that is, Christ. Under the beams of this blessed Sun of Righteousness there are warmth and comfort.

'2. Walk to the fire, that is the word of God. "Is not my word like fire?" How many warming, comforting passages are there!

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'3. Keep in motion and action; stirring up ourselves and the gift and grace of God that is in us.

'4. Christian converse and communion. How can one be warm alone?'

THE LITTLE RED BOOK, OR, THE HISTORY OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND. BY THE REV. R. KING. (*McGlashan, Dublin.*) This little red book, if widely diffused, may prove as formidable to Irish priests, as the English red-coats have been of late to Irish rebels. It is nothing but a most plain straight-forward statement of facts; but then that is the very thing which Popery cannot stand. The little red book describes Ireland as the Isle of Saints, before its ancient and independent Church was subjected to the Papal yoke. It tells of the introduction of papal influence through the bishops chosen by the Danish settlers, a short time before the invasion of Henry II., and of the part which Pope Adrian took in encouraging that invasion. It also tells how the papal clergy ever supported English influence and neglected the native Irish, until England threw off her own subjection to Rome; a measure in which the Irish bishops of that day, the successors of St. Patrick, with the exception of two, concurred, and how it has been only since it has been their interest to raise a strong hostile party to Protestant England, that the Romish clergy have expressed so strong an interest for every thing Irish. If truth can find a hearing in Ireland, we think the diffusion of this valuable little book must produce a beneficial effect.

GOD IS LOVE; AN EXPOSITION OF JOHN IV. 8. BY ADOLPHE MONOD. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY J. CHARLESWORTH, B.A. (*Foster.*) This work, though small, is very precious; for it is eminently cal-

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culated to awaken our cold and drowsy spirits to a subject that should ever be a source of life and joy. The author, the most eloquent and popular French preacher of the day, rose to address his people, overwhelmed with the greatness of his theme, and yet struggling under the dead weight of habit, which he had reason to fear would render his hearers callous to the long familiar sounds. To arouse them he begins thus:—

'In a small town of Italy, which, eighteen hundred years since, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius buried beneath a flood of lava, some ancient manuscripts, so scorched as to resemble cinders rather than books, have been discovered, and, by an ingenious process, slowly, and with difficulty, unrolled. Let us imagine that one of these scrolls of Herculaneum contained a copy, and the only one in the world, of the epistle from which the text is taken, and that, having come to the fourth chapter and the eighth verse, they had just deciphered "God is," and were as yet ignorant what should follow. What suspense! That which philosophers have so ardently and vainly sought—that of which the wisest of them have abandoned the pursuit,—a definition of God! Here it is: and given by the hand of God himself: 'God is'—what do they go on to tell us?—what is He? What is this hidden God, "who dwelleth in light whereunto no man can approach, whom no man hath seen or can see"—whom we feel after, "if haply we may find him, though He is not far from any one of us"—who constrains us to cry with Job, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him! Behold, I go backward, but He is not there; and forward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold Him: he hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him!" (Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9.) What is

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this powerful God, whose word hath created, and whose word could annihilate, everything which exists—"in whom we live, and move, and have our being"—who holds each moment under his hand, and who can dispose of as He pleases, our existence, our situation, our abode, our circle of friends, our body, and even our soul? What, in short, is this Holy God, "who is of purer eye than to behold iniquity," and whom our conscience convicts us of having offended—of whose displeasure nature has conveyed to us some vague impression, but of whose pardon neither conscience nor nature has given us any intimation—this just Judge, into whose hands we are about to fall when we depart hence, it may be to-morrow, it may be to-day, ignorant of the eternal sentence which awaits us, and knowing only, that we have merited that it should be one of condemnation—what is He? Our repose, our salvation, our eternity—all is at stake; and methinks I see all the creatures of God bending over the sacred record, in silent and solemn expectation of the revelation about to be made to the world respecting the question of questions.

'At length the fatal word appears—*love:* "God is love!" What could be desired better,—what conceived, comparable to this, by the boldest and most lofty imagination? This hidden God, this powerful God, this holy God—He is love! What can we need more? God loves us. Do I say He loves us? All in God is love. Love is His very essence. He who speaks of God speaks of love—God is love!"

The Religious Tract Society have published their usual useful Christian Almanacks, &c. for next year: The Scripture Pocket Book.—The Pocket-Book Almanack, a cheap convenient memorandum book,—and the Penny Almanack.—The Christian Almanack.

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THE PROTESTANT.

THE closing month of the year invites us to retrace its course, to compare the state of Europe at the present moment, with that which it presented at the end of 1847. Solemn and fearful is the drama of divine Providence which has this year been passing before us. Thunderings and voices have again been heard from the throne of the Most High, and it will be to our own great loss if we have refused to lend a reverent ear to them.

At the close of last year there were indications of the coming storm. War had commenced in Switzerland between the Federalists and the Sonderbund, to compel the Roman Catholic cantons to expel the Jesuits. The strong feeling against that mischievous and artful Order, enlisted the sympathies of many in distant Protestant lands on the side of their adversaries, and they did not see in this movement, the breaking of the first wave of that high tide of democracy, which has since desolated Europe. The state of public feeling in Italy was excited, a liberal Pope had raised the hopes of the enthusiastic party calling themselve 'La giovane Italia,' and the year opened with symptoms of disaffection between the Austrians and their Italian subjects. In France, too, it was well known that increasing unpopularity was the lot of Louis Philippe, whose dynastic selfishness had alienated the affections of his people. In Germany, the Romish Church had been greatly broken up by the German Catholic movement, and fresh proofs were continually occurring of the infidelity and ration-

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alism which disgraced the hollow profession of Protestantism.

Whilst these forewarnings of coming trouble awakened the attention of the thoughtful, who felt as men slumbering on the brink of a volcano, the general voice cried Peace, peace, and the outburst of popular violence took Europe by surprize. It was but the prohibition of a reform banquet; it was but the rising of an *émeute* in Paris, which of all men the King of the Barricades seemed most prepared to put down; but the hour had struck, the French throne fell. A violent minority in Paris, lording it over the indifference and want of individual energy in the rest of the nation, proclaimed a republic. Proud were their boastings of the new era of glory that was opening for 'the great nation,' but the difficulties of practical government soon thickened around the poet-statesman who had assumed the helm. The people wanted bread, for which they were little disposed to work, and must be bought off from pillage by the pensions of the national workshops. An exhausted treasury must be replenished, and already before the meeting of the great national assembly that was to regenerate France and enlighten the world, acts of arbitrary power had been perpetrated, which would never have been tolerated under the so-called despotism of their monarchs. On the 4th of May, the Assembly met, and there was again a great spectacle and high swelling words of exultation, but the month had not passed, before the sanctity of their Hall of deliberation was invaded by the mob, who ejected its members and proclaimed its dissolution. The national guard reinstated them, but at the close of June, revolt again burst forth, and it became evident, that it was no mere outbreak of a defenceless mob, but the result of the

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combinations of a wide-spread conspiracy, well supplied with all the munitions of war. In one night, barricades were raised through the town; four days of fearful havoc and bloodshed followed, thousands fell in the streets, and Paris suffered more than if an invading army had taken it by assault. Dark mystery still hangs over the originators of the plot. Peace was restored by General Cavaignac and his troops, and has since been maintained by his vigorous dictatorship, by the strict regulations of a state of siege only just raised, and by the awe inspired by overwhelming military force. The party of the red republic still exists, eager to try the wildest schemes of communism, that must prove subversive to every remaining vestige of social prosperity; while, in their banquets, they blasphemously toast the blessed name of Jesus, among the benefactors of mankind, between those of Catiline and Julian the apostate! Meanwhile the overthrow of the government has removed many restrictions formerly imposed on Protestants: their ministers are enabled once more to meet in a general assembly, and wide openings are everywhere making for the spread of the Scriptures and for evangelical teaching, which lead the French Christians, impoverished by social commotions, to cry aloud for British help.

But the revolution in France was no solitary movement; it was rather the first firing of a train of gunpowder, whose conflagration was to overspread Europe. Fearful conflicts between the soldiery and the mob, determined to enforce their claims for a more free constitution, broke out in Berlin. The disciplined courage of the army had just proved victorious, when the patriotic monarch, unable longer to endure the effusion of his subjects' blood, yielded to all their demands. He

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has since had to experience how dangerous is concession to the demands of an armed populace: his authority has tottered from that moment; his influence been almost gone. In June, sanguinary tumults again rose, and the Prime Minister, Camphausen, resigned; while, at the present moment, all is felt to be doubt and anxiety. The mob have learned their power, and seem determined, unless the newly awakened energy and resolution of their monarch should restrain them, to exercise it as masters.

Vienna has been three times exposed to popular violence. On the outbreak of the French revolution, when the people demanded and obtained a constitution from the Emperor, and the veteran Metternich, who stood out as the type of former days and former politics, was compelled to fly;—in May, when in consequence of a revolutionary outbreak on the 16th, the constitution was changed for a single constituent Assembly, and the Emperor was compelled to leave his capital, and take up his residence at Innspruck; and again in October, when the rebels have only been subdued by military force, and the cannon of the army has been directed against the capital.

Many of the minor German capitals have witnessed the lawless violence of the mob. Prague has been the scene of tumult and bloodshed. Hungary has been desolated by civil war, between the Maygars and the Croats. In the midst of all these confusions, the favorite scheme of the Germanic nations has been the establishment of a common German empire, a political project so complex and difficult, that, in a time of profoundest peace, its success must have been problematical. The Germanic Diet have, however, met at Frankfort, and the Archduke John of Austria has been

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appointed Administrator of the empire. This newly-established power has fared no better than the more ancient; and Frankfort, the scene of its deliberations, has witnessed some of the most frightful outbreaks of popular violence and sanguinary frenzy. In the north of Germany, the awakened Germanic spirit, desiring to re-incorporate with the empire two small German duchies, which had long been subject to Denmark, has given rise to war between Prussia and Denmark, not yet finally settled. Russia has suffered severely from pestilence; but, as yet, the spirit of revolution does not seem to have burst the barriers which gird that mighty empire; she has increased her armies, and awaits, in military strength, the issue of the European conflicts.

Italy has been rocked from north to south by the fury of the tempest. In March, the people of Milan revolted, and after five days' conflict, drove the Austrian troops out of their city. Charles Albert, king of Sardinia—unprovoked himself by Austria—sent his Piedmontese troops into Lombardy to assist the inhabitants. War has been urged since with varying success; and, as yet, the arbitration of the other European powers has not been successful in bringing it to a peaceful issue. At Rome, the Papal throne has been tottering to its fall: Pius IX., as bigotted a priest as any of his predecessors, though willing to accept a short-lived popularity from the liberal party, had no disposition to relinquish any part of his pontifical authority. He has, however, been forced, in more than one instance, to obey the sovereign will of the people; the Jesuits were expelled from Rome, and he was, at one time, almost a prisoner in his castle of St. Angelo, while the desire strengthens among the Roman people for a separation between the two offices of Chief Bishop, and Prince of

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the States of the Church. Naples has been the scene of bloody and cruel contests. Sicily also revolted from it in the beginning of the year; at first successfully, but afterwards the Neapolitans regained possession of Messina, and unheard-of atrocities were perpetrated among the combatants. In Switzerland, the democratic party are still in the ascendant, and the sufferings of the Vaudois Free Church suffice to attest, that infidel democracy is as cruel a persecutor as bigotted Popery. Our own beloved country has not entirely escaped. Lawless men, in the spring, strove to raise the standard of rebellion in London; and in Ireland, there has been revolt, which at one time threatened to be alarming; but in both cases God watched over our land, and so completely frustrated the scheme of the insurgents by the wisdom and energy given to our Government, as to make them in the retrospect appear utterly contemptible. England has again been the refuge of princes, and the haven of the unfortunate; and, whilst almost every foreign capital has been a scene of confusion and alarm, missionary societies in London have been celebrating their blessed and peaceful jubilees, and exhorting our countrymen to rise to the opportunities which the present crisis offers, to the obligations which it imposes, for a wider spread of the Gospel. Yet we have no cause to boast: no assault, indeed, of revolutionary violence has shaken the British throne; but the sappers and miners have been at work, who are attacking its surest ramparts. Fresh inroads have been made on our Protestant constitution. The Jewish Civil Disabilities Bill was indeed thrown out by the House of Lords, but that sanctioning Diplomacy with Rome passed through both houses: Popish Bishops are acknowledged with their titles by officers of the British crown, and the

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Lord Lieutenant of Ireland writes to court Papal sanction for the measures of his Government, while another session of Parliament opens under yet more threatening auspices, and the endowment of the Romish priesthood in Ireland is said to be seriously contemplated by Government.

We cannot conclude this brief sketch of European history, without noticing the people on whose destiny the world's history will still hinge. The Jews, scattered everywhere throughout Europe, have shared in its tumults and confusions. Sometimes the liberal spirit has extended to them the hand of sympathy, the chains have been knocked off, the restrictions of ages have been abolished, even the Ghetto at Rome has been thrown open. In other places, as if enmity to God were peculiarly prone to show itself in enmity to his ancient people, they have been made again to drink of the cup of persecution, and been the unjust and unhappy victims of popular vengeance. As yet there are no indications of their extensive return to their own land; but events are now so rapid and sudden, that it is impossible to foretel what the next week, much more the next month or year may bring forth.

We prefer to give the picture of European history during the past year in language more graphic and forcible than our own, and would therefore extract the remarks made on the downfall of the European monarchies from the 'Witness.'

'"Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Such is the inexorable decree that has gone forth against the monarchies of continental Europe. Passing events, trumpet-tongued, proclaim that doom,—the nations of the earth have ratified it,—and those on whom the doom has been pronounced appear to feel that its execution is inevitable. It is not easy to find words sufficiently strong to indicate our sense of the solemnity of the epoch, and the transcendant importance and terrible grandeur of the events we are daily witnessing. The sentence has been

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published, and nothing can stay its execution. Most impartial and unsparing it truly is. The dukedom set up but yesterday, and the empire that dates its rise from the era of the Gothic invasion,—the electorate that comprehends but a few hundred square acres,—and the kingdom that includes within its ample limits, extended plains, mighty rivers, vast mountain chains, and tribes diverse in language and in manners—thrones of all ranks, from the petty seat which could muster in its defence only a handful of soldiers, to those which were begirt with legions which had acquired valour and earned renown on many a bloody field,—monarchs of all grades, from the politic and crafty ruler of France to the fatuous sovereign of Austria,—on all has this doom fallen, and all lie crushed and overwhelmed beneath it. It is the judgment day to nations. Kingdoms are tossed and tumbled. The ordinary pursuits and avocations of life are brought to an end amidst the perpetual tumults of insurrection and the ever-recurring call to arms. Credit, commerce, and trade are expiring amid political and social convulsions. The beauty of renowned capitals is defaced by the rage of war. The symbols of authority are desecrated, the fences of order are torn down; the restraints of law, the obligations of morality, and the sanctions of religion, are all openly contemned and ridiculed by a licentious and blasphemous atheism. The visitation is awful, as if it contained the hoarded vengeance of ages. The punishment is dreadful beyond expression, as if all the evil deeds standing over since the foundation of the world were now to be avenged. Princes of ancient and honourable lineage are going forth, discrowned, into exile. Kingdoms are dissolving, not by the slow process of decay, but smitten by the sudden and terrible stroke of violence. The wealth, dominion, and glory of twelve centuries are passing to the grave. Empires are borne to the tomb; and how? Not amid the solemn grief of nations, but amid the exulting shouts and bitter execrations of enraged multitudes. The earth shakes at the sound of their fall. The empires of the olden time are called to welcome, sooner than they looked for, their successors to their own dark abode. Nowhere do we find language fitted to give adequate expression to these solemn scenes, save in the prophet, who represents the perished monarchies of other days as speaking from the tomb, and thus addressing the king of Babylon on his descent into the grave:—"Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from all their thrones all the kings of the nations. And they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we, art thou become like unto us?"

'But why this terrible infliction? The great Ruler has reasons, doubtless, for the awful reckoning to which he is now summoning the potentates of the continent. It may seem ungracious to revive the memory of faults at the very moment that those who committed them are suffering punishment on their account. But there are higher interests than theirs at stake. The justice of providence in these unexampled calamities must be acknowledged. The warning they hold forth, and the lessons they inculcate, must be accurately interpreted, that future ages may be saved from the fearful sufferings which the present generation seems destined

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to undergo. We sincerely commiserate the misfortunes of fallen greatness; bitter indeed is the cup of which it is now compelled to drink; and we condemn, and from the bottom of our hearts abhor, the turbulence, cruelty, and rapine of democratic license; but we cannot forget the long abuse of power by the one party, and the thraldom, mental and physical, which was the lot of the other; and the retribution, however dreadful, is eminently righteous, according to which the one has become the instrument of chastising the other. We hesitate not to affirm, that the fallen monarchies have grievously sinned against the interests of the human race, as respects the two great departments of liberty and religion. What have they done to advance the best and highest interests of the world? This is the question by which future ages will try them; and it cannot be objected that by this question their contemporaries should try them. Has Europe made any tolerable advance, under the dominion of these powers, in intelligence, in general prosperity, in rational liberty, and above all in true religion? It cannot be affirmed that their lease of authority has been so short, that their influence has not had time to operate. It is now upwards of thirteen centuries since the imperial Roman power was destroyed, and the modern kingdoms of Europe stood up in its room. We are entitled to ask, where are the good fruits of this lengthened rule? If we may judge from the facts which every day is bringing to light, we must conclude that Europe has made scarce any advance since the period of the Goths, and that the few trifling advances that may have been made, have, generally speaking, been in spite of its governments. The revolting atheism avowed by some of the leading revolutionists, the pantheism which it is well known is spread all over the continent, the horrid barbarities which have been perpetrated in all its chief cities,—in Paris, Frankfort, Messina, Vienna, the seats of civilization and intelligence, as they are termed,—furnish the most melancholy evidence that the modern nations of continental Europe are as little civilized, as truly barbarians, as grossly superstitious, and as rankly pagan as were their ancestors the Goths. Under the fallen monarchies, the progress of the human race has been arrested, the age of barbarism has been prolonged, and paganism has perpetuated its reign under the irrational dogmas and idolatrous practices of Romanism. They have wasted their vast powers, and neglected and abused splendid opportunities of benefitting mankind. They might have diffused knowledge, fostered the arts, cultivated international friendship—they might, above all, have brought their subjects acquainted with those heaven-revealed truths which have nearly as much to do with man's happiness on earth, as with his eternal well-being, and thus have rendered their own thrones as stable as the happiness of their subjects would have been unbounded. Instead of this they have carefully retained their subjects in ignorance, discouraged industrious arts by restrictive imposts, gagged the press, assumed dominion over the conscience, interdicted the Bible from those for whom the Bible was written, and lavished in wars of ambition the treasure and the blood of their subjects. By treating in this manner, those they ruled, they effectually undermined the foundations of their own power, and paved the way for

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the crash that has now taken place. The punishment is fearful, but the sin was great. Destruction has fallen, not on thrones only, but on society itself; and an epoch is opening on the world more full of woes, there is reason to fear, than any through which it has ever passed. "Shall we get through it," asks Lamartine, "without perishing."

'But the main crimes of the fallen Governments lay in their uncompromising and bigoted resistance to the religion of the Bible. To this mainly are we to ascribe their ruin. The present calamities of these states are at once the natural result, and the judicial award of the bloody persecutions of former ages; and the amount of misery now endured by each is in proportion to the share which each had in these persecutions. France, Austria, and Italy took the lead in this work, and on them the main fury of the revolutionary tempest has fallen. The revolution has already occasioned the loss of many lives and the effusion of much blood, but these disasters have been confined chiefly to the three countries we have indicated. There is no problem in the economics of any nation that is susceptible of a clearer demonstration, than that the seeds of all the evils France is now enduring were sowed by Louis XIV, when he revoked the edict of Nantes. At that gloomy era, the great majority of the industrious subjects of the kingdom, and also of its loyal and peaceably disposed citizens, simply because they were found guilty of being Protestants, were consigned either to the galley or the scaffold, or driven into banishment. Then began those financial and other embarrassments, and that boundless profligacy of principles and of manners, which ripened apace during the century that followed, till at last they burst in the bankruptcies, famines, and massacres of the revolution. Persecution had succeeded in extinguishing Protestantism, or nearly so; but it had also succeeded in extinguishing trade, in destroying the restraints of morality, and in crushing the principles of patriotism and loyalty. The same course has been run by most of the continental states; and now we behold the end. Of the three thrones that mainly contributed to arrest the Reformation, and to retain Europe under the Popedom, the three thrones that were most deeply implicated in the slaughter of the saints—one only survives—that of Rome: for we look on the monarchy in Austria as virtually lost, even granting, what is not impossible, that the Ban of Croatia may be able to patch it up for a few weeks. The greatest criminal is sometimes the last to feel the stroke of vengeance. It is on this principle, doubtless, that Rome stands over. It is no reprieve,—no pardon; she must vomit up all the blood she has swallowed down. It is an aggravation of her punishment, rather than a kindness, that she has been compelled to witness the death of her supporters, before meeting her own doom. But having seen the fate of France and of Austria, well may she ask herself, whose turn shall it next be? How awful, even in its very slowness, is the justice of heaven! The cry that has been ascending for ages has at last been heard. Speak, Huss, and say, Are you not avenged? Ye martyr band, that sleep amid the Alps, look up in this great hour of doom, and see what earthquakes shake the world, and what storms desolate it. But mark where it is that their fury falls. On France, who so long pursued you with the sword. On

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Rome, who branded you as heretics, and delivered you over to the fire. Now she is loaded with the maledictions of nations, and expires amid fiercer fires than any she ever kindled for you.'—WITNESS, OCT. 18.

Deep and solemn as are the lessons here enforced, the writer seems to us to take a one-sided view of Divine justice, as now manifested among the states of Europe. Governments are an ordinance of God for good, and had both governors and governed been what they ought to have been, the gracious end of their institution would have been fully realized. It would be impossible to estimate the amount of physical, intellectual, and spiritual blessedness, that would have resulted from the rule of wise and righteous princes, over a willing and obedient people. Each earthly kingdom would have offered a glorious type of the future reign of the Prince of Peace. With godless nations, the power to bless, of the best and wisest monarchs must have been much curtailed; but where both rulers and ruled had alike cast off the fear of God, their sins acted and re-acted upon each other. Princes too often fostered evil and restrained good among their subjects; while, at times, their best efforts were thwarted by the wickedness of those over whom they ruled, and generally instead of being the example of their age, they proved too faithful a mirror of its peculiar sins and weakness. As might have been expected, the highest and noblest blessings of royal dominion were the first to be lost amidst its abuses. Kings and queens, instead of being nursing fathers and mothers to the Church, became its bitterest persecutors, and instead of spreading divine truth, too often, (though here even there are bright exceptions, for God has not left Himself without witness amidst the sovereigns of earth) they have done their utmost to restrain its progress. With regard to secondary temporal benefits, though selfish ambition

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has often led princes to disregard the material welfare of their subjects, we cannot blind our eyes to the great physical benefits that have accrued to Europe, from the settled establishment of the most morally imperfect authority. Could we conceive anything so fearful as anarchy having prevailed from the time of the Goths; the Europe of the nineteenth century would have presented a very different spectacle, even from that which, mournful as it is, now offers itself to our view. While then we acknowledge the awful justice of God, as exercised towards the discomfited princes of Europe, we must remember how large a share their subjects have had in their guilt: a little reflection will show us, they are also largely partaking in their punishment. The selfishness and pride of kings is scourged by the people whom they had neglected and despised, but the lawlessness and self-will of the people is scourged by the very possession of the power they have unrighteously assumed, and are now wielding madly to their own destruction. Thus, to all appearance, will the tumult and strife go on, till the true King comes, seated on the white cloud of glory. Well—amidst the present distractions, may his people rejoice when they remember that his name is called the Prince of Peace, and while earthly thrones are shaking, recal the gracious promise, that his dominion is that which shall not pass away.

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